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Mrs Hastings

The Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife

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INTRODUCED AND ANNOTATED BY

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AUTHOR OF
'THE GREAT PROCONSUL,' 'IN FURTHEST IND,' ETC., ETC.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MCMV

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

"WARREN HASTINGS was Governor of India. He treated the natives very cruelly, and was impeached."

This sentence, with slight variations in phraseology and spelling, confronted the present writer conspicuously, a year or two ago, on the first sheet of every set of answers to a certain examination-paper. The victims had been invited, with the large and airy generosity of examination-papers intended for the very young, to say what they knew about Warren Hastings, and with rash confidence they had assumed that here at any rate was a question they could answer. "Diluted Macaulay, filtered through the minds of governesses into those of girls," was the verdict of the moment, but upon reflection, a curious fact leaped into prominence. Not one of the youthful historians knew—or appeared to know—that Hastings was triumphantly acquitted on every charge brought against him. Even Macaulay does not attempt to deny the fact, though he does his best to minimise its significance, so that it can hardly have been omitted from their teaching. How is it that it had so completely escaped their memories?

Further experience has induced the conclusion that the same limitation of knowledge exists widely in a more surprising quarter. "We know the verdict," writes, with unconscious mendacity, a reviewer in a great daily, the name of which it were charity to withhold, "and in the main nothing yet adduced has ever availed to shake the opinion of the majority in its justice. Certainly not"

the book under review—the whole aim of which was to justify the verdict! It is clearly true of Parliaments as well as of men, that the evil which they do lives after them, while the good is interred with their bones.

This readiness to acquiesce in an imaginary result of the Trial unfavourable to Hastings is the more remarkable that during the later years of his long life he stood upon a pinnacle of universal respect—even veneration, that is rarely attained and more rarely deserved. Public opinion had changed to a striking degree in the course of that long agony. Macaulay speaks of a feeling in his favour as strong and as unreasonable as the prepossession against him had been, but this final feeling was the result of an object-lesson seven years long. The small emaciated man who faced unflinchingly the fiercest onslaughts of the greatest orators of the day had something more than hardihood to sustain him. The natives whom he was said to have oppressed sent address after address to protest their affection for and confidence in him, though studiously discouraged by the government of his successors; the witnesses summoned to testify against him gave evidence in his favour. Some of the charges against him were abandoned, all the rest, when deprived of the mist of verbiage in which they had been enwrapped, and reduced to plain English, were disproved. Unkindest cut of all for his enemies, their own Governor-General, who had been sent out to ban the policy of Mr Hastings, returned—like the honest, stupid fighter he was—to bless it, Balaam-wise. Waverers returned to their allegiance, like the poet Cowper, who had turned against his boyhood's friend in horror at his supposed iniquities, as is shown by passages in his Letters,[1] but made the *amende honorable* in the short poem which he addressed to him. The enforced retirement of the victor to the country, and the discovery that the savings of his lifetime—less than his chief enemy had amassed in a five

[1] Cited by Thompson from the earliest edition.

years' Indian career—had been exhausted by the expenses of the Trial, completed the reaction, and the years that followed served only to raise Hastings higher in the estimation of his countrymen.

The friends who had been true to him through good and evil report found it difficult to believe that the world was on their side at last. "I have always expected," writes David Anderson,[1] "that Time would show your Character in its true Light in the Eyes of all Men.—But I scarcely expected that you would yourself have had so fully the Means of proving it." "I knew that Posterity would do you Justice," says Thompson, "but I had not dared to hope for it from the living." "You may say, in a better sense than King David—mine eye hath seen its desire on mine enemies—for you have beheld their conversion, whereas he meant their destruction," says Baber. This language was not exaggerated. It was the faithful Thompson who, when Britain stood "alone against a world in arms," and her future champion was known only as "Lord Wellesley's brother Arthur," unfairly pushed forward by family influence, wished Hastings to be summoned to the headship of a Military Council, with Sir Sidney Smith to execute the operations. But it was Windham—whom readers of Fanny Burney's Diary will remember as one of his most inveterate opponents during the Trial—who exclaimed in public, "Oh that we had the spirit of a Hastings to contend against the ambition of Bonaparte!" Sheridan apologized,[2] with singular infelicity, for his famous speech, on the ground that, as an advocate, he was obliged to think of effect rather than truth. Philip Francis himself, with a meanness of which few other men would have been capable, made overtures to obtain Hastings' support in his candidature for the

[1] To avoid the multiplication of footnotes, it may be stated here that the quotations and details given in the following pages are taken from the unpublished "Miscellaneous Correspondence of Warren Hastings," in the British Museum, unless it is otherwise stated.

[2] 'Creevey Papers,' I. 79.

post of Governor-General, but overtures and apology were alike rejected. In like manner, Lord Minto's tardy attempts at atonement for his behaviour as Sir Gilbert Elliot were ignored, while the compliment offered by his successor, Lord Moira, was accepted with delight. He expressed his joy on finding himself compelled, for family reasons, to add the name of Hastings to his patronymic of Rawdon, since to bear the name of the Governor-General whose departure they had never ceased to regret would endear him to the natives of India.

Hastings himself regarded with wonder his conquest of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Court of Directors, "both once my decided enemies, and one till this occasion my inveterate one," when his annuity was granted afresh in 1804, but he did not fully gauge the strength of the reaction in his favour until he gave evidence before Parliament on the question of the renewal of the East India Company's charter in 1813. Both Houses, and especially the House of Commons, were strongly prejudiced against the Company, and resolved on curtailing its powers, but "I was heard," he writes, "with the most respectful attention; and when I made my bow on the order to withdraw, every member of the House, which was unusually crowded, rose by impulse with their heads uncovered; an honor, which none in the power of the sovereignty of the state to bestow can equal, either in intrinsic worth, or in its impression on my mind, to which it scarce ever recurs without affecting me almost, and in conversation quite to tears." His appearance to receive an honorary degree at Oxford was hailed with "reiterated and almost continued applauses, such as, I was told, were without example," he was made a Privy Councillor, and might have received the peerage which was the heart's desire of Mrs Hastings had he not insisted, as a preliminary condition, on the removal of the accusations against him from the records of the House of Commons. He might well, as it seemed, congratulate

himself on "having outlived all the prejudices which have during so many years prevailed against me."

It is one of the ironies of history that this national esteem, so tardily accorded, should have been withdrawn, less than a quarter of a century after the death of its object, in deference to the impassioned periods of a popular journalist in a hurry. The magic of Macaulay's style has rescued from oblivion, and preserved for use as a school-book, a piece of book-making as flagrant, if not as tedious, as the biography he professed to review. Had he dreamt of the longevity his 'Edinburgh' article was destined to achieve, he would, no doubt, as in the case of his 'History,' have made some effort to consult original authorities, some attempt to ascertain the actual character of the man of whom he wrote. There were many still alive who had known Hastings well, many more whose family traditions kept his memory green. The records of the Trial were accessible to the world, and an enormous accumulation of private and official papers had been only very partially utilised by Mr Gleig. But why spend more time than need be on a magazine article? Here was a book from the pen of a Tory journalist, a light of the rival Magazine—what more natural, or more agreeable, than to pulverise it? Let it be conceded at once that Gleig's biography deserved the worst that could be said of its workmanship. Its lack of system, with the complementary defect, absence of an index, its perpetual anticipations and harkings-back, its absolute stolidity, make it an extraordinarily difficult book to read, while the writer displays frequently a singular ineptness in entering into the mind of his subject, even when all the evidence is clear before him. But it does provide facts, though they may be difficult to disinter, and the reviewer turned his back deliberately on these, and elected to take his stand upon fiction.

It must never be forgotten that Macaulay, following the custom of his day, wrote of the past, and especially

the more immediate past, from the standpoint of a politician and a doctrinaire. The tradition of his party made him the staunch opponent of Hastings and his policy, and to his associates it appeared a noble and romantic concession to allow the Great Proconsul any virtues at all. Burke had denounced Hastings, Burke had been worsted in the struggle, and Burke was the god of the Liberal party. Ostensibly attacking Hastings, Macaulay was in reality defending Burke.[1] Where a modern apologist, reading the passionate diatribes with which the orator lashed his audience into horror and himself into frenzy, would realise that a verdict of "Unsound Mind" was the most that could be asked for, Macaulay was bent on obtaining one of "Justifiable Homicide." In order to reconcile this with the sneaking kindness for Hastings with which his own Indian career had inspired him, it was necessary for him to disregard all the evidence that told against the accusers, and to construct an imaginary figure to represent the accused.

So far as is shown by his own work, Macaulay made no attempt whatever to arrive at the facts even by reading the records of the Trial and the evidence brought forward. The speeches of Burke, Sheridan, and their fellows, together with fragmentary Indian recollections of his own, and occasional tit-bits culled from the moral reflections of the unhappy Mr Gleig, were his material. Doubtless it was too much to expect that he should seek permission to investigate the Hastings papers, though there he might have learnt the baselessness of many of his accusations. To take one instance only: more in sorrow than in anger, he expresses the fear that during his Trial Hastings stooped so low as to court the aid of that "malignant and filthy baboon John Williams, who called himself Anthony Pasquin."

[1] Observe his savage censure of Fanny Burney for her modest but resolute defence of Hastings, the friend of her family, against her other friend, Burke.

But among the letters received by Hastings in the early part of 1797 is a blackmailing epistle from this man, in which he introduces himself as Hastings' benefactor, and threatens to turn his weapons against him if his unrequited services are not acknowledged. But the printed records of the Trial,[1] which it needed only a visit to a library to obtain, would have overthrown the whole structure of accusations on which Macaulay bases his blame. One crucial instance may be mentioned. In his account of the Oudh Begums, Macaulay omits altogether to state that the money in dispute did not belong to the ladies, but to their son and grandson, the Nawab-Vizier, and was wrongfully withheld by them from him!

Having determined, perhaps unconsciously, on writing history afresh, the reviewer was bound likewise to redraw his principal character, in order that he might fit into the frame prepared for him. The man whom natives and Europeans unite in acclaiming as the tenderest of friends and most delicate of benefactors must be dismissed as "deficient in sympathy for the sufferings of others," with a "heart somewhat hard." It is true that Gleig does not throw much light upon this side of his subject's character, but here the testimony of survivors, to which we have already alluded, would have been invaluable. To any one acquainted with the Hastings Papers, Macaulay's conclusion appears ludicrously absurd, but it is unfortunately easier to produce an effective portrait—not likeness—by leaving out all traits which do not accord with a preconceived idea than by including them. The man in the street likes the figures presented to him to be distinctly labelled. Macaulay saw Hastings as a man of blood and iron, marching through rapine to the establishment of an empire, and in that light a public brought up upon Macaulay has seen him since. While—so great a difference does a change in the point of view make—

[1] See Appendix IV., "The Charges at the Trial."

Francis, in daily intercourse with him, saw him as a "timid, desperate, distracted being," "weary of life."

Since the difference in the opinions of two critics, both opposed to him, is so strongly marked, it is worth while to construct from the opinions of other contemporaries and from his correspondence—outside that contained in this book—a picture of the man. In the fifty volumes of letters received, and including not a few letters written, by Warren Hastings during the sixty years from 1758 to 1818, which are preserved in the British Museum, there is a wealth of material which has hitherto been only casually used, or even examined. No selection has been made in binding and cataloguing the papers. The same letter appears four or five times over, as its duplicates arrived by different channels, and military reports, drafts of state documents, confidential epistles which the recipient is entreated to burn at once, requests for help and assurances of gratitude, formal notes from government officials and the tributes of foreign admirers, succeed one another in bewildering confusion, their order decided only by the accident of date—and in not a few cases the date has been misread. It is naturally the more personal letters—those to and from Mr and Mrs Woodman, Hastings' sister and her husband, during his Indian career, from his cousin Samuel Turner and his former private secretary, George Nesbitt Thompson, in the years immediately succeeding his return home, and in his old age those to his stepson, Sir Charles Imhoff—which provide most of the details for the portrait.

In person, then, Hastings was small and thin, with a peculiarly massive forehead—a feature which was the more noticeable in that he grew bald very early. Gleig, writing apparently from oral tradition, says that he attributed his wretched constitution and stunted growth to the hardships endured at his first preparatory school at Newington Butts. He seems to have been a martyr to dyspepsia for the greater part of his life, and his

letters testify to the Spartan regimen[1] which kept him in health sufficient for the performance of his overwhelming duties, though in this task he found an ally in "my promptitude and facility of sleeping, which have been my blessing through life, and have supported me under its worst trials." Fanny Burney's tender heart was repeatedly wrung by his pale, dejected, and harassed aspect when she saw him in Westminster Hall, but his pained astonishment at the humiliations inflicted on him was quickly replaced by a stoical patience, only interrupted by a single outburst of appeal to the justice of the court against the unfair methods of his accusers. In his letters to his Indian friends he insists repeatedly that Mrs Hastings felt the misery of the Trial more acutely than he did.[2] Like many other hard workers, he was at his best in times of greatest pressure, displaying an apparently insatiable appetite for work, which would be succeeded, when the pressure was removed, by a species of mental lassitude. "I brought from town," he writes to Sir John D'Oyly in 1798, "a mind so much relaxed by the long and unusual dissipation which it had undergone there, that I fear you must have seen the effects of it in my letter, which was written more from a sense of obligation, than from the hope of communicating any thing that you could be interested in reading or I find pleasure in writing. This species of mental malady, which I have all my life time been subject to, except I had a constant occupation of business, grows daily more powerfully upon me, and affects even my bodily powers; for I have not the same pleasure in riding as I used to have."

Riding and driving had always been his favourite outdoor recreations. He seems never to have felt any inclination towards field-sports, which were to be enjoyed in those days comfortably near Calcutta — we

[1] See *infra*, pp. 323, 364.

[2] Gleig, III. 336.

read of four tigers killed near Chinsura in 1784[1]—though Mrs Hastings appears to have made experiments with a gun, but this may have been in a fit of martial ardour.[2] In his younger days he himself had served with Clive's force destined for the recovery of Calcutta, and in 1803 his old friend Sir Francis Sykes recalls the time "when you and I were Volunteers, wading through Nullas of Water, up to our Breast." The occasion of this reminiscence was the ferment induced by the invasion scare, when the country gentlemen were doing their best to infuse military enthusiasm into a population "cold, suspicious, and very unwilling to assemble to concert measures of defence." "We have proposed to the Inhabitants of our Parish," writes Baber, "to arm themselves and learn their exercise, that is the mear manual, and to load and fire without blinking or winking;" and Hastings himself says,[3] "I called out the youth of Daylesford, and with the very able instruction of Colonel Imhoff, my old porter called from Chelsea College for that purpose, and myself looking on, taught them to march, and to carry themselves erect like soldiers." The movement, however, was suddenly quashed by the Government, and no estimate was even made of the number of volunteers that would be available in the event of an invasion. Until a few years ago, recollections of Hastings lingered in the neighbourhood of his home as "a small man sitting huddled on his horse, watching the volunteers drill."[4]

In English politics he took little share. Nicholls,[5] commenting on his ability as a statesman, his wealth of information and his dauntless courage, adds that his interests were wholly Indian. On his return to England he knew nothing of British political parties, their objects

[1] 'India Gazette.' [2] See *infra*, pp. 94, 100. [3] Gleig, III. 387.
[4] W. H. Hutton, 'By Thames and Cotswold.' The chapter entitled "Two Cotswold Statesmen" contains a fine appreciation of Hastings.
[5] 'Recollections and Reflections.' John Nicholls, M.P.

or their sympathies, save as regarded India, and he had formed no opinion on questions which were matters of life and death to them. Macaulay finds an additional crime in his one plunge into the political arena in 1804, but it is necessary to know the feeling of the time to realise how deeply discredited and distrusted were both the great parties at the moment. Pitt was considered absolutely unscrupulous, his state maxims "That the End justifies the Means, and Convenience sanctifies the End,"[1] and Fox was signalising himself by trying simultaneously to bless and curse the renewal of war with France. Patriotic men saw in a Ministry of Moderates the only hope of the country, and Hastings is hardly to be blamed for his confidence in Addington, who had always shown him kindness and courtesy, in contrast with the treachery of Pitt and the savagery of Fox. A little later he is found watching with painful interest the careers of Nelson and Wellington, whose treatment by the Government reminded him of his own. It is startling now to read that in 1805 Nelson was only waiting to bring his fleet into a British port to resign his command as a protest against the hard usage he received, but Hastings felt to the end that he had not been properly appreciated. "I do not rejoice for our victory," he writes after Trafalgar. "It brought tears into my eyes, and has struck a chill upon my heart. If I was not afraid of its being imputed to me as an affectation, I would put myself into mourning. I do mourn inwardly." With all honest men, he shared the indignation felt at the attempt to involve Wellington in the guilt due to Sir Hew Dalrymple for the Convention of Cintra. As an old Indian, he had a special interest in the man whom Baber calls "our little Indian hero — Sir A. Willesley," adding the oft-proved truth, "Say what they will of India, it is the

[1] General Palmer, in a letter to Hastings, in which he considers Lord Wellesley as Pitt's pupil.

best School the Nation can boast of, both for Statesmen and Generals."

If Hastings was little of a politician, however, he was a keen practical philanthropist. He had always acknowledged an obligation of gratitude to his foster-mother, a poor woman named Ellis, living at Churchill, and her family, of which they kept him well in mind, and on the acquisition of Daylesford he became an earthly providence to every man, woman, and child on the estate. In the severe weather at the beginning of 1795, he gave orders for the daily distribution of bread, to the value of 6d. a-week per head of the poor inhabitants, but his later endeavours were directed rather to the inculcation of self-support. Mrs Hastings taught the village girls sewing and straw-plaiting, and he chose out some of the boys to be sent to Joseph Lancaster's school for an industrial education. But the mothers were seized with the idea that they were to be taken for soldiers or sailors, and besieged him with tears to beg them off, so that the experiment came to an untimely end. There are constant allusions to getting boys into other schools, into the army or navy—and too often to buying them out of the former again, which show that he spared neither money nor trouble in doing the duty of a country gentleman as he understood it. Money was very scarce, in those days of enormous war-taxes, and this led him into expenditure which alarmed Mrs Hastings. She took over the management of his farm from him at length, determined to show that she could handle it to greater advantage. We read that she was sick of her task in six months, but would not resign it to him, owing to the imposition to which she knew he would again become subject.

Farming and gardening were pursuits which he followed, both in India and in England, with the enthusiasm and the partial success that is usually the lot of the amateur. As soon as he reaches Calcutta he sets to

work to acclimatise English plants, directing his sister to send him out honeysuckle and sweetbriar seeds in small bottles with ground-glass stoppers, packed very dry with plenty of cotton or wool. Mr Woodman also alludes to "Troffles, Morrelles and Artichoke Bottomes" as having been despatched to him. At the same time he was forming a collection of rare shrubs from other parts of Asia, founding an experimental farm at Suksagar for the cultivation of coffee, sugar-cane, and other useful plants, and procuring cinnamon-seed from Ceylon, the trees springing from which flourished luxuriantly in Bengal, as Turner assures him after his departure. In the great scarcity caused by a succession of bad harvests at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he succeeded in producing a hybrid grain which he called barley-wheat, and which he believed to combine the nutritive qualities of wheat with the hardiness of barley.

With animals he was less successful. The shawl-goats he sent or imported to England nearly all died on the voyage, the same fate befell most of the Bhutan cattle which Turner procured for him with great difficulty and expense, and his attempt to establish a breed of Arabian horses in England failed apparently from the want of adequate encouragement. He seems to have resigned himself at last to keeping only the ordinary animals of the country-side, making pets in his old age of his Jersey cows as he had formerly done of his beautiful Arabs. Other people admire them for their beauty and usefulness, he writes to Sir Charles Imhoff, after detailing how they run to him when they hear his voice, "but it is only your dear mother and myself who are attached to their cows on account of their accomplishments and moral virtues."

Overwhelmed though he was with work (he writes to Charles D'Oyly in 1811 that it had always been his habit to go through all the details of each department of government either weekly or monthly, when the officials

in charge reported to him, and received his instructions), and devoted to the improvement of his different estates, he found time for literature and art. He was, indeed, an omnivorous reader, and his bookseller had a standing order to forward him all the best new books, in the selection of which Lord Mansfield and other friends would give their assistance. About the same time (1771) he was desiring his sister to send him out magazines by every ship, to forward regularly the 'Annual Register,' "and if Junius continues to write, his letters." In his later years he read poetry enormously. He corresponded with Scott, through his friend David Anderson, on the occult element in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and a list of his books at Daylesford shows what would appear to modern readers an undue appreciation of Southey. Various French romances in the list were probably the property of Mrs Hastings, though he appears to have been a good French scholar, while unable to understand a word of German.[1] His enthusiasm for Fanny Burney's novels is well known, and the Austen papers show the delight with which a highly eulogistic letter from him was received by the author of 'Pride and Prejudice,' the daughter of his old friends.

In his early days, a certain facility in verse-making was one of the marks of a man of culture, and the members of his circle seem to have "dropped into poetry" with a frequency rather astonishing to the modern mind. It may be that the prevalence of the heroic couplet had rendered the manufacture of verse little less mechanical in English than in Latin, and if a boy left his public school without learning very much of other things, he was at any rate well drilled in making Latin verses. Another favourite exercise was the "topical" translation of classical originals, in which Pope was the exemplar, and to this the little clique of literary Anglo-Indians who founded the Bengal Asiatick Society added the translation of native poetry. Hastings was regarded as an authority

[1] See Appendix III., "Mrs Hastings and her German Relations."

on both Latin and English verse. "The works of your taste," writes Henry Austen[1] to him, speaking of his own school-days, "both of the pencil and the pen, were continually offer'd to my notice as objects of imitation and spurs to exertion. I shall never forget the delight which I experienced when on producing a translation of a well known Ode of Horace to my Father's criticism, he favor'd me with a perusal of your MS., and as a high mark of commendation said that he was sure Mr Hastings would have been pleased with the perusal of my humbler essay." Stephen Sulivan and Elijah Impey the younger send him for criticism specimens of their poetical efforts, ranging from translations of Tasso to Latin epigrams and English comic verses, and his own impromptus were eagerly handed about and preserved. What he thought of his own productions is seen in one of the letters in this book,[2] and it may frankly be said that they are less interesting as poetry than as setting the fashion of more or less free translation of Oriental legends, which became so prevalent in the early part of the nineteenth century. While on this subject, it may be mentioned that though attempts have been made to show that he was ignorant of the Indian languages, all the contemporary accounts agree in representing him as a master of Persian, then the most important, and he never lost an opportunity of inquiring into the beliefs and antiquities of the Hindus, though this may have been done by interpretation. His friend Ironside pictures him at Benares "relaxing and unbending in Pundit-hunting." Wilkins sends him a minute account of the worship of a Sikh colony at Patna, and he gave endless trouble to the task of discovering and codifying, with the aid of the most learned natives he could attract to Calcutta, both Hindu and Mohammedan law.

[1] Brother of Jane Austen. He married Hastings' god-daughter, Elizabeth Comtesse de Feuillide, *née* Hancock.

[2] See *infra*, p. 273.

For mechanical pursuits he had considerable taste. In 1770, when he had only lately arrived at Madras, he sends home a plan for a pier there, on the model of that at Margate, which is to obviate the danger and discomfort of landing through the surf, and asks for the opinion on it of Brindley, Smeaton, and Mylne, the foremost engineers of the day. In 1784 he was making experiments with balloons, as was every one in England and France at the time, and numerous descriptions of water-wheels and other Indian machines remain in his handwriting.

Of his artistic works, mentioned above by Henry Austen, none are extant, at least in the public collections, but as a patron of art he was generous and renowned. The many pictures painted for him by William Hodges, R.A., Zoffany, A. W. Devis and other artists, are evidence of this, and so are the letters addressed to him by amateurs entreating his countenance. Among them there is one from an unwise youth who has left the army to follow in the footsteps of Hodges, whose pupil he was, but finding art an unpropitious mistress, wishes to be replaced in his rank. To the last, Charles D'Oyly and others send their works to Hastings for praise or blame, recognising in him, perhaps, a survival of the elder generation, when every gentleman was also something of an art-critic.

Of a piece with his simple mode of life was the simplicity of the Governor-General's dress, contrasting vividly with the state he maintained in his public appearances. The mounted bodyguard, the eight aides-de-camp, and the retinue of native servants, served to add to the astonishment of newcomers on finding "this same Governor Hastings, whom they have heard so much of, a plain-looking man like any of us, with a brown coat." "Unostentatious and sensible" is the description given of his dress by a lady visitor,[1] and its plainness is mentioned again and again on his return to England. The gold-

[1] 'Hartly House.' Dublin, 1789.

laced coat, which was as much a mark of the returned Anglo-Indian as the Hindu servant behind his chair, he abjured except on occasions of ceremony. On first reaching Calcutta, he requests his sister to send him out two suits of clothes a-year, and one frock coat, "merely for fashion." Later, he tells her that the coat is the genteelest he has ever worn, but there is no means of keeping the gold lace from tarnishing. However, it will do by candle-light. After his marriage we read of no more commissions of the kind, and it is probable that Mrs Hastings took the question of his clothes, as well as most others, into her own capable hands.

Absurd though it may appear, this very frugality in personal expenditure aroused against Hastings the suspicions of those who watched for his falling. Here was a man in a position unparalleled for its opportunities of making money dishonestly, his one extravagance lavish gifts to his wife and to needy relatives. What became of all the money that he must have made—that his opponents and predecessors would have made in his place? Of course it was either spent or hoarded with dishonest intention! The *non sequitur* is obvious, but hence arose the legend of gifts to Royalty valued at fifty thousand pounds,[1] and that of vast sums withdrawn from the Funds to enable Mr Hastings to flee the country in the course of his Trial, to which Burke gave currency. The simple fact was, that Hastings' disregard of money inflicted sore disappointment on many deserving people, both friends and enemies. "Your situation in Bengal cannot fail of supplying in a very short time your Coffers to the extent of your wishes," writes Colonel Egerton in 1772, and Sir Francis Sykes estimates that in three years he ought to be able to retire with a competent fortune.[2] Another

[1] See *infra*, p. 395.

[2] See also p. 197. The actual facts are disclosed in Series III. of the accompanying letters. After the Trial, Hastings satisfied the Court of Directors that his fortune had never amounted to more than £75,000. (Debates.)

friend tells him to his face that though he has not Avarice, he has a "blameable Generosity," which will swallow up his fortune as fast as he makes it. His correspondence shows that Government House served alternately as a hotel, a hospital, and an orphan asylum for the benefit of members of the Services and their relatives, and it provided what was practically a "free breakfast-table" for Europeans in Calcutta.

If Hastings spent little upon himself, his letters leave us in no doubt that he was surrounded by as eager a throng of harpies as ever preyed upon any public man. The majority of his relatives were in poor circumstances, and fully appreciated their good fortune in possessing, as it were, a private gold-mine in him. During the lifetime of his first wife, he sends a large gift of money to her mother on her behalf, and after her death, her two daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth Buchanan,[1] become his greedy and shameless pensioners, reappearing in his later years as Mrs Johnstone and Mrs Finley, still highly undeserving dependants on his bounty. To his sister, Mrs Woodman, he gives a thousand pounds, in addition to smaller sums, and settles an annuity of £200 a-year on his unmarried aunt Mrs Elizabeth Hastings.[2] In 1775, John Walsh, M.P. for Worcestershire, who had himself been in India in Clive's time, sends him an idyllic account of a venerable yeoman whom he has discovered at Twining while canvassing out-voters. Struck with the old man's mild and benign appearance, he enters into conversation with him, and discovers that he has a nephew in India, no other than Hastings, of whose high position he is quite ignorant. He receives the information without surprise, saying that his nephew must be good, since his father and mother were—which sheds a new light on the character

[1] See Appendix II., "Hastings' First Marriage."

[2] Not the widow of his uncle Howard, as stated in the biographies. The Christian name of Mrs Howard Hastings was Jane, and she appears by her husband's will to have been an heiress. See Appendix I.

of the unlucky Penyston Hastings. With stately calm, the venerable Mr Warren adds that his little estate, his sister Hester's patrimony, will in time belong to her son if he deserves it. He himself has laid it out and irrigated it with his own hands, and it is one of the sights of the locality. He throws it open for his neighbours to walk in, and entertains them with cider, and in their delight they entreat him to take out a licence, and open what would correspond presumably to the modern tea-garden. But though poor, he has his pride. He is an authority on roads, and esteemed by my Lord Coventry, and he rejects the friendly advice, even as he will not cut his valuable oaks. Pleased, no doubt, to possess a relative needing and asking nothing, Hastings sends him a present of four Indian shawls, which are crossed on the way by several letters, wonderful in calligraphy and eccentric in spelling, from the newly discovered uncle to his "nevieu." Mr Warren rejoices to hear that "God Allmighty have indued you with Sence, Honnour, and Riches," and wondering that he saw nothing of him when he was in England, hopes he has no dislike to the family. After the arrival of the shawls he suggests that if Hastings has anything to spare out of his good fortune to add to the comfort of an old uncle it would be gratefully received, and mentions that his sister, Mrs Turner, would also be glad of assistance. Very shortly, Hastings is paying a hundred guineas a-year for Mr Warren, and the interest on her mortgages for Mrs Turner, and sending five hundred pounds in haste for the relief of Mrs Hammond, the unacknowledged daughter of another uncle,[1] who is in dire distress. Mrs Hammond also becomes an annuitant, and with her children, pursues him even in his old age with requests for further help—in 1795 she begs for an interview of one hour only, undertaking in that time to

[1] No more direct clue is given to the relationship, but as the Christian name of Mrs Hammond's daughter was Ann Hastings, it is possible that Howard Hastings was the uncle referred to.

give him "a clear statement of all my proceedings since my earliest knowledge of myself, my behaviour and struggles through life" — while Mr Warren melts the warm Irish heart of Hastings' aide-de-camp, Captain Toone, who visits him when at home for his health, by the picture he presents of reverend old age insufficiently assisted.

Moreover, the family combined to thrust off on its most famous member those younger branches for whom it was not convenient to provide at home. William Gardiner, another relative,[1] comes out to India "a Guiney Pig"— which appears to mean that he worked his passage—and arrives in Calcutta "in debt and with one suit of cloaths." He does well in the army, but is killed in the storming of Lahar, having taken the precaution to make a will leaving to his cousin his debts and his native wife and two children. His confidence was not misplaced. Hastings paid the debts and provided for the family, sending the boy to England to be educated. In a letter to the Woodmans he commends "little Billy Gardiner, who was left to me as a legacy," to their care, directing that he shall be boarded and taught until he is fit to go to Westminster, and promising him a cadetship when old enough. A more satisfactory relative was Samuel Turner, whom Mr Warren recommends to Hastings' consideration as having received "a cadet's appointment for the Indias," and as being "sober, honnest, and indued with naturall good qualities." He became his kinsman's aide-de-camp, carried through with great prudence and success a historic mission to Tibet, and as commander of the bodyguard, continued faithfully to watch over Hastings' interests in India after his departure.

One curious exception is found to the family hunger for Indian appointments. In 1769, Hastings' friend

[1] He may have been the son or grandson of Harry Gardner, the wicked uncle with whom Penyston Hastings conspired to alienate his children's money. See App. I., esp. Table A, Note 4, and Table B, Note r.

Waller mentions that he called in at Cleveland Row (the Woodmans' abode), "and found all well, Tommy like a good boy at his books. He'll set off for India in a few years if—Mamma can let him." Five years later, Hastings advised his sister and her husband to secure an appointment for Tommy and send him out, promising to care for him as a son, but the canny parents declined the offer. His star was not in the ascendant at the moment, and they considered the "affairs of India too uncertain to embark Tommy in them." With great prudence, they kept the boy in ignorance of the offer and its rejection, and he went to Westminster and then to Cambridge, whence frequent reports of his progress are sent to his uncle.[1]

Extensive and loud-voiced as was his own family, Hastings' suppliants were naturally not confined to its ranks, nor was their aim invariably money, happily for his pocket. "I never knew you keep even half a Crown if a poor Man wanted it," says Baber, and few indeed are the begging letters contained in the Correspondence which are not quickly followed by others expressing rapturous gratitude for the help received, and—such is human nature—generally asking for more. But his imagined influence attracted a greedy crowd of suitors, and his character for kindness and sympathy a very pathetic one. Unsuccessful lovers wrote to ask his assistance in winning the object of their affections, and couples unhappily married demanded his advice and support, each against the other. People wrote to ask him to trace lost daughters and vanished brothers, to compel the payment of money unjustly detained, to help them to realise the estate of a deceased husband, to restore a daughter's fortune which had been entrusted to a bankrupt friend. They sought his patronage for all sorts and conditions of men, the youth who had wasted his money at play, the elderly merchant who had lost his

[1] See Appendix III.

in speculation, the surgeon who had fallen into bad company, the spendthrift husband of a celebrated authoress, the officer who had served through the American War, and, his constitution ruined, had sold his commission to pay his doctor's bill. These gentlemen might have already obtained entrance into the Company's military or civil service, in which case they desired speedy promotion, a fat appointment, or a post in the "Owd" Contingent, or they were going out to seek their fortune, and asked merely for such a situation as their talents merited—a request which involved their maintenance until it was attained. It was expedient to gratify them, because they were recommended by old schoolfellows, old friends, members of the Court of Directors who had much in their power, country gentlemen who had come all the way to London at crucial moments to vote in Hastings' favour, or declared enemies who were anxious to enable the Governor-General to show that he bore no malice. They were the sons of worthy country clergymen, of near neighbours of those who recommended them, or relations of persons high in church and state —such as Lady Cooper (Cowper?) "an amiable lady, the mother of a sweet young family, and yet has great affection to spare for her kinsman"—and they were one and all persons of parts and intelligence, and of an agreeable disposition. When, in spite of all these claims to favour, they were left in obscurity, their patrons at home wrote scathing letters, as does Mrs Mary Barwell, complaining of the "severe mortification I feel in your total disregard of every request of mine," aspersing those "worthless and contemptible characters," the gentlemen who had received the coveted offices, and hinting darkly at a withdrawal of her support in future. Even more delicate was the situation when the person recommended was a young lady on the look-out for a husband. It was evidently the opinion that the Governor-General, like an Ambassador, was qualified as a chaperon despite his sex,

for he was honoured with charges of this kind while he was still a widower.

As the head of all the state departments—which were not then allocated to different members of Council [1]—the unhappy mortal in whom was nominally vested the government of British India found himself expected to take cognizance of the smallest matters affecting his European subordinates. Every officer and civil servant who has a grievance lays it before the Governor-General, whether in frequent huge epistles, like Colonel Pearse, or in a single brief entreaty, like the old sergeant who longs for a commission after his many years of service. If a captain is detained in garrison with the smaller half of his battalion instead of being allowed to take the field with the larger, if a civilian conceives his punctilio infringed by a soldier or a soldier by a civilian, if a colonel feels himself insulted by the promotion of a junior to his own rank as a reward for distinguished services, the remedy is clear, write to the Governor-General. A cantonment has no postman of its own, and in consequence receives its letters irregularly, a subaltern is guilty of violent and unbecoming conduct when rebuked by his superior officer—the same person is appealed to in each case. Any one who is superseded in office, or fancies himself supplanted in the Governor-General's friendship, any one who wants a change, promotion, a little ready money, writes to Mr Hastings, and wonderful to relate, nearly always obtains his request. As in Turkey at the present day, for the ruling caste an appeal lay to the supreme power from every move of lesser men.

These requests for justice and help do not cease when Hastings leaves India. His friends Thompson and Turner, and afterwards Chapman and John Palmer,

[1] A beginning was made when General Clavering was appointed Commander-in-Chief, but it was one of the charges against Hastings that he bribed Clavering's successor, Sir Eyre Coote, by placing the military department wholly in his hands.

had charge of what they called his pension-fund, out of which small allowances were paid to old servants and poor Europeans whom he had been accustomed to befriend, and the pensioners were always ready to entreat an increase. The reductions carried out in the pay of the services, and other economies effected by his successors, caused a great deal of distress among all but the very highly placed, and some of the appeals from old friends, or from their destitute relatives, are heart-rending. After his acquittal the stream of applications for cadetships and writerships resumes its course, though he had no nominations of his own, and could only obtain them by the exercise of his influence at the India House, which he was very reluctant to put to the test. It was equally difficult for him to supply the recommendations for which he was so often asked. Twenty years after his departure, so General Palmer writes, there was scarcely any one left in Bengal who had known him, and of the few who had done so, most were in need of assistance themselves. The universal confidence in his willingness to help is shown by a curious instance. Readers of Dr Busteed's 'Echoes from Old Calcutta' will remember Mr James Augustus Hicky or Hickey, the founder of the first Indian newspaper. This man had taken up an attitude of strong opposition in the days of his journalistic activity, and after due warning, his persistent libels were rewarded by a term of imprisonment and the stoppage of his paper. Dr Busteed gives his pathetic letters to the Judges entreating release for the sake of his "little innocent children," and mentions that Hastings forgave him the fines imposed for the libels directed against him personally, but says that he has been unable to discover his eventual fate. Two letters in the Correspondence, dated 1793 and 1800 respectively, show him still at Calcutta, very old, his family still too young to work, and with no prospect but that of begging their bread in the streets. With an ingenuous recollection of Hastings' past kind-

ness rather than his own misconduct, he invites him "to do something for me and my family," preferably by getting him the post of deputy to the Clerk of the Calcutta Market, who is old and rich, and never goes near the scene of his ostensible labours. This office, with a small money allowance, and the prospect of succeeding to the clerkship on the death of the holder, would enable him to support his family. Otherwise he can only try to get a post as surgeon on board an Indiaman, which will give all his children a free passage home. This seems to be in the nature of a threat, but there is unfortunately nothing to show how the appeal was answered.

Among so many applicants, some were sure to be undeserving, and it is a curious feature in Hastings' character, that though a capable leader of men, he had little insight into the minds of others. Francis was renowned for considering every possible step of an opponent before he would make any move himself, and he has left it on record that Hastings was entirely destitute of this kind of prevision, though extraordinarily skilful in extricating himself from the difficulties into which he fell. Akin to this was his "haphazardness"—to coin a word—in his choice of subordinates. To him the man who presented himself with assurances of loyalty was loyal, the man who had discharged routine duties with zeal and fidelity was capable of dealing masterfully with great issues. In some cases his confidence was justified. Alexander Elliot, dying in the swamps near Cuttack, "thinking of nothing but the public business in his delirium," and in his last letter entreating Hastings to supersede him, lest his plans should suffer by delay—Goddard, "holding most dear the fame and character of the man which is so much connected with the event of my operations," were servants of whom any ruler might be proud, and the years of the Trial only brought into higher relief the courage and capacity of a faithful band of friends. But

the selection of Markham as Resident at Benares,[1] and of Scott as parliamentary agent,[2] were unfortunate in the extreme, and through most of Hastings' letters from India to his more intimate supporters at home runs the current of disappointment. One man has failed him, another betrayed him, a third on whom he has heaped kindnesses repays him with ingratitude. Sir Elijah Impey has forgotten their old friendship in a mad determination to secure the advantage of his order, Francis accepts the most liberal concessions and calmly disregards the conditions by which they were accompanied. Yet he goes on, with pathetic hopefulness, to try new men, or new expedients for winning the same men. This hopefulness appears as the salient point of his character, coupled with an extreme tenderness for the feelings of others. The order for the recall of the incapable and disobedient Colonel Leslie cost him days of misery, and it was one of the grievances of his friends against him that he was unnecessarily diffident of his own judgment, that his disposition was too easy, and that he was led when he ought to have taken the lead. To the fascination of his manners we have Fanny Burney's testimony:—

"I am quite charmed with Mr Hastings, and indeed, from all that I can gather, and all I can observe, both which are but little, he appears to me to be one of the greatest men now living, as a public character, while as a private one, his gentleness, candour, soft manners, and openness of disposition, make him one of the most pleasing. . . . He spoke with the utmost frankness of his situation and affairs, and with a noble confidence in his certainty of victory over his enemies, from his consciousness of integrity and honour, that filled me with admiration and esteem for him."[3]

But an even greater tribute is to be found in the fact that Francis, whose journal bears witness to the impish

[1] See *infra*, p. 118. [2] See *infra*, p. 412.
[3] 'Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay.'

malignity with which he seized every opportunity of wounding the feelings — as apart from thwarting the policy—of the Governor-General, is sometimes seized with pity for him. When he writes "Poor Hastings!" he is as near affection as a man of his temperament could be in the case of a political opponent. There is no resemblance in the impression produced on the mind by the general testimony to Macaulay's vision of a grim dictator riding roughshod over employers and colleagues alike, but merely the picture of a very human, sorely harassed man, prepared with great schemes of reform in one direction, of advance in another, and thwarted in all of them. With extreme patience, but not uncomplaining, he keeps on his way, always on the watch for an opportunity of burrowing under the obstacles he is forbidden to surmount, ready to take the long road round when the shortest is closed to him, and seizing every advantage that events or the rashness of his enemies may offer him.

This, then, was the man whose letters follow: what of the woman to whom they were written? The present writer has dealt so lately with the origin of Mrs Hastings, and the events preceding her second marriage,[1] that it is now necessary merely to consider what manner of woman she was who ruled supreme in her husband's heart for forty-eight years. "Your good and amiable mother . . . continues even in beauty to exceed every woman that comes within my observation," writes Hastings to Charles Imhoff in 1803, and in 1811, at the Prince Regent's "festival" or fête, "The dress of your mother surpassed, in elegance and simplicity, all that came within my observation, and she was handsomer than many that were born thirty years ago, and have pretensions to beauty." "When I attempt to talk of the Authority of a Husband," says Toone, "I am put to Silence by the Sacred Name of Mr Hastings—'He always'

[1] See 'The Great Proconsul,' chapter xxii., and Appendix II., "Mrs Hastings, her History."

yields in all Things to Mrs Hastings,' and much astonishment is expressed, that I should so long have enjoyed the Benefits of your Protection and Example, and profited so little." To her husband's men friends this devotion seems to have appeared quite natural. Thompson writes with enthusiasm of "the Manners of my dear Mrs Hastings, which, upon my Honor, I have always admired as peculiarly dignified, sweet and graceful," and Scott says, "Well indeed, my dear Sir, does she describe the Character which old Lord Lyttleton has left us, of his Lucinda,

> "'Polite as tho' in Courts she had ever been,
> And good as tho' a Court she had never seen.'"

It is when we come to feminine estimates that we detect a jarring note, which shows us that Mrs Hastings was what is popularly known as "a man's woman." Definitions of the species have so often been unsuccessfully attempted, that on this occasion it may perhaps suffice to remark that a "woman's woman" leads, a "man's woman" seems to follow. It is by no means a consequence that she gets less of her own way than the "woman's woman"—rather the reverse, indeed, but she pursues her object by a different method. Her husband believes that his will is supreme, that he is the active and she the passive partner in the business of their lives—and she leaves him to think so. It is her crowning triumph, and her sisters regard it as her crowning treachery. Any number of weaknesses will be condoned, by men, in a woman of this stamp—provided that they are what the masculine mind chooses to consider feminine weaknesses. Extravagance in dress, an inordinate love of display, a desire to manage the affairs of her neighbours, a tendency to criticize other women whose activities are not confined to the strictly domestic sphere, and an extreme helplessness, are faults so venial as to be almost virtues, wholly attractions. Nothing is

more astonishing in the letters contained in this book than the honest surprise of Hastings at the courage and capacity shown by his wife on more than one occasion. They had been married several years, he was in the habit, so Wraxall[1] tells us, of consulting her on public affairs, he knew that she managed her own money matters with conspicuous success, and would have liked to manage his, but the fiction of her timidity and helplessness apart from him retains possession of his mind.

Two or three glimpses of Mrs Hastings, some obtained in India and one in England, will show the impression she produced on other women. The first witness is Mrs Fay, a young lady married to a worthless husband, whom she had accompanied to Bengal in the hope of keeping him out of mischief. Travelling by the then little known overland route, they fell into the hands of Haidar Ali during their voyage from Suez to Calcutta, and were only rescued after much suffering and privation. Arrived at Calcutta, one of Mrs Fay's first duties was to go out to Belvidere and pay her respects to the Governor-General's lady.

"Mrs H—— herself," she writes, "it is easy to perceive at the first glance, is far superior to the generality of her sex; though her appearance is rather eccentric, owing to the circumstance of her beautiful auburn hair being disposed in ringlets, throwing an air of elegant, nay almost infantine simplicity over her countenance, most admirably adapted to heighten the effect intended to be produced. Her whole dress too, though studiously becoming being at variance with our present modes which are certainly not so" (the lady's punctuation is breathlessly erratic,) "perhaps for that reason, she has chosen to depart from them—as a foreigner you know, she may be excused for not strictly conforming to our fashions; besides her rank in the settlement sets her above the necessity of studying anything but the whim of the moment. It is easy to per-

[1] 'Historical Memoirs.' Sir N. W. Wraxall.

ceive how fully sensible she is of her own consequence. She is indeed raised to a 'giddy height' and expects to be treated with the most profound respect and deference. She received me civilly and insisted on my staying dinner, which I had no inclination to refuse, but seemed not to evince much sympathy when I slightly touched on the misfortunes which had befallen me; nay she even hinted that I had brought them on myself, by imprudently venturing on such an expedition out of mere curiosity. . . . I could not help feeling vexed at Mrs H——'s observation, to say the best of it, it was unfeeling,—but I excuse her." Despite this magnanimity, there is a distinct touch of resentment in the remark that follows: "The house . . . is a perfect *bijou;* most superbly fitted up with all that unbounded affluence can display; but still deficient in that simple elegance which the wealthy so seldom obtain." Here again appears the difference between the masculine and the feminine point of view, for Thompson writes of Mrs Hastings as "a wife whose singular generosity and splendid taste were guided by an enlightened system of economy, and by the utmost anxiety for the welfare of her husband." With regard to the "infantine" style of her dress, it would appear that owing to her Continental connections, her fashions were two or three years in advance of those of the British-born ladies surrounding her, for in 1783 a friend writes to her from England: "To describe the various Dresses of the Ladies, I must leave to an abler Pen than mine; it seems they breathe nothing but fashion and Elegance, and are grown so Young, as not only to appear in their Sashes, but their Shifts (a Dress called Chemise à la Reine)." But her style of hairdressing was entirely her own, and she clung to it on her return to England—even, according to the 'Rolliad,'[1] when she went to Court, which was almost equivalent to appearing without plumes or lappets nowadays. "Her figure furnished matter for

[1] See *infra*, p. 397.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. London March 20th 1777. Engraved by Thomas Watson.

Warren Hastings Esqr.

GOVERNOR GENERAL of BENGAL, &c. &c.

malevolent criticism," says Wraxall, "as, at a time when every fashionable female's head-dress was elevated twelve or eighteen inches high, and formed a barbarous assemblage of powder, pins, and other fantastic ornaments piled on each other, she had the courage to wear her hair without powder." Her taste in this respect seems to have been shared by her husband, for in Reynolds' portrait of him as a young man he wears his own brown hair without powder.

Mrs Fay has something further to say on the subject of the deference required by Mrs Hastings from all that approached her. One evening at the Harmonic, "Mrs H—— was of the party; she came in late, and happened to place herself on the other side of the room, beyond a speaking distance, so strange to tell, I quite forgot she was there!" (Was this forgetfulness wholly involuntary?) "After some time had elapsed, my observant friend Mrs J——[1] who had been impatiently watching my looks, asked if I had paid my respects to the Lady Governess?[2] I answered in the negative, having had no opportunity, as she had not chanced to look towards me when I was prepared to do so. 'Oh,' replied the kind old lady, 'you must fix your eyes on her, and never take them off 'till she notices you; Miss C——y (Chantry) has done this, and so have I; it is absolutely necessary to avoid giving offence.' I followed her prudent advice, and was soon honoured with a complacent glance, which I returned as became me by a most respectful bend. Not long after she walked over to our side, and conversed very affably with me."

This was three years after Mrs Hastings' marriage, and it speaks much for her strength of character that she had in that time brought the Calcutta ladies into such subjec-

[1] Jackson. See *infra*, p. 54.

[2] The curious title here given to Mrs Hastings, and also found elsewhere, seems due to a reminiscence of Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands. She was also called Madam Hastings, "the Hon'ble Mrs Hastings," and, especially by foreigners, "Lady Hastings."

tion—a willing subjection, moreover. Lady Impey, whose spasmodic attempts at rebellion were so carefully fostered and so maliciously described by Francis, became her friend for life; and most new-comers appear to have taken their cue from the society around them. Sometimes there were difficulties. Stephen Sulivan and his wife complain bitterly of unkindness and affronts offered to the lady by Mrs Hastings, which bring forth a counter-accusation of a want of attention to her on their part. Even the son of the Chairman of the Court of Directors must learn his place.

"The Governor's . . . lady is the great ornament of places of polite resort," writes the author of 'Hartly House'; "for her figure is elegant—her manners lively and engaging—and her whole appearance a model of taste and magnificence," while Mr Hicky rudely observes that she is "stuck up with all the costly appendages of Eastern luxury." She carried the same characteristics with her to England, to the disgust of Fanny Burney, who writes of her at first with enthusiasm, as "lively, obliging, and entertaining, and so adored by her husband, that in her sight and conversation he seems to find a recompense, adequate to all his wishes, for the whole of his toils, and long disturbances and labours." This was in 1786, but in 1792 the diarist records her horror on being loudly accosted in a public place by a lady whose appearance was remarkable for show and parade. "I have always been very sorry," she says, "that Mrs Hastings, who is a pleasing, lively, and well-bred woman, with attractive manners and attentions to those she wishes to oblige, should have an indiscretion so peculiarly unsuited for her situation, as to aim always at being the most conspicuous figure wherever she appears. Her dress now was like that of an Indian princess, according to our ideas of such ladies, and so much the most splendid, from its ornaments, and style, and fashion, though chiefly of muslin, that everybody else looked

under-dressed in her presence. It is for Mr Hastings I am sorry when I see this inconsiderate vanity, in a woman who would so much better manifest her sensibility of his present hard disgrace, by a modest and quiet appearance and demeanour." Sentiments differ, and it did not occur to Fanny that Mrs Hastings probably thought she was doing her best for her husband, and expressing her unshaken confidence in the result of the Trial, by declining to adopt an attitude of apologetic woe.

The great drawback to her success in English society seems to have been this tendency to take, so to speak, the centre of the stage, exhibiting the magnificence of attire and *empressement* of manner natural to the queen of a small social circle, but liable to rouse unfavourable comment when she was only one of the members of a large one. Like her husband, she appears to have entirely misconstrued the circumstances of her new world. She was, as Wraxall says, "a stranger to England by birth, by a long residence in Asia, and by her unacquaintance with our modes of life and our manners." In the bitterness of party feeling which characterized the time, even the favour with which she was received at Court injured her with a large section of society. Hard as the necessity must have been, the retirement to Daylesford enforced by the expense of the Trial probably brought her far more happiness than a continuance in the great world would have done. The peerage which, as her husband told the Prince of Wales, she desired rather than any other honour, was never conferred, but she was once more a queen, though with a limited sovereignty. She was a notable housewife and manager, as her frequent gifts of farm produce to Hastings' friends testify, and she was able to help her own family[1] and to come to her husband's rescue with the money she had saved. Daylesford became a place of pilgrimage even for perfect strangers, and no descendant of the friends of

[1] See Appendix III.

earlier years came near the county without feeling bound to pay his respects to Mr and Mrs Hastings. It was not only in her husband's partial eyes that she retained her beauty and spirits to old age, for in 1814, when she was sixty-seven, Hastings Anderson tells his father that she looks like a person of between twenty and thirty.

In his general admiration of everything connected with his wife, Hastings included her handwriting,[1] and we are able to test the justice of his opinion by the few letters from her which are to be found among his papers. After a careful search, the present writer has discovered only two addressed to her husband, and one of these, written after her return to England, and while he was still in India, is a mere formal recommendation of a Mr Canning, beginning, "My dear Sir." It is obvious that the more private letters, which he preserved with so much precaution when they reached him,[2] were carefully destroyed. There are a few letters from her to Richard Johnson, who had charge of her money matters after his return to England, but far more characteristic are the half-sheets and postscripts, unnoted in the British Museum Catalogue, which she added to her husband's letters to her son Charles. These show that while her German writing (seen in messages sent to her mother), was beautifully neat and clear, her English hand was irregular and often barely legible. She seems to have spoken broken English all her life (Hastings' friend Dr Hancock alludes to her imperfect knowledge of the language in the old days at Calcutta[3]), for she writes "tormant," "towry," "empark," and "safe" and "releafe" for *save* and *relieve*. "Wonderfully well as she speaks the English language," writes her husband in 1803 to Charles Imhoff, who seems to have taken exception to a passage in a letter of his mother's, "she does not always annex to words which

[1] See *infra*, p. 273. [2] See *infra*, p. 381.

[3] See "A Friend of Warren Hastings," by the present writer, in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for April, 1904.

are not of common use the precise meaning that belongs to them." There is a great charm in these piecemeal letters, which are nearly always begun by Hastings, his wife, if she has no more to say, taking the pen just at the close to inform her son of her affection for him and his "sweet Charlotte," and of the health of "my excellent husband . . . our valuable friend . . . our inestimable Mr Hastings."

It remains only to speak of the letters from Hastings to his wife which form the *raison d'être* of this book. Bound together in a thin quarto volume, they fall into three series, dated respectively 1780, 1781, and 1784-5, and these have been treated separately in the following pages. The paper is thick and gilt-edged, and the ink retains its colour well—in marked contrast to many of the papers in the Miscellaneous Correspondence. The writing varies very much, as is only natural, since some of the letters are hasty notes, and others were written bit by bit, extending over days or even weeks, but it always indicates hurry and pressure of work, in contradistinction to the beautiful, leisurely, regular hand of Hastings' old age. Scarcely a word is illegible, however, and the mistakes and corrections are very few. One peculiarity, which has led a former transcriber into error, is the small *e* shaped like *o*, which is of constant occurrence, and appears also in the writing of other old Westminsters, thus suggesting that it was due to a writing-master employed at the School. The spelling has been left as it appears in the originals, but the frequent contractions are disregarded, save in one short letter,[1] which has been printed as it stands in the MS., merely as an example.

These letters, together with the immense mass of other papers in the collection, were purchased by the Museum in 1872 from the representatives of the late Rev. Thomas Winter, Rector of Daylesford, who had married a niece

[1] Letter VIII. of Series III.

of Mrs Hastings,[1] and to whom they were bequeathed by Sir Charles Imhoff on his death in 1853. It is difficult to imagine that the Letters can have been intentionally included in the sale, as Miss Winter, who has kindly given all the information in her power, says that "the more private letters, &c., were reserved." It is clear that they were not among the papers entrusted to Gleig for the purposes of the Biography, for (1) they are not included in the list, filling six or seven foolscap pages, which is to be found in one of the volumes of miscellaneous memoranda, and (2) he makes no quotation from them whatever. In his third volume he does, indeed, give one or two of Hastings' letters to his wife after her departure, but these are not to be found in the Museum collection, though they fill up some of the gaps in Series III., and he complains of their fragmentary and inconsecutive nature. They are introduced here in their proper place, distinguished by special marks, and are given with all reserve, since there has been no opportunity of comparing them with the originals. Miss Winter is unable to throw any light upon the separation of these letters from the rest, or upon the sale of the larger number to the Museum. She understands that the papers sent to Gleig in perfect order (as is attested by the very complete and carefully numbered list), were kept by him for a preposterous length of time, and after repeated requests on the part of the family, were returned in a chaotic condition in a barrel! It would appear, therefore, either that the Letters were intentionally reserved by Mrs Hastings when she placed the bulk of her husband's papers at Gleig's disposal, or that they had even then been mislaid. In either case, when found after her death, their nature not being perceived, they would be placed with the rest of the papers, the immense mass of which must have baffled all ordinary research, and would only come to light when these were being

[1] See Appendix III.

arranged and catalogued for the Museum. Attention was first called to them by Mr Beveridge in the 'Calcutta Review' in 1877, and Dr Busteed has printed portions of them in his 'Echoes from Old Calcutta,' but they have never hitherto been published *in extenso*.

In conclusion, an apology must be offered to the distinguished editor of the 'Letters of Dorothy Osborne' for what is, after all, only very sincere flattery. The present writer has endeavoured to follow his method throughout, confining the editorial comment to the beginning of each letter, and breaking the course of the text as little as possible by footnotes. To carry the method further, the text and the comment are printed in differing types, so that the letters can be read continuously if this is preferred.

SERIES I.

INTRODUCTION.

INDIA IN 1780.

In order to realise the state of public affairs at the time this series of letters was written, it is well to study it with the aid of a map—a large map. In Bengal alone did the Company possess a homogeneous dominion, as distinct from a fringe of coast-towns, each controlling more or less thoroughly the district round it. Bengal and Behar,[1] secured by the grant of the Emperor Shah Alam to Clive, and no longer even nominally ruled by the shadowy Nawab at Murshidabad, served as the base of a British wedge driven into the heart of Northern India. The Karamnasa, which flows into the Ganges above Buxar, was the limit of the Company's territory, but by virtue of the agreement with the Nawab-Vizier of Oudh, their troops occupied posts at Chanar, Mirzapur, Cawnpore, Fatihgarh, and even as far as Hardwar. Along the whole length of this extended frontier the enemy to be feared was the Marathas, in whose hands Shah Alam was a puppet at Delhi, and whose power extended from Poonah to the Jamna, and from Gujarat to Cuttack. The nominal head of their confederacy was the Paishwa—at this time the guardians

[1] Orissa was still dominated by the Berar Marathas.

of the infant Paishwa—at Poonah, but the great chieftains, Sindhia, Holkar, and the representative of the Bhonsla family of Berar, had practically achieved independence. The Berar territories, extending to Cuttack, separated Bengal from Madras, and between Bengal and Bombay lay not only the Marathas, but the dominions of Nizam Ali, "Soubah of the Deccan," reputed the most subtle politician in India since the death of Maharaja Nundocomar.[1] Madras, in like manner, was separated from Bombay by a part of the Maratha dominions and the state of Mysore, over which ruled Haidar Ali, called in derision the Naik. Once it is recognised that the English were isolated in three *enclaves* on different parts of the coast, with no communication except by sea, the respective policies of Hastings and of the native powers with their French advisers become clear. His aim was to split up the forces opposed to him by means of alliances—with the smaller Central Indian states against the Marathas, with one section of the Marathas against another, or with Haidar against all of them[2]—and to promote intercourse by land between the various British possessions, while theirs, as obviously, was to keep these isolated, and then combine to crush them in detail. It was in the fertile brain of Nizam Ali that the plan originated of a great Quadruple Alliance, under which he himself was to invade the Northern Circars, Haidar the Carnatic, and Mudaji Bhonsla of Berar Bengal, while the Marathas continued the war which was already raging on the Bombay side.

In his diplomacy Hastings met with no assistance from his subordinates in the other Presidencies. The Bombay Committee, alternately appealing for help and direction from Bengal, and launching out wildly on its own responsibility, could only be depended upon to do at every crisis exactly the thing that should not have been done, and the

[1] 'Memoirs of the War in Asia.' By an Officer.
[2] G. F. Grand's 'Reminiscences.'

Madras Committee followed its example with zeal worthy of a better cause, contriving to furnish Haidar and the Nizam simultaneously with a pretext for war by the occupation of the Gantur Circar. More irritating even than this stupidity was the opposition he met with in his own Council, for though the junior members, Francis and Wheler, could not carry any measure against the Governor-General's casting vote supported by that of Barwell, they could, and did, call in question every measure he proposed, and insist on dragging the most delicate negociations prematurely into the light. Not content with this, Francis was sedulous in communicating to the native princes, both the subjects and the allies of the Company, every expression of censure used by the Home Government with respect to Hastings, and in prophesying his speedy disgrace and recall, thus playing a part not entirely unknown in more recent history.

In 1779 Francis's ambition met with a severe check in the arrival of the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Eyre Coote, whom he had confidently expected to find on his side. But Coote, though irritable and suspicious to the last degree, had come out with the determination to devote himself to the charge of the army, and judge all other matters on their merits as they arose. Hastings gave the military department over to him, and increased his allowances to the amount necessary to allow him to make a tour of inspection among the up-river posts [1] (his predecessor had scarcely quitted Calcutta), and bore patiently with his almost insane jealousy on any point which he conceived to touch his rights. Since Coote might apparently be depended upon to support the Governor-General, Barwell, who had long desired to leave India, thought it safe to do so, but the frequent long absences from Calcutta of the Commander-in-Chief made it necessary to take measures to prevent Hastings finding himself again in a minority on his own Council.

[1] See *infra*, p. 167, and Appendix IV.

A reconciliation, or accommodation as it was then called, was set on foot—the intermediaries being Captain John Scott[1] on the part of Hastings, and Mr Ducarel on that of Francis—and brought to a successful close by the good offices of Sir John Day, the newly arrived Advocate-General. Hastings engaged to allow Francis a fair share of Government patronage, and yielded to him in various matters over which they had disagreed, while the prime concession on Francis's part was his promise not to oppose any measures which the Governor-General should recommend for the prosecution of the war with the Marathas. He asserted afterwards that he annexed a condition to the effect that only measures then actually in progress were to be included, but this was absolutely denied both by Hastings and Sir John Day, and it is *primâ facie* improbable that Hastings would have accepted it. With his usual confidence in his opponent's good faith, the Governor-General did not obtain Francis's signature to the agreement, though he took the precaution of reducing it to writing and showing it to him for his approval, which he gave "most firmly." Barwell sailed for England, and almost immediately difficulties began.

It is not necessary to trace here the course of the Second Maratha War,[2] which Francis and his supporters in England persisted in calling "Mr Hastings' War," though when he was angling for Hastings' assistance in 1806, Francis confessed that he had forgotten material facts when he did so. Suffice it to say that it arose out of the support by the Bombay Committee of Raghunath Rao, who claimed the Paishwaship, in opposition to the infant in possession, his reputed nephew.

The outbreak of war with France in March, 1778, had given an additional importance to Hastings' policy of making British influence felt in Central India, since St Lubin, the French emissary at Poonah, had obtained

[1] See *infra*, p. 67.

[2] See 'The Great Proconsul,' chapters viii., ix., and xi.

from the Maratha regents the promise of Chaul, a port on the Malabar coast, as a *place d'armes*, in return for which France was to support them with a fleet, warlike stores, and officers for the training of their troops. A force of Bengal Sepoys had already been sent to the assistance of Bombay, but not by sea. Starting from Kalpi on the Jamna, it was to march down through Bandelkhand, familiarising regions hitherto untraversed with the idea of British power. Almost at the same time, the inertness of the Bombay Committee in supporting their candidate, Raghunath Rao, suggested a means of detaching Berar from the Maratha confederacy. The last direct descendant of Sivaji had lately died at Satara, and Mudaji Bhonsla was generally accepted as the rightful heir. Why not sweep away the usurpation of the Paishwas—who merely played the part of mayors of the palace to the *rois fainéants* of the house of Sivaji—and re-establish the royal line in the person of Mudaji, thus setting up in the very heart of India a powerful kingdom owing its inception to the Company, and bound to it by chains of gratitude? This was in Hastings' mind when he despatched Elliot to Nagpur, only to be forced by the Bombay Committee's sudden activity on behalf of Raghunath Rao to send messengers after him to direct him not to broach the subject, and to treat only of an ordinary alliance and the passage through Berar of the British force. To the intense grief of Hastings, and the utter destruction of his plans with regard to Berar, Elliot died of fever near Cuttack, and the negociations with which he was charged lapsed for more than six months, when they were taken up by Colonel Goddard, the successor of the dilatory and avaricious Colonel Leslie in the command of the Bandelkhand force. In this interval the support given to Raghunath Rao by the British had become known, the wiles of Nizam Ali had drawn Mudaji—almost against his will—into the Quadruple Alliance, and the disgraceful convention of Wargaon (January, 1779), had

left the Marathas triumphant over Bombay, and lowered British prestige throughout Asia. In the pursuit of his great object, Hastings was endeavouring also to unite the princes of Rajputana—Udaipur, Jodhpur, and the rest—with the Company against the Marathas, but his efforts in this direction were baffled, not only by the disgrace of Wargaon, but by the general belief in the instability of his power—the result of Francis's past activities—and by the news of the British defeats in America, which, as published in the 'Leyden Gazette,' was diligently circulated by the French among the native courts.

Hastings had played for a strong central position, from which to command his enemies' lines of communication, and had lost. He could now only use all possible means to delay the war upon which the Nizam and Haidar were determined, and in the mean time do his utmost to keep Berar hovering between two opinions. The English were not in Nagpur, but so long as the position was not occupied by an active enemy there was still room for hope, and a decisive British success might at any time give Mudaji an excuse to sever himself from his undesired allies.

Goddard's march to Surat, which was triumphantly accomplished by the end of January, 1779, assured the Governor-General that at last he had at his disposal a general on whom he could depend, and to him he turned for the execution of the work needed at the moment — the conclusion of the Maratha war before the rest of the allies could make war universal. Negociations failed, for the Poonah Ministry demanded the fulfilment of the Wargaon Convention, which the British authorities absolutely refused, but Goddard's strong point was war rather than diplomacy. He had already crossed the path of the Maratha chieftains in regions which they had regarded as all their own, and by his successes in Gujarat he now demanded their attention in a new quarter. He saw the importance of dividing

them, and begged Hastings to arrange that they should be assailed simultaneously from another direction. The needed opportunity was presented by the Rana of Gohad, a minute state lying between Gwalior and the Jamna. The Rana had quarrelled with Sindhia, his suzerain, and sought an alliance with the English, and Hastings had negociated a treaty with him, amid much interruption from the jealousy of Coote. Sindhia demanded the usual feudal service from his rebellious vassal, and ravaged his territories when it was not forthcoming, whereupon the Rana claimed the help of the English. Here was a chance at once of dividing the attention of the Marathas, and of driving a second British wedge, this time from north to south, into Central India. Hastings ordered Captain Popham, who was in command of reinforcements for Goddard, and Major Camac,[1] who was posted on the Jamna to defend the line of that river, to march to the Rana's assistance.

This was the moment chosen by Francis, after three months of comparative quiescence, to show himself unchanged. It would appear that glowing assurances from his friends in England of the intention of the Government to appoint him immediately as Hastings' successor had destroyed his prudence, and he threw off the mask. Once more—despite the dismal falsification of his former prophecies—he saw visions of forces cut to pieces by Maratha horsemen or annihilated by disease and hardship in Central India, and a treasury emptied to pay their expenses. Dragging the docile Mr Wheler in his train, he opposed the Governor-General's proposal in a series of minutes, resisting first the order sent to Camac and Popham jointly, and then Hastings' modified suggestion that Camac should proceed alone. Hastings called upon the two malcontents,[2] reasoned with them, reminded them of the engagement entered

[1] Misspelt Carnac by Gleig.

[2] For the curious details see 'The Great Proconsul,' chapter xv.

into before Barwell's departure, but in vain, and despairing of moving them, resolved at any rate to remove that part of their objection which was based upon the cost of the proposed expedition. A sum of two lakhs of rupees had been offered to him personally as a peace-offering by the finance minister of Chait Singh, the recalcitrant zamindar of Benares,[1] and he now accepted it for the purpose of supplying the extra pay and allowances which field service would necessitate for Camac's force.

Francis still refused his assent, and the situation became desperate. Goddard was anxiously demanding the diversion, which was to draw Sindhia away from him by striking a blow at that chieftain's hereditary dominions, the Berar troops were mobilised in threatening proximity to Bengal, Mudaji daring no longer to withstand the demands of the Poonah Ministry and Nizam Ali, and Hastings was straining every nerve to conciliate the Nizam and Haidar and avert open war with them for the present. Goddard's small force could not withstand the whole Maratha army, and a disaster to him would mean absolute ruin. Hastings was pledged to support him, and the diversion in his favour must be made at once, since the rains, which were fatal to the mobility of the Marathas, offered little obstacle to English troops. Meanwhile, Francis, while unconsciously doing his utmost to make war inevitable, was prating of peace as the supreme need of the time. For once patience and conciliation were out of place, and Hastings replied to the final refusal in a minute containing perhaps the most terrible indictment ever brought by one public man against another.

"I did hope," he says,[2] "that the intimation conveyed in my last minute would have awakened in Mr

[1] See introduction to Series II., and Appendix IV.

[2] 'Selections from the State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department.' Ed. by G. W. Forrest, C.I.E.

Francis's breast, if it were susceptible of such sensations, a consciousness of the faithless part which he was acting towards me. I have been disappointed, and must now assume a plainer style and a louder tone. In a word, my objections do not lie to the special matter of his minutes, to which I shall separately reply, but to the spirit of opposition which dictated them. I have lately offered various plans for the operations of the war. These have been successively rejected as I have successively amended and endeavoured to accommodate them to Mr Francis's objections. I had a right to his implicit acquiescence. I have lately proposed a service requiring immediate execution, and I have freed it from the only objection formally made to it. . . . In truth I do not trust to his promise of candor, convinced that he is incapable of it, and that his sole purpose and wish are to embarrass and defeat every measure which I may undertake, or which may even tend to promote the public interests, if my credit is connected with them. . . . Every fabricated tale of armies devoted to famine or to massacre have found their first and ready way to his office, where it was known they would meet the most welcome reception. To the same design may be attributed the annual computations of declining finances and an exhausted treasury, computations which, though made in the time of abundance, must verge to truth at last, from the effect of a discordant government, not a constitutional decay. . . . My authority for the opinions which I have declared concerning Mr Francis depends upon facts which have passed within my own certain knowledge. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour. This is a severe charge, but temperately and deliberately made, from the firm persuasion that I owe this justice to the public and to myself, as the only redress to both, for artifices of which I have been a victim, and which threaten to involve their

interests with disgrace and ruin. The only redress for a fraud for which the law has made no provision is the exposure of it. . . . By the sanction of this engagement (the accommodation), and the liberal professions which accompanied it, I was seduced to part with the friend to whose generous and honorable support steadfastly yielded in a course of six years I am indebted for the existence of the little power which I have ever possessed in that long and disgraceful period, to throw myself on the mercy of Mr Francis, and on the desperate hazard of his integrity. . . . Surely this difference in our relative situations ought to have impressed him with a sense of what he owed to the delicacy attending it, and have made him dread even an approach towards the precise line of his obligations, by the slightest advantage taken of my inability to repel it: and how much more ought it to have restrained him from the direct transgression of it! . . ."

The slow, inextinguishable wrath of a long-suffering man burns in every line of the document. It was deliberately framed with the intention of bringing matters to a crisis. Grand tells us that young Markham, Hastings' private secretary, who was writing it at his dictation, pointed out to him that his words left Francis no choice between exhibiting active resentment and accepting public disgrace if he remained silent. Hastings praised his discernment, remarking that this was exactly what he intended. But before the minute could be laid before the Council, Sir John Day came forward again as peace-maker, aghast at the untoward result of his former efforts. He visited Francis and reasoned with him, returning with the proposal that Hastings should suspend the expedition until the advices expected from home should determine which was to be supreme in future. This suggestion, which would have involved the loss of the season, Hastings rejected promptly, and Sir John went back to point out once more to Francis the

unreasonableness of his conduct. He found him seized with influenza, which was then epidemic in Calcutta, in considerable pain and disinclined to talk, but succeeded in drawing from him a species of concession. He would be obliged to go away for a time to recruit; in that interval Hastings might take any steps he liked, Francis washed his hands of them. During a further visit, he agreed to withdraw his obstructive minutes, and Hastings thereupon withheld the one he had written.

When the curtain rises, therefore, upon this first series of letters, Hastings is at Calcutta, awaiting the long delayed news from home which may oblige him to step aside and yield his place to Francis, but happy in the knowledge that his orders to Camac have been despatched by special messengers. Francis is taking a holiday on the river, heard of now at Serampore and now at Chandernagor, and later extending his voyage as far as Plassey. The fateful minute is locked up in Hastings' desk.

For the purpose of reference, the following table of distances, taken from Colesworthy Grant's 'Rural Bengal,' may be found useful. Barrackpore was sixteen miles above Calcutta, with Serampore exactly opposite it. Ishapore was three miles above Barrackpore, and a little below Ishapore was Pulta Ghaut, where there was a ferry by which travellers crossed the river to reach the dāk roads to the North-West, used when the easier journey by river would have taken too long. Chandernagor was twelve miles above Ishapore, and Chinsura three miles further. Two miles higher still was Hugli, a modern settlement which had sprung from the old Portuguese factory at Bandel, a mile above. The next place of any note was Suksagar—"about forty miles from Calcutta," says Dr Busteed. The Suksagar of Hastings' day exists no longer. According to Grant, it

was destroyed by a land-slip, due to the encroachments of the river.

This series of letters is endorsed in Mrs Hastings' writing, "Letters from my Excellent Husband when I was at Hugly, and Chinsura." [1] Only a few of them are definitely dated; the dates suggested for the rest are enclosed in brackets. The number in brackets placed at the head of each letter refers to the page in the British Museum arrangement of the originals.

[1] Not Chinsurar, as Dr Busteed reads.

CHAPTER I.

JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1780.

LETTER I.

ON July 8th, as we learn from the 'Bengal Gazette,' Mr and Mrs Hastings left Calcutta for a trip to Suksagar, paying a visit to Chinsura on their way. Hastings was in Calcutta again for the meeting of Council on the 13th,[1] but his wife remained behind. When this letter was written, he was planning to meet her off Chinsura on her way down from Suksagar. She would have seen her friends at the Dutch factory again, but in the critical state of public affairs he did not care to expose himself to their questions.

A FEELCHEHRA (*fil-chehra*, elephant-faced), was a state pleasure-boat,[2] or more accurately, a small house-boat. Dr Busteed says it received its name from being decorated with an elephant head at the prow. It seems to have been smaller and faster than the budgerow, and less fitted for heavy weather.

MRS MOTTE was before her marriage Miss Mary Touchet, and was sister of the Peter Touchet who united with Hastings and other old Westminsters in presenting a silver cup to Westminster School in 1777. In 1779 she was married to Mr Motte, a merchant who is first mentioned in Hancock's letters as trading in diamonds at Benares in 1770. They lived at Hugli,

[1] State Papers. [2] Yule and Burnell, "Hobson-Jobson."

where Mr and Mrs Hastings often visited them. Mrs Fay mentions Mrs Motte as "a most charming woman." We shall hear of her frequently in the letters that follow.

The Hon. JOHANNES MATTHIAS ROSS was the head of the Dutch factory at Chinsura. He and his wife were warm friends of Mr and Mrs Hastings, who paid them frequent visits, as Chinsura was considered much healthier than Calcutta. Their constant intercourse caused Mr Ross to be suspected by his countrymen of an undue attachment to the English, but this was unjust. On the outbreak of war with Holland in July, 1781, orders were given to seize the Dutch ships and factories in the East Indies. To spare Mr Ross's feelings, it was specially arranged that an overwhelming force should march upon Chinsura, and demand his surrender, but owing to a mistake, only a lieutenant and fourteen men were sent. Deeply affronted, Mr Ross retired into the factory, drew up his bridges, and refused to yield to anything less than a regiment of Sepoys, which was accordingly despatched from Chandernagor, then in the hands of the English.[1] An advertisement in the 'Bengal Gazette' announces that Mr Ross's effects are to be sold at Chinsura on December 3rd, and the 'India Gazette' a little later mentions that he has disposed of them by private sale, without holding an outcry, or auction. This was evidently in preparation for a return to Europe. In 1795, a former employé at the factory, writing to Hastings, says that Mrs Ross died about a year after reaching home, and that Mr Ross married again, but died shortly afterwards at Brussels.

MRS VERNETT (Vernet), was the widow of a former Governor of Chinsura. George Louis Vernet, who belonged to a noble French family, and began life as page to Louis XV., went to Bengal in the Dutch service in 1750. At the time of the destruction of Calcutta by Siraj-u-Daula, he was second in command at the Cal-

[1] 'India Gazette.'

capore factory, and showed great kindness to the English fugitives from Kasimbazar, of whom Hastings was one. This seems to have been the beginning of their friendship. Vernet became Governor of Chinsura in 1764, and lived there "with great hospitality and in very elegant style" till 1770, when he went to Batavia, and died there in 1775.[1] His widow returned to live at Chinsura, and Mrs Hastings brought about a marriage between her daughter and Lady Day's brother, Henry Ramus, rather to the displeasure, so Francis says, of Sir John Day.[2] Vernet's elegant hospitality had evidently left his widow in reduced circumstances, for when Hastings quitted India she figures on his private "pension-list" as the recipient of two hundred rupees a month. There are one or two letters from her, full of affection for him and "the dear Mrs Hastings." Chapman, whose duty it was to pay her the pension, writes of her as "Poor good Mama Vernet." This is in 1793, when he sends the news of her death, which had already been announced to Hastings by her sister, Mme. Fromaget.

(27.)

CALCUTTA, *Sunday Morning.* (*July 16th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I write this purposely to tell you that I have resolved to meet you to-morrow unless you arrive before the Time which I have fixed for my Embarkation. My Plan is to set off in my Feelchehra at two o'clock in the Afternoon, which will be about the Beginning of the Flood Tide, and of course the Time that you will be at Anchor.—I shall carry my Dinner with me, and feel great Pleasure in the Project.

[1] 'Ecclesiastical and Historical Sketches, by Asiaticus' (supposed to be Major Scott Waring), Calcutta, 1803.

[2] Parkes and Merivale, 'Memoirs of Sir P. Francis.'

I hope you will not disappoint me; for I shall not chuse to land at Chinchura for many Reasons.

I will not quarrel with Mrs Motte, but I will certainly turn her out of her Place. Adieu, my beloved.

Yours ever, W. H.

Compliments to Mr Ross, Mrs Motte, and Mrs Vernett. I will write to Mr Ross.

Remember me particularly to Mrs Vernett.

LETTER II.

The date of this letter is fixed by the announcement in the 'Bengal Gazette' of July 1st of the arrival of the *Duke of Kingston*, Captain Justinian Nutt. The three boxes for Mrs Hastings were sent her by Mrs Woodman, and contained "things from the Milliners and Mercers," according to Mr Woodman. Important packages of this nature did not always reach her safely, for towards the end of this year Mr Woodman deplores the capture by the Spanish fleet of the *Royal George* Indiaman, which carried, among other things, "a very elegant dress" for her.

The "most elegant chariot" had evidently attracted Mrs Hastings' attention in the following quaint advertisement, which appeared in the 'Bengal Gazette' of July 16th:—

"JUST IMPORTED.

"A very Elegant Crane Neck Coach made entirely in the present taste, with a genteel Rutland Rooff. The pannels painted a pleasing Laylock (lilac) colour, with a handsome Gold Sprig Mosaic. Lined with a supperfine Cloth, and trimmed with the best Cufoy Lace. Ten best polish'd Plate Glass's Ornamented with four elegant Oval Medallions, enriched with mother of

Pearl. Six Setts of Harness and Bridels mounted with Tootinague,[1] Bitts and Curbs plated.

"Also a very elegant Charriot of the newest Fashion, painted Devonshire Brown with a rich Gold Spangled Border, and Ornamented with Flowers very highly finished Venetian Blinds all round and lined with Supperfine light colour'd Cloth, the Carriage Crane Necked and the Harness all plated with Silver.

"For further particulars enquire of Mr Oliphant, Coach Maker."

Hastings' comment shows that the ways of advertisers were much the same in those days as in ours.

DR ROWLAND JACKSON was the leading Calcutta physician. From an obituary notice of him in the 'India Gazette' of March 29th, 1784, we learn that he had studied medicine and natural science at most of the European universities—at Paris he was the friend of Marmontel and other eminent persons—and practised for a time in the West Indies. Succeeding to an Irish estate, he made himself much beloved by treating the poor gratuitously, but was ousted by a law-suit in favour of a nearer heir. When he applied to the Company for leave to go to India, the doctor who examined him as to his qualifications said that their respective positions ought to have been reversed. Laurence Sulivan recommends him to Hastings in a letter dated November 15th, 1777, as one who has fallen from a state of affluence through no fault of his own, and though universally esteemed, is reduced late in life to the disagreeable necessity of a residence in Bengal. The obituary dwells on his lofty spirit and impatience of patronage, his mild and dignified manners, and his appreciation of art. He must have offered a pleasing contrast to the young assistant-surgeons to whose tender mercies Calcutta was largely delivered over, "numbers of whom are well known, in this service," writes Colonel Ironside,

[1] A white metal of the nature of zinc. (Yule and Burnell.)

"to have deserted from Indiamen, or escaped from sweeping shops in Edinburgh, and hearing lectures, (which they call going to College), for two and twopence a week." The Jackson family (Mrs Jackson was a native of Jamaica), received Mrs Fay[1] with great kindness on her arrival in Calcutta, and that lady mentions that Dr Jackson held the appointment of physician to the Company, and had a large private practice as well. His eldest son was a lieutenant in the army, and was married to "a very pretty little woman" who had come out with his mother.

NYA SERAI (Noaserai in the modern ordnance map), was a peninsula—in the rainy season an island—in the Hugli, on the way to Suksagar, and afforded a sheltered anchorage for vessels in stormy weather, when they could reach it. Mrs Hastings seems to have been detained there by a disaster to her boat, and to have been rescued by her husband in the course of another flying visit between July 20th, when he was at Council, and the date of this letter. It is worth noticing that the Feelchehra, in which Hastings was to go up the river on July 17th, disappears after that date. In subsequent letters he "has no boat," "goes up in an open pinnace," and is making enquiries after a new boat for his wife. It seems clear that it was the Feelchehra which was wrecked off Nya Serai, when Hastings had left it for his wife's use after the excursion of July 17th. On the 29th Sir John Day writes to Hastings that he has heard of Mrs Hastings at Bandel and Chandernagor, as she cruises up and down the river in the "Yatch." (See next letter.)

RICHARD SUMNER was one of the civilians who accompanied Hastings to Benares in 1781. In one of his letters, Hastings mentions him, with Elliot, Bogle, Belli, and Sir John D'Oyly, as having suffered for his loyalty to him.[2]

[1] See *supra*, p. 29.

[2] Gleig, II. 328.

The reference to the DAVIDSON family illustrates the Governor-General's kindness of heart. Alexander Davidson was third member of Council at Madras in 1784, and acted as Lord Macartney's second in his duel with Mr Sadleir, the second member. Hastings wrote a pathetic letter to him in January, 1783, beseeching his patience and consideration for the dying Coote.[1] CAPTAIN TIMBREL, or Timbrell, commanded an Indiaman called the *True Briton.*

COOTE arrived at Patna on July 29th, and Hastings learned later that Francis's journey up the river had been undertaken less to recruit his health than with the view of meeting the Commander-in-Chief, who had promised him an interview when he came near Calcutta. It was about this time that Wheler received an angry letter from Francis, declaring that he had never consented to the withdrawal of their minutes, and asserting that he had only allowed Hastings a free hand respecting Major Camac's expedition on condition that its operations were confined to the state of Gohad. Sir John Day denied both allegations, and went to see him at Chandernagor in the hope of convincing him. But Francis had gone on to meet Coote—only to lose his labour in his turn, since the General, probably learning the state of affairs, lingered at Monghyr, thus averting the promised interview.

"THE LITTLE MARIAN" may have been either Mrs Hastings' god-daughter, Marian Impey, born July 6th, 1778, or Marian Brisco, born "under our roof," as Hastings says, when Captain Brisco was his aide-de-camp, and god-daughter to both Mr and Mrs Hastings.[2]

The defective ACT OF PARLIAMENT is probably 19 George III., c. 61, the makeshift Act which had been passed early in 1779, and was renewed in 1780, and again in 1781, continuing Hastings in his office for a year at a time, until the home Government had leisure to take the

[1] Gleig, III. 66.

[2] See *infra*, p. 401.

Company's charter thoroughly in hand. Glass, being imported from Europe, was so expensive that the author of 'Hartly House' tells us the Governor's house was almost the only one that possessed it.

CAPTAIN SANDS, of whom we shall hear more in Series II., was an aide-de-camp frequently told off to attend upon Mrs Hastings. His wife was also devoted to her.[1] Sands left the army in 1785, when he returned to England with Hastings.

(10.)

CALCUTTA, *Wednesday*, past One. (*July 26th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I wrote to you a Letter of One Line last Night by the Post, to tell you only that I was well. I have since received three from you, that is to say, One before and Two after. I am much pleased with your Visit to Mrs Sands for three good Reasons, and I am happy that the Bread proved so welcome. I wish you would be so good as to leave off dreaming, or that you would mend your Dreams. There: I have answered your Letters, except the P.S., which I had almost missed.

Your Boxes are all arrived from the D. of Kingston, if three are all. They are safely lodged in the Room where your Taylors work.

Answer to P.S. . I have seen "*the most elegant Chariot.*" It is ill shaped, has a Patch in this Form [ ] behind, and a Crack all across. I judge it to be old, and vamped; and besides I do not like it.

Last Night I received Two Letters from the Cape,[2] which I send for your Entertainment.

[1] See *infra*, p. 164.

[2] Hastings' usual correspondent at the Cape was the Dutch Governor, the Hon. Joachim van Plattenberg.

Dr Jackson apprehends that you have catched Cold. I differed in Opinion, and said that your Complaints proceeded from Weakness, and from the Effects of the foul Air of Nya Serai, and told him how providentially I arrived to relieve you from it. He desires that you will take the Bark in Decoction, besides your Bark-Beer, and has given Directions for making it in the enclosed Paper, which also prescribes an easy Cure for the Pain in your Back. You need not give yourself the Trouble to study the first Prescription for the same Purpose, because he says you cannot have the Ingredients required by it.

Read the Letter which I send you from Mr Sumner. Do you remember an Invitation which I made in your Name to Mr Davidson to send his Children hither that they might take their Passage with Captain Timbrel? Mrs Davidson, it seems, left Vizagapatam with them a long Time ago, intending to sail to Madrass. After a Variety of Dangers and Difficulties the Vessell on which she was a Passenger has been driven to Chittagong.—Will you write to her?

Sir E. Coote left Lucnow on the 6th of this Month, and is coming down as fast as the Stream will bring him, without stopping.—Is it of Consequence to you to know this?

I saw the little Marian the other Night, and she looked well.

I still persist in the Intention of revisiting you on Friday.—The Plan is to go on Board with the Flood, which will come in about Two: and to dine on the Way, which will be so much Time deducted from the Journey.

I have taken down the Glass, which is cracked and flawed thus and have put up another broken One, with only one Crack like this and no Flaw. It will do for this Act of Parliament.

I have just reckoned up the Number of People that have successively shared my Time this Morning from Breakfast to One, and they amount to Seventeen.—This you know is my Day of Privacy.

Pray make my Compliments to your Companions. I hope C. (Captain) Sands is stout[1] again.—Have I any Thing more to say to you?—Yes. Why do not you tell me in every Letter how you are? What Word (or *News*), else do I look for in them?

I have no bad News for you

Adieu.

Your most most affectionate, W. H.

P.S. . Mr Motte is to be the Bearer of this.

Pray take Care of my Coat.

LETTER III.

Between the date of this letter and the preceding one, Hastings himself had suffered from the prevailing malady. One or two references to his illness will be found in these letters, but it would have been impossible to determine the exact date save for a letter of his to Mr Woodman six months later, in which he mentions that about the beginning of August he suffered from an "epidemic disorder, from which scarce any person had escaped,"

[1] At this time *stout* always meant *strong*, as on recovering from an illness.

and that it prevented his holding any meeting of Council for a week. Never since 1774 had he suspended the meetings on account of ill-health, and he could have held them now had it been absolutely necessary. It is clear, from the reference below to Mrs Hastings' "sullenness," that he had kept the news of his illness from her, lest she should insist on returning to Calcutta to nurse him. She has concluded her river trip, and is making a short stay with Mr and Mrs Ross at the Chinsura factory, sending the "Yacht" to bring her husband thither also, but apparently without its sailing-master, Broad.

The MANEGE would now be called a riding-school. The original use of the word, as meaning horsemanship, is shown when in 1797 Hastings writes to Charles Imhoff that he has converted an old barn at Daylesford into a riding-house, and that Charlotte (Mrs Imhoff) must give him lessons in the manege during her approaching visit.

(21.)

CALCUTTA. *Tuesday Evening.* (*August 8th.*)

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I have just dispatched a Note to you in a Hurry to desire you to send down Mr Broad, that he might take Charge of the great Yacht, which I intend for my own Accommodation.—He ought to be in Calcutta to-morrow, or he will be too late. I am not yet resolved whether I shall set off on friday, or early on Saturday, as the Tide will be against me after Council.

I received your Note this Morning and thank God that you are well.—I do not care for your being sullen. I had rather you should be so—a little—on such Occasions.—I rode this Morning in the Manege and have felt the Fatigue of it all Day, so that I intend to repeat it to-morrow for my Cure.

P.P.S. . I send you with this as much Paper and Ink as will last you till next Monday.

I have no News, but that I love you dearly, and that is none.—As good a one as yours.

Adieu.—I shall see you, or fancy that I do, in Two Hours more, for it is almost Ten.

Yours ever and ever, W. H.

Tell Mrs M. (Motte) that I rejoice most sincerely to hear that she is getting well so fast.

Have you remembered Mrs Davidson? I hear Two Reports; one, that she intended to come immediately to Calcutta;—the other, that she was to lie in, being near her Time, at Chittagong.

LETTER IV.

The crisis is now close at hand. Disappointed in his hope of meeting Coote, Francis "suddenly returned, and on the 11th or 12th of this month arrived in Calcutta," says Hastings. "I was absent on a visit at Chinchura, and on the Monday following, which was the 14th, I also returned to the Presidency." The present note is written in the evening, after his arrival. The one piece of news which has reached him, beyond that of Francis's return, is an anticipation from Madras of the contents of the despatches carried for him by the ships that have arrived at that port on their way to Calcutta. He is not to be superseded, but neither is he to be given the reality of power. The old state of things is to continue. Francis and Wheler, with the uncertain Coote, are to make up his Council, in which his only weapon is his casting vote, which is of no use unless he can get one of them on his side.

That night he sent the minute to Francis enclosed in a note, "judging it unbecoming to surprise him with it at the Council table."

The ships mentioned in the letter are stated by the 'Bengal Gazette' to have brought out about twenty young ladies, some of them irresistibly handsome. The gentlemen of Madras, all unconscious that Haidar has marched, and is almost at their gates, are arranging to entertain them at a masquerade as soon as they have recovered from the fatigues of their voyage.

NORTH NAYLOR was the Company's attorney, who had incurred the displeasure of the Supreme Court by advising Hastings and the Council to resist their high-handed proceedings against the Rajah of Kasijara, who was not amenable to their jurisdiction. The aid of the military, when requested by the sheriff to enforce the writ of the Court, was refused, but the sheriff assembled a force of his own, which broke into the Rajah's house and seized his goods. Returning with their spoil, the sheriff's party were met by troops and taken into custody, whereupon the Court retaliated by granting a rule to show cause why an attachment should not issue against Mr Naylor and the officer in charge of the detachment. The latter was discreetly kept out of the way by his superiors, but the rule was made absolute against Naylor, and on his refusal to answer interrogatories, he was committed to prison for contempt. At the same time a summons for trespass was issued against the Governor-General and Council, and on their refusal to plead, they were also declared guilty of contempt. The deadlock which ensued was only terminated by the abrupt withdrawal of the plaintiff, Kasinath Babu, in the action against the Rajah, and the consequent quashing of the proceedings. Mr Beveridge, from whose 'Comprehensive History of India' these particulars are taken, says, of course, that Kasinath Babu had been bribed by Hastings to withdraw his suit. Here again, a study of

the Miscellaneous Correspondence would have been of advantage, for in February, 1784, Hastings writes to Wheler that Kasinath is begging that his business may be brought to a speedy conclusion. He has a claim on both of them, since he withdrew the case from the Court on Hastings' promise that he would see justice done him. Naylor's release appears to have come too late, for he was suffering from dysentery induced by the insanitary condition of the Calcutta Gaol.

BIBBY—also spelt Bibbee, Beebee and Beeby—is the Hindustani *bibi*, lady. The word *memsahib* had not yet been coined, and English ladies were called Bibi, with their surnames added, by the natives. Thus Mrs Law became Beebee Lāss.

(12.)

CALCUTTA. *Monday Evening.* (*August 14th.*)

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I did not reach Calcutta till between Twelve and One, having had a strong Wind against me, and I was more fatigued and dispirited than I ever was before with a Voyage of that Length. I intend to make a second Trial of the Manege for the Cure of my Joints, which continue shamefully stiff and cramped.

I find that Naylor's Distemper is that for which the Japan Rice is a Specific. I shall be obliged to you therefore if you will either send me a little, or tell me where I can get it.

I have seen no Body, and heard nothing. But I have a Letter from Madrass, which mentions the Arrival of the Company's Ships Yorke, London, Portland, and Bridgewater.—The only news of Consequence is, that it is determined that I am to remain as long as I chuse, but with the same Associates.

My compliments to Mr Ross, and Bibby Motte.

God bless you, my Marian.—Yours ever, W. H.

LETTER V.

If Hastings was desperate, Francis was now no less so. His hopes of support from England were disappointed, Coote had failed him, his illness had left Hastings free to despatch the expedition he had so bitterly opposed, and Hastings had arraigned his conduct publicly in terms which it was impossible to pass over. "The next day" (Tuesday, August 15th), "after Council," says Hastings, "he desired me to withdraw with him into a private apartment of the Council-house, where, taking out of his pocket a paper, he read from it a challenge in terms." Francis says, "I took him into a private room and read to him the following words: 'Mr Hastings, — I am preparing a formal answer to the paper you sent to me last night. As soon as it can be finished, I shall lay it before you. But you must be sensible, sir, that no answer I can give to the matter of that paper can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affronts you have offered me.' As soon as I had read the preceding words to Mr Hastings, he said he expected the demand and was ready to answer it."

The time fixed for the duel was half-past five on the Thursday morning, the place an old road separating Hastings' estate of Belvidere from the grounds of the house formerly occupied by Barwell.[1] Hastings' second was Colonel Pearse, the Commandant of the Artillery, Francis's Colonel Watson, the Chief Engineer of the Presidency, a contentious man, strongly opposed to Hastings. Colonel Pearse has left a detailed account of the proceedings, which brings out curiously the in-

[1] See 'Echoes from Old Calcutta,' chapter vi., in which Dr Busteed has carefully traced the localities mentioned in the various accounts.

experience of both principals in affairs of the kind, and the grim determination with which Hastings went to work, coupled with anxiety to allow his opponent fair play. Francis got into position three times, and then discovered that his powder was damp. Colonel Pearse supplied him with a fresh charge from a cartridge, and both duellists fired. Francis's bullet whizzed by the Governor-General's ear (Colonel Pearse does not mention this detail), but that fired by Hastings "took place," in the phraseology of the day. "Mine entered his side just below the right shoulder," he says, "and lodged in the opposite side under the left." The wounded man was carried on a bed, first, apparently to Belvidere, where "he had been prevailed on to accept a room," says Colonel Pearse, and afterwards, by his own account, to Major Tolley's house close by, "after I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to a wrong place." With his usual consideration for his wife, Hastings had allowed her to know nothing of what was happening. Sir John and Lady Day were also staying with the Rosses at Chinsura, and Sir John was chosen as the best person to break the news to Mrs Hastings.

DR DANIEL CAMPBELL, to whom Colonel Pearse alludes as "the principal" of the two surgeons, was Surgeon-General of the Presidency. He retired in 1783, and went home with the Impeys, "much regretted," says the 'India Gazette.' He was returning to India in 1785, but died at Johanna on his way out.

DR CLEMENT FRANCIS, the Governor-General's own surgeon, returned to England with him in 1785, and in 1786 married Charlotte, fourth daughter of Dr Burney. They lived at Aylsham in Norfolk, where Dr Francis followed his profession. "'Tis a singular circumstance," writes Fanny Burney, "that the friend who most loves, and the enemy who most hates Mr Hastings should bear the same name!" In 1790, Dr Francis writes to Hastings that he and his wife wish to call their little girl

Marian, "that endearing name I have so often had the pleasure to hear you pronounce with evident happiness on your Countenance."

The following letter is generally to be seen by the public at the British Museum, in a glass case on the right-hand side of the inner room of the Grenville Library.

(13.)

CALCUTTA, *Thursday Morning.*

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have desired Sir John Day to inform you that I have had a Meeting this Morning with Mr Francis, who has received a Wound in his Side, but I hope not dangerous. I shall know the State of it presently, and will write to you again. He is at Belvidere, and Drs Campbell and Francis are both gone to attend him there.

I am *well* and *unhurt.*—But you must be content to *hear* this Good from me; you cannot see me. I cannot leave Calcutta while Mr Francis is in any Danger. But I wish you to stay at Chinchura. I hope in a few Days to have the Pleasure of meeting you there. Make my Compliments to Mr Ross; but do not mention what has passed.

My Marian, you have occupied all my Thoughts for these two Days past and unremittedly.

Yours ever, my most beloved, W. H.

LETTER VI.

The following letter was despatched in the evening of the day on which the preceding was sent.

A HARCARRA (*harkara*) was the equivalent of the modern

chaprasi, waiting near his master's room in readiness to carry messages. At the present day the word is more often used to mean a spy.

In the sentence respecting the hundred gold mohurs, the word may be either "desired" or "denied," but is more like the latter. Both readings give an equally good sense. It is clear that Mrs Hastings, foreseeing trouble for her husband, wished him not to be unprovided with money. If the reading "desired" is accepted, she gave him the money at Chinsura to take back to Calcutta with him; but this does not account for the key. If we take the reading "denied," the money had been left at Calcutta, locked up, and Mrs Hastings had refused to allow her husband to take it with him to Chinsura, preferring that it should remain ready in case of need, but had given him her key when he was returning, that he might be able to get at it. The sum was worth £172. 10s., four gold mohurs equalling £6. 18s.

The swelling of the ankles from which Hastings suffered in consequence of influenza reappears in his old age, again following on an illness.

CAPTAIN JOHN SCOTT, afterwards better known as Major Scott Waring, had been one of Hastings' aides-de-camp, and was now returning to duty with his Sepoy battalion, which was in garrison at Chanar. He had left Calcutta before the end of June, going up the river, and his first letter from Chanar is dated August 14th. The letter from him mentioned in the text is not to be found in the Correspondence.

"YOUNG TOUCHET" was Mrs Motte's brother Samuel. The zebra of which he was in charge is a mystery, for the zebra is a native of Africa, and he was coming down the river from the heart of North India. Perhaps it was a present to Hastings from the menagerie of one of the Indian princes—which might contain African animals brought by Arab ships trading to Zanzibar—or

was it a wild ass, which when young is marked with zebra-like stripes? Further particulars about the lion will be found in Letter XV.

(14.)

Thursday Evening. (*August 17th.*)

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I dispatched a Letter to you this Morning at Seven o'Clock under Cover of One to Sir John Day, whom I desired to break the Subject of it to you, before he delivered it, that you might not be alarmed by any sudden Report of what passed between Mr Francis and me this Morning. I hope you received it before Dinner, as the Harcarra had strict Injunctions to be quick; and there was no other Risk of the Letter missing you, but that of Sir John's having left Chinchura or being out of the Way.

I have now the Pleasure to tell you that Mr Francis is in no Manner of Danger, the Ball having passed through the muscular Part of his Back just below the Shoulders, but without penetrating or injuring any of the Bones.—As you say, "Who knows what may happen; who can look into the Seeds of Time," &c.

I have sent the Rice to poor Naylor, but I fear it is too late for Diet or Medicine to do him Service.—Mr Motte will return you your Key. I have also given him in Charge the hundred Gold Mohrs which you denied (desired ?) me to carry with me. I am obliged to stay in Calcutta at least until Mr F. is known to be free from all Danger, lest my Absence should be called a Flight: So that I cannot join you this Week; but do not let this bring you to Calcutta before the Time that you had fixed for your Return.—I am well, and the Remains of the Influenza scarcely perceptible about my Ancles.

You do not tell me how you are. Do not presume upon your good Appetite, and be abstemious at Night.—Adieu.

Your ever affectionate WARREN HASTINGS.

Mr Motte carries Compliments.

Did I tell you that I had a Letter from Scott, who mentions his passing young Touchet, my Lion, and Zebra, all in perfect Health.—Pray tell Mrs Motte so.

Calcutta is horribly damp, and dismal besides.

LETTER VII.

Naylor died the day this letter was written, Friday, August 18th.

LADY DAY was Benedicta, daughter of Nicholas Ramus, Esq., page to King George III. There is a beautiful portrait of her by Gainsborough, of which Dr Busteed gives a reproduction.

COLONEL (Thomas Deane) PEARSE is of course Hastings' second. The account of the duel which he sent afterwards to Laurence Sulivan was probably written in the first instance for Mrs Hastings.

(16.)

CALCUTTA, *friday Morning.* (*August 18th.*)

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I have received yours.—You must not be angry. Perhaps it is best that what has passed has passed, and it may be productive of future Good.—My Desire that you would not leave Chinchura proceeded only from the Apprehension lest by a precipitate Departure your Spirits might be agitated, and your Health affected by not chusing proper Seasons and making the

fit Preparation for the Voyage.—Do now as you please. You will find me here free both from Sickness, Anxiety, and Trouble; and if you chuse to stay longer where you are, you may have the same Satisfaction of knowing that I am so.

Mr Francis continues well, and I may pronounce his Cure certain.—Poor Naylor is dead.—Will you let Sir J. Day know that there is no Occasion for his returning to Town.—I will write to him myself.—I am sorry to hear Lady Day is sick; my Compliments to her, to Bibby Motte, and Mr Ross.

Yours ever, W. H.

You are much obliged to Col^{l}. . Pearse.

LETTER VIII.

"GULL" is another mystery. A reference to Letter II. shows that Mrs Hastings' tailors worked in a kind of lumber-room, where boxes were stored, so that the allusion can hardly be to a human being. A tentative explanation may be offered with all reserve. Can "Gull" be a contraction of *guldum*, a nightingale? In 1778, Colonel Hannay, sending to Hastings from the borders of Tibet "a labada of twelve fatted deer," sends also "two nightingales for Mrs Hastings." If she was known to be fond of birds, others would doubtless send them to her as presents.

(2.)

CALCUTTA, 19*th August, Saturday Evening.*

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I have nothing new to write to you but what you will find in the enclosed Letter. I now wish your Return. Indeed I have all along wished it,

though for Reasons which I have mentioned, and for others which I have not, I opposed my own Inclinations. Sir John Day is arrived. I desire you to make my Compliment to Mr Ross, and express to him my Concern to hear that he is ill. Adieu, my beloved,—I now grow impatient to see you.

Your most affectionate, W. H.

P.S. . Gull is come.—I have quartered him with your Taylors.

LETTER IX.

In the interval between this letter and the preceding one much was happening. Francis had adopted an attitude of irreconcilable hostility towards Hastings, as is shown in the latter's letter to Laurence Sulivan[1]:—

"On the same day on which we met, I sent Mr Markham, my secretary, to visit him, and to intimate my desire to see him also, when he was well enough to receive me. A few days after, Colonel Watson came to me with a message from Mr Francis, to the following purport:—'That Mr Francis desired him to express the sense which he had of my attention to him on the late occasion of my daily inquiries after his health, and of the wish which I had expressed to visit him, for all which he made his acknowledgments; that he should always behave to me with every degree of respect, but must decline the offer of my visit and every kind of intercourse with me but at the Council table, desiring me to believe that this resolution did not proceed from any remains of resentment, but from the consideration of what he owed to his own character.' To this unexpected message I returned a civil answer. I have not

[1] Gleig, II. 307.

seen him since, of course." They met again at Council, with awful civility, on September 11th, the day this letter was written, and Coote was also present. He had returned from his tour with the fixed idea that had he been in Calcutta his presence would have averted the duel,[1] and flattered himself that he could still succeed as peacemaker where Sir John Day and the *ultima ratio* of an appeal to arms had failed. But there was a new factor in the situation, which was destined to establish Hastings' position in a much more satisfactory way—the gradual defection of Wheler from Francis. "Ned Silent," as the 'Bengal Gazette' calls him, had been bullied and led by the nose long enough, and the revelation of Francis's bad faith which preceded the duel seems to have inspired him with the determination to break away. His support of Francis became more and more perfunctory, and he displayed a disposition to accept Hastings' hospitality which Francis notes in his diary with savage scorn.

In the meantime the Governor-General's action in concluding the Gohad treaty had been signally justified. While the Council were debating, Captain Popham, in command of the composite body of troops intended originally to reinforce Goddard, but diverted to the assistance of the Rana, was acting. He cleared Gohad of the Marathas, though unprovided with cavalry, and took the important fort of Lahar by assault, because he had no heavy artillery with which to batter it into submission. It was in this success that Cornet Gardiner, Hastings' cousin, was killed when leading the forlorn hope. But Popham's greatest success was still to come. On August 4th a storming-party of his troops, commanded by Captain Bruce, brother of the Abyssinian traveller, escaladed and captured the world-renowned fortress of Gwalior—"the key of Indostan," as Hastings calls it. "Its effect is not to be described," he says, in describing the capture. "Other congratulations which I have received on the

[1] 'The Francis Papers.'

many important successes of our arms were but coldly offered, but scarcely a man mentions this without enthusiasm." Scott at Chanar heard the news on the 14th, and wrote at once to congratulate Hastings, but it did not reach Calcutta until late at night on the 22nd.[1] Coupled with Goddard's continued successes in Gujarat, the capture of Gwalior raised the liveliest hopes for an early and favourable termination of the Maratha War.

It is evident from this letter that Mrs Hastings was still enjoying her holiday on the river, fearing, apparently, a fresh attack of influenza if she returned to the damp heat of Calcutta. Her husband had paid her another flying visit, and seems to have escorted her part of the way to Suksagar, where Mrs Sands was to have spent a week with her, but was prevented by the illness of Captain Sands.

(30.)

CALCUTTA. *11th September.—Monday Night.*

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I am very uneasy, and not quite pleased with myself, for having left you alone on the River in this gloomy season, and blowing Weather. Mrs Sands, as you will see by the accompanying Note from her, is prevented by her Husband's Sickness from joining you, and of course you will remain without Company the whole Week, unless you will return for it.—Let me entreat you to return.—I would fly to you if I could Possibly leave Calcutta, and to you the River will prove of equal Benefit, whether you sail with the Flood, or with the Ebb.

Dr Jackson desired to consider your Case, and has promised his Opinion upon it to-morrow. I hope by that Time to hear that you stand in no Need of his Advice.

[1] 'Bengal Gazette.'

Let me have an Answer immediately, but I beg you will not Stay.

I arrived here this Morning fast asleep.

Yours ever, my dearest. W. H.

LETTER X.

Mrs Hastings had, after all, found companions for her trip to Suksagar, probably Mr and Mrs Motte, to whose house at Hugli she had now returned. Tired of the yacht and bereft of the Feelchehra, she has disregarded the stormy weather, and gone out in a rowing-boat, and her husband, while reproving her rashness, gently chaffs her on her broken English and the French idiom she uses.

EVANS was a civil servant, who reappears at intervals in the Correspondence. He built himself a garden-house on the banks of the river, whither Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), when Governor-General, used to retire for change of air. His marriage was unhappy, and he confides his troubles to Hastings. When he returned to England, he lost his money, and in 1805 was obliged to go back to India. The *Abergavenny*, in which he and his daughter Emily sailed, was wrecked, but they were saved, and kindly received and entertained by their relatives, the D'Oylys, at Garden Reach. Emily Evans, of whose "mild unaffected manners" Sir John D'Oyly writes, was drowned with her husband in the loss of the *Calcutta* in 1809.

(25.)

CALCUTTA. *Tuesday Night.* (*Sept. 19th.*)

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I am just favored with your Letter dated this Morning, and thank you for it. It has made me happy by the Information which it has afforded me that you have not suffered by your late

Deviation from your Plan of Regularity.—I have a good Opinion of the Discretion of your Companions—and of yours, my Marian—but I own I am not pleased with your venturing on the Water at this Season in a small Boat, and I make it my Request that you will not repeat it. I have made Enquiries after a Pinnace, but hitherto without Success. I will certainly get One for you, and a good One; I hope, in a few Days. You may then *trive* about the River as much as you please and neither of Us be a Loser by it.—Yes, very hot, and so it has been to Day.—I had something else to say to you but have forgot it.

I send you a Paper of News.

I have slept monstrously since I left you, which is a Shame.

May God bless you, my Love, and grant you a daily Encrease of Health and Strength.—Your ever affectionate W. H.

P.S. . Evans has been puzzling me with a puzzling Message from Motte, whom you have puzzled by telling him that you should come away on Monday next, I having before told him that you would send for your Pots, Pans, Spits and Gridirons, and take Possession of his House. He had fixed on Thursday for his Departure, and now does not know whether to go or to stay till you go. I have referred him to you, saying (which is not always true) that no Body knows a Lady's Mind so well as herself, but that I supposed, if you did come to Calcutta on Monday, you would again return to Hugly some Days after.

CHAPTER II.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1780.

The Carnatic Disaster.

BETWEEN the dates of this letter (No. XI.) and the preceding, the long dreaded blow had fallen. On June 12th[1] the Bengal Council had sent assurances to the Nizam that the Madras force should be withdrawn from the Gantur Circar, and orders to the Madras Committee to withdraw it. No answer was received, but Hastings' attention was for the moment distracted by a nearer danger. The Berar army was massed on the Bengal frontier, under the command of Mudaji's son Chamnaji, attended by hordes of Pindari freebooters, who might be let loose at any moment. In his letters, however, Mudaji still protested his desire for a British alliance, declaring that only the pressure brought to bear on him by the Nizam and the Maratha Regents had induced him to mobilise. He had no intention of invading Bengal, but his resources would soon be exhausted, and he must set his troops free to plunder unless some help could be given him in paying them. At this critical moment Sir Eyre Coote, fresh from his up-country tour, reappeared at Calcutta, burning with military ardour, and anxious to launch his troops against the Berar army.[2] With infinite difficulty, Hastings persuaded him of the impolicy of turning a would-be friend into another active enemy,

[1] Hastings to Laurence Sulivan, Gleig, II. 316.

[2] Ibid., 319.

and obtained his consent to less heroic measures. Three lakhs of rupees, borrowed by Hastings in his own name —probably the first three lakhs obtained from Rajah Nobkissen—were sent to Chamnaji, with the promise of more when his troops were either recalled or ordered to join the English.[1] The expedient was successful, and the safety of Bengal secured for the time. The importance of this diplomatic triumph could only be realised when news was at length received from Madras.

The Madras Committee had continued their wilful course, and in order to obtain a majority for their policy of disregarding the orders from Bengal, raised their Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hector Munro, to a seat in Council, keeping him at Madras when he should have been looking to the frontier defences. Even when Haidar poured his 100,000 men through the unguarded passes of the Ghauts, they wished to detain Munro, and send Lord Macleod, a newly arrived King's officer, to oppose the enemy. Finding that the Madras army was altogether destitute of equipment, supplies and transport, he declined the responsibility, though willing to march under Munro's orders with his own Highland regiment. That he had little hope of a successful resistance may be gathered from his blunt remark, "I have been a great many years in the service, and I have always observed, that when you despise your enemy, he generally gives you a d——d rap over the knuckles."[2] Still the discussions continued, the Madras gentlemen, in the words of a contemporary, resembling the Greeks when Constantinople was threatened by the Barbarians, in forgetting that they had any enemies but each other.[3] It was not until July 24th, when Haidar's advanced guard appeared at St Thomas's Mount, nine miles from their gates, that they were roused to action. Munro was at length despatched to Conjeveram (Kanchipuram), where Haidar

[1] Gleig, II. 327.

[2] 'Life of Sir D. Baird.' D. Jerrold.

[3] 'Memoirs of the War in Asia.'

was supposed to be present in force, and Colonel Baillie, whose troops had been occupying the disputed Gantur Circar, was ordered to effect a junction with him there.

The miserable story of what followed is well known —how Haidar prevented the junction of the two forces, and engaged Baillie in a hopeless struggle on the banks of the Pollilore Nullah, while Munro fidgeted in disastrous indecision before the Pagoda of Conjeveram, regardless of the entreaties of his officers. The annihilation of Baillie's force, the disgraceful panic which seized Munro, his hurried retreat upon Madras, after destroying his guns and ammunition, the pursuit by the triumphant cavalry of Mysore—all these things are written on the blackest page of British South Indian history. The inhabitants of Madras put on mourning, Munro was hooted in the streets, there was a hurried exodus of all who could afford it, Haidar drew a circle of desolation round the city, and the Committee sent frantic demands to Bengal for men, money, stores and provisions. The news reached Hastings late at night on Friday, September 22nd, the despatches being carried by Stephen Sulivan, a Madras civil servant and son of the Chairman of the Court of Directors, who with his wife had obtained a passage on the man-of-war *Nymph*.

The Governor-General had foreseen that in consequence of the attitude of the Madras Committee, an invasion by Haidar must come, but he had not anticipated the complication of misfortunes brought about by Baillie's disaster and the cowardice of Munro. The event demanded a sudden abandonment of his most cherished plans, and a rearrangement of the whole political scheme. Refusing to hold a meeting of Council under the immediate influence of the panic of the moment, he secured two precious days in which to mature his plans. Two preliminary steps, however, he took at once, laying an embargo on all the shipping in the river, with directions to be ready to proceed to Madras in five days, and ordering fifteen lakhs

of the treasure stored in Fort William in case of emergency to be packed for transport.[1] On the Monday—the Saturday and Sunday were probably passed at Hugli with Mrs Hastings—he met the Council with definite proposals already formulated. Hostilities with the Marathas were to cease, and an alliance to be entered into with them against Haidar, the fifteen lakhs were to be sent forthwith to Madras, together with a large detachment of European infantry and artillery, and the conduct of the operations in the Carnatic was to be entrusted to Sir Eyre Coote. The terms in which this request was made were such as could not fail to stimulate the gallant old soldier to the task, and he accepted it with an alacrity equally honourable to himself and to Hastings. The only dissentient voice was, of course, that of Francis, who declared that "neither soldier nor rupee should be sent to the Carnatic, for that that country was irrecoverably lost, and that every soldier, and every rupee, sent there, would be uselessly expended."[2] The alternative he preferred was to concentrate all the available forces and stand a siege in Fort William itself, until help could arrive from England.[3] Hastings' reply is worth recording:—"While I have a soldier, or a rupee, I will never abandon the Carnatic; for if we do not fight Hyder Ally in that country, we shall have to fight him here."[4] His determination prevailed, and orders were issued for the despatch of the troops and treasure, though this was delayed for three weeks by the condition of the ships requisitioned to carry them, which, as Captain Nutt of the *Duke of Kingston*, supported by his fellows of the *Walpole*, *Fox*, and *True Briton*, pointed out, were all unrigged and had hardly any water on board.[5]

[1] 'Bengal Gazette.' [2] Nicholls. [3] Grand.
[4] Nicholls, quoting from Hastings' minute. [5] 'Bengal Gazette.'

LETTER XI.

This letter and the five which follow it are without any date save the day of the week, and the difficulty of ascertaining exactly when they were written is enhanced by the absence of any mention of public events. Mrs Hastings was probably kept acquainted with these either by the aide-de-camp who carried the letter, or by a printed "paper of news" sent with it when it was brought by a native messenger. The course of events seems to have been that Hastings, tied to Calcutta by pressure of work, was anxiously expecting the return of his wife from her stay at Hugli, but that circumstances —probably a sharp attack of illness on her part, and the extreme unhealthiness of the season [1]—obliged her to postpone it until Christmas, their separation being broken only by one or two hurried visits from him. On this view, the two days passed at Hugli, mentioned in the present letter, were September 23rd and 24th, when Hastings was preparing his plans for the Carnatic expedition.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PALMER was an honest soldier and faithful servant. Hastings writes of "the candour of Palmer's mind, and the unsuspecting honesty and generosity of his heart," and speaks of him to Laurence Sulivan as "a man in whom I have an uncommon reliance." In 1777 he held the double post of military and private secretary,[2] but on Elliot's return from Europe he became military secretary merely, holding the appointment until 1782, when he was sent as envoy to Lucknow. He had already been entrusted with the conduct of the negociations with the Rana of Gohad, and had been

[1] In June there had been "the hottest weather ever known" (Francis), while at the end of September the rains were still so heavy and continuous that the roads were almost impassable, and old houses were falling ('Bengal Gazette').

[2] Grand.

despatched also on a mission to the Nawab of Arcot, but was shipwrecked on the way to Madras, and obliged to return to Calcutta. After his patron left India he became British Resident with Sindhia, and afterwards at Poonah, and in his old age was in command of the troops at Barhampur. He kept up a regular correspondence with Hastings on all sorts of social, military, and political subjects.

Poor MR MOTTE'S perplexities appear to have been manifold — between his desire to be polite to Mrs Hastings and the demands of his business. He was at the present moment in pecuniary difficulties, and his house in Calcutta is advertised for sale on October 3rd. If Mrs Hastings intended to make a stay at Hugli, he could leave her without difficulty to the care of his wife, but if she was returning to Calcutta, he must wait and escort her down.

(19.)

CALCUTTA. *Wednesday Evening.* (*Sept. 27th.*)

MY DEAR MARIAN,—Captain Palmer brought me your Letter of yesterday this Morning. It is the first that I have received from you since I parted from you.—I am satisfied however with knowing that you were well yesterday.

I will take Care of your Things.

Captain Palmer tells me that Motte waits for your Determination to form his own, that if you stay he will go away to-morrow, but that if you return, he will remain till then, and leave Hugly at the same Time with you. He adds that you seemed inclined to come away at the End of the Week.—I own, I wish it; but whatever Plan you fix on, pray let me know it.

Though I shall have more of your Company in Calcutta than I could even in the two Days that I could

spare at Hugly, yet I wish to see you here chiefly from the Persuasion that the Change will be of Service to you; for I am not convinced that there is any real Difference between the Two Places in Respect to Air. —It is true I am neither well, nor in Spirits here, nor have been since we parted first; and I have had as much as I have a Right to of both in the few Days that I passed at Hugly; but I can account for this without having Recourse to the Climate. The Exercise in going has been of Service to me, and the Fatigue (for it is very fatiguing), in returning has constantly disagreed with me. Now as our Constitutions differ, and you may recollect that you suffered by your Journey to Hugly, you may probably receive some Benefit from the Voyage back.

Do not, however, be guided by what I write, but consult your own Judgement, and if that is neuter, your Inclinations.

Adieu. I shall wait your Answer to this very impatiently.

I am ever more than words can express your affectionate W. H.

LETTER XII.

This letter seems to have been written the same day as the last, but later in the evening, after Hastings had received a letter written by his wife in the morning. It does not appear whether "Mrs Vernett's budgerow" was unavailable owing to absence from the settlement, or slow on account of age and disrepair.

MAJOR MORGAN was James, brother of Frederick Morgan, commandant of Fort William and a firm

supporter of Hastings. In the following year James Morgan is found commanding the troops at Cawnpore. Perhaps the "two good budgerows" were prepared for his voyage thither.

If the postscript of this letter was calculated to puzzle Mrs Hastings, how much more puzzling must it be to us a hundred and twenty years later! The only explanation that can be hazarded is that Miss T.—Mrs Motte's sister, Sally Touchet—had been making a drawing of the statue of Cupid which, as the 'Bengal Gazette' informs us, stood in Hugli Gardens, but whether the picture was intended as a present for Hastings, or was connected with a love-affair of the young lady's own, remains a mystery.

Mr Motte's want of warmth towards his charming wife evidently prejudiced him in the eyes of her friends, and injured him with her. His side of the case will be found presented in the Concluding Chapter.

(17.)

Wednesday Evening. (*Sept. 27th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have just received your Letter of this Morning, and read it with infinite Pleasure, a little abated towards the Conclusion by the Proposal of coming down in Mrs Vernett's Budgerow. It will not be at Hugly these 3 Weeks.—I will send you one immediately.—Could not you get one at Chinchura? I wish you would enquire, for I am now out of all Patience to see you in Calcutta. If you set out on Friday, I will try to meet you.—I was pretty easy about you till I received your Letter; and I think I am almost unhappy. Pray get a good Budgerow where you are if you can.—I have written to borrow one of Major Morgan, and shall keep this open for his Answer.

Wrap yourself in Shawls, and keep the Wind as much as you can from you if this Weather continues, when you come down. You will find it very comfortable to breakfast on board, and if you put off at Seven you will be home by Dinner, or sooner.

Major Morgan has just been with me. He will send you two good Budgerows of fourteen Oars. He says he will dispatch them to Night, and they will arrive at the latest by to morrow Night.

I have given a Book of Motte's to the Charge of your Harcarra. Pray return it to his Book Case.

May God bless you, and restore you safe, and in Health to me, and as glad—or but half as glad—to see your Husband as he will be to regain the Possession of his Marian. W. H.

I don't like the Symptom of the Head. It looks cold.—Could not you loose the little Fellow's String, and prevail upon Miss T. to add a Feather or two to his Wings. Her Crow Quills will do admirably for them, but not till he has spoken.

My Horse is come, but I have not half the Impatience to see him, as I feel for your Arrival.—There is a Lover! I wish Motte had as much of the Warmth of One; but he is in the Right to think a little.

I have written much Nonsense, but it shall go to puzzle you. I believe People are most apt to be foolish when they are pleased.

LETTER XIII.

It has now been decided that Mrs Hastings is to remain at Hugli for the present, and her husband, deprived of the prospect of her return, and overwhelmed with the labour of despatching the Carnatic expedition, gives himself up to melancholy. The same tone of complaint is found in the early letters of Series III., when she had sailed for England, but in general he contrives to keep his public worries from depressing him in private. The warning against too much intercourse with her Dutch friends probably springs from the negociations which he was carrying on at the time with the Netherlands East India Company for the hire of twelve hundred of their European soldiers for use in the Carnatic.[1] The proposal was bitterly resisted, and the Madras Committee, even as reconstituted after the suspension of Whitehill, on Hastings' authority, by Sir Eyre Coote, refused assent to it. In view of the extreme smallness of Coote's force, it seems that the suggested reinforcement might have enabled him to extend his operations and bring the war to a successful close. However, the Dutch, with their usual propensity for haggling, scorned the liberal terms offered, which included the cession of a large amount of territory, and let the matter drag on until it was closed by the outbreak of war between England and Holland.

COFFREES (from *kafir*) were negro slaves.[2]

(4.)

CALCUTTA, *Thursday Evening.* (*Oct. 5th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I wrote an Answer to your Letter this Morning and said in it too rashly that I would make you another Visit on Saturday: but waiting to answer Mr Motte's I have had Time to recollect

[1] Gleig, II. 356.

[2] Yule and Burnell.

that I cannot go.—I have, therefore, destroyed my Letter.—I have no boat. I hate to borrow. I have a thousand Things to do, and I am sadly out of Spirits, having been all Day tormented with a Head Ache.—This, it is true, is no Reason for my staying at home two Days hence; but perhaps it may have its Influence in disposing me to confine my ill Humors to myself.—Yet I would give more than a Rupee that you were with me, for I miss you most grievously.—Do, then, my beloved, excuse me. I will not go, because I cannot.

I am not quite pleased with your Piece of News.—M. (Motte) is right.

I am glad that you resolve to accept no more Invitations. Mrs Ross is too good not to approve your Reasons, and if you visit nobody, nobody will be displeased.

I am this instant agreeably interrupted with a Letter from you, though not so well pleased in reading it.—I am afraid Hugly is not a bit better than Calcutta. I thank you for your good Advice. The Weather should be no Obstacle to me, if I had no other.—What Two Books? I sent you only one, which I stole from Motte's Library.

I will bespeak the two Coffrees.

I have received a Letter from Motte, who tells me he stays till Monday, and adds many other Things, which you, you—(I won't call Names on Paper)—have put into his Head.—This has added to my Regret that I cannot see you as I intended, and him before he goes.—I cannot help it.

The Hurcarra left the Garden Seeds at Hugly. He says he had Second Orders to leave them. Is it true? because I have threatened to punish him if it is not.

This Letter will not add to your Spirits, for it bears the Symptoms of the total Want of Mine. Adieu, my dearest Wife. Yours ever, W. H.

LETTER XIV.

For once Hastings has been remiss in his attentions to his wife, and has allowed some time to pass without seeing her. This neglect is aggravated by the fact that she has been ill, and in the letter conveying the news of her recovery she has acquainted him with her feeling on the subject. He does not even trouble to defend himself, for he is as happy in the prospect of seeing her the next day as a schoolboy in an unexpected holiday. The parallel instantly suggests itself of the iron-hearted John Lawrence, in the severest crisis of the Mutiny, snatching a day off to run up to Murree and see his wife. Hastings' route on this occasion would be by road to Barnagur (Baranagar), then by water to Palta Ghat, and thence by the road following the course of the river to Hugli.

The Governor-General's mind has been occupied with the departure of Sir Eyre Coote and his troops. They embarked on October 14th, "with great cheerfulness," says the 'Bengal Gazette,' but were detained in the river by contrary winds until the 23rd, while Francis and the paper just mentioned improved the occasion by declaring that the troops were sickly and the ships unseaworthy. So late as October 28th, when the fleet was well on its way to Madras, the 'Bengal Gazette' asserted that it was still lying at Kalpi, too deeply laden to proceed to sea, and that the *Duke of Kingston*, with the General and the treasure on board, was aground. Hastings has been down the river to inspect the ships and encourage the troops under their enforced detention, and

on his voyage has seen the alligator which is to keep Mrs Hastings from going to the seaside in future.

BEERCOOL was the sanatorium — the Brighton — of Calcutta, and the newspapers and Council records mention constantly that So-and-so is "gone to Beercool for his health." Coursing, deer-stalking, hunting, and fishing are mentioned as being obtainable in the neighbourhood, and in May of this year the 'Bengal Gazette' gives publicity to a scheme for developing the place, quite in the modern style. It has already the advantage of a beach which provides perhaps the best road in the world for carriages, and is totally free from all noxious animals except crabs, and there is a proposal to erect convenient apartments for the reception of the nobility and gentry, and organise entertainments. The scheme appears to have been only partially carried out, for in 1796 Charles Chapman writes:—

"We passed part of the last Hot Season at Beercool, to which place, I believe, you and Mrs Hastings once projected an Excursion. The Terrace of the Bungalo, intended for you, is still pointed out by the People, but that is all that remains of it. The Beach is certainly the finest in the World, and the Air such as to preclude any Inconvenience being felt from the Heat. Mrs Chapman found the Bathing agree with her so well, that if here and alive next year, we shall make another Trip."

BALASORE was further off, quite out of the river, and was often the goal when a short sea-voyage was ordered for an invalid.

A MUSSALL was a torch. The word should more properly be Mussalljee, torch-bearer. These functionaries attended all Europeans at night, as much as a mark of rank as for use. In 1813, General Palmer, commenting on the increase of frugality among the junior officers, mentions that many of them walk or ride in the dark without a Mussal or Lantern.

(6.)

CALCUTTA. *Thursday Night.* (*Oct.* 19*th.*)

MY MARIAN,—You are really angry, almost cross. But I forgive you, because you give me News of the Amendment of your Health, too good to allow me to be angry too, and because I am too much pleased with the Thought of seeing you to-morrow to allow me to be angry with any One.

I go up in an open Pinnace.

Your Horse is well.—I hope Mr Motte has Horses left, or you (—for I recollect yours are at Hugly—) to furnish two Stages for me; for I dreadfully dislike the Road, and fear that I shall not reach Hugly till you are all fast asleep.—My Plan is this.—I go from Council into my Chariot at Two. I shall be at Barnagur before 3.—There my Pinnace waits for me.—Sir John accompanies me.—What Time I shall reach the Carriage I cannot tell; perhaps at Six; perhaps at Twelve. But be it at what Hour it will I must go on, and I beg of you to contrive that I may not disturb the Family, when I enter Mr Motte's House.—How that is to be managed God, and you, best know. I am sure I shall break your Rest more by not coming at all, than by coming late.

My Marian, I saw an Alligator yesterday with a Mouth as large as a Budgerow, and was told that it was of a Sort which is very common about Balesore, but this not so large.—I shall never consent to your going again to Beercool. Adieu, my beloved. A sound and sweet Sleep be your Portion for this Night. I will be your Nurse to morrow Night. W. H.

You must place two Pair of Horses for me, one at the

landing Place, and a Mussall to shew me where it is;—the other Pair at the Half Way. Remember the Mussall, that I may know where to land.

LETTER XV.

It seems that duty had again detained Hastings unduly in Calcutta. The preoccupation of the moment was the despatch of Colonel Pearse's force, consisting of one company of artillery and six battalions of Sepoys, which was to march to the Carnatic by way of Cuttack,[1] where it was to be joined by a detachment of the Berar cavalry two thousand strong. The force was intended to strengthen Coote, the route was deliberately chosen with the view of enhancing British prestige.

BEAUTY was one of Mrs Hastings' Arab horses, the others being Solyman and Solima or Selima, mentioned in Letter XIX. He was left in Thompson's care when Hastings returned to England, and Thompson sends news of his death soon afterwards. "He was buried with funereal Honours," he says, "to the Eastward of the high House and a Tree planted over his Grave.—I dare yet indulge the Hope that his honored Mistress may one Time or other set beneath its Shade, and manifest something of her own Excellencies by shedding a Tear to the grateful Remembrance of his."

SCOTT is, of course, Captain John Scott, who had come to the resolution of going home when he found himself doomed to garrison work at Chanar, where his active spirit was sorely cramped. The health of his wife and little girl was suffering from the climate, and he had amassed a moderate fortune. On September 7th, writing from Chanar, he offers himself as Hastings' agent and representative in England, to guard his interest and

[1] Gleig, II. 326.

reputation against the malicious attacks made on him in and out of Parliament, and Hastings accepted the suggestion, little guessing what harm Scott's injudicious zeal was to do him in the future.[1] It is interesting to notice that it was Scott who originated the famous motto *Mens aequa in arduis*, which was suggested to him by the well-known line of Horace. Lord Mansfield approved it enthusiastically, and it was adopted by Hastings.

The mention of MRS SCOTT offers some difficulty. The present writer, with the kind assistance of the Rev. Canon Oldfield, a descendant of Scott's brother Richard, has bestowed a good deal of labour on ascertaining the true facts respecting John Scott's three marriages. The authorities—the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' 'Scott of Scott's Hall,' and Burke's 'Landed Gentry,' are hopelessly at variance as to the order in which he married Maria Hughes of Cashel and Elizabeth Blackrie of Bromley, and which of them was the mother of his four elder children, while the evidence for the third marriage (with Mrs Esten, an actress), seemed to be solely a note by the editor of the 'Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis," and an epigram which he quotes. The second point is settled by letters in the Hastings Correspondence for 1810, mentioning that the bond for £7000, which Hastings gave Scott in 1795 as part of the sum owed him, had been assigned by him to his wife Mrs Eliza Scott Waring and her children, these children being Edward Warren Hastings, Charles, Anna Maria (who married John Reade of Ipsden House, Oxon, and became the mother of the novelist Charles Reade, dying at the age of ninety in 1863), and Eliza Sophia (who married the Rev. G. S. Faber, and became the mother of the theologian and hymn-writer). Mrs Elizabeth Scott died in 1796, when her husband erected an elaborate monument to her memory, to the covert amusement of his friends. "In Bromley Churchyard,"

[1] See *infra*, p. 438.

writes Thompson, "there is a long tedious Essay by the *Uxorious* Scott Waring upon his departed Wife," which Thompson suggests was prompted by gratitude for having lost her. Through the kind interest of friends, and the assistance of the verger of the church, the present writer has been able to obtain a copy of this curious inscription:—

"Beneath this Stone

are interred the Mortal remains of ELIZABETH SCOTT, Wife of MAJOR JOHN SCOTT of this Parish. She was born on the 19th April, 1746, and died on the 26th October, 1796, in the fifty-first year of her age. Though afflicted for several years with the disorder which put a period to her life, She had for Many Months past been Unusually well and Cheerful. On Friday the 21st October, While setting with her husband and two of her Children at Dinner, She was Suddenly taken ill. The pain which she suffered was as Violent As it was soon expected (? unexpected).—She bore it with exemplary fortitude And Christian Resignation, And was in the full possession of her faculties Almost to the last hour of her existence. After taking a Most Solemn and affecting leave of her husband and her children, After giving her directions and expressing her wishes on every point that had relation to her worldly Concerns; Remembering at that aweful Moment The poor and Needy, To whom she had ever been a Generous benefactress; After expressing her humble Though Confident hope Of A blessed Immortality; She resigned her soul To the Will of her Creator and expired: without a pang, or Sigh, on the fifth day of her illness. In a World where None are faultless, perfection is sought in Vain, but her Virtues were Many, useful and Active. She was a faithful and affectionate Wife, A Careful and tender Mother, A humane and Charitable woman. Her failings, Whatever they were, Affected herself alone.

Semel Calcanda Via Leti."

These particulars make it clear that the Mrs Scott of the letter was Elizabeth Blackrie, and THEIR DAUGHTER —the "Lizzy" of Scott and Hastings' letters — Eliza Sophia.

Scott's next matrimonial experiment must have been made almost immediately on his first wife's death, for in 1813 his son John Thurlow was sixteen. In 1803 there is a letter to Hastings from Mrs (Mary) Scott Waring, appealing for his support against the accusations of her husband and the treatment she receives from his children. Unless Scott was four times married, this lady must have been the Maria Hughes whom the D.N.B. places first in order, and the print of "Mrs Scott Waring and Children," engraved by C. Turner in 1804 from the painting by J. Russell, R.A., must represent her. Her children, who are ignored in most of the genealogies, were the John just mentioned, and Augusta Hastings, who was Hastings' god-daughter. Another daughter, Anne, whom Scott, in writing to Hastings in 1813, mentions as living with him (Anna Maria had been married at least eight years), *may* have been a child of the first wife. In February, 1812, as we learn from a letter of Sir Charles Hastings', Mrs Scott Waring was found dead at the foot of the stairs, apparently unregretted. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' announces decorously that she died "of an apoplectic fit." Under the date of October 15th in the same year, we find the further announcement among the Marriages, "Major Scott Waring, of Peterborough House, to Mrs Esten, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre" —a union which caused much amusement to the wits of the town." [1]

The "LYON" was that brought down from the upper provinces by young Touchet in August. A venomous paragraph in the 'Bengal Gazette' thus connects it with the departure of Colonel Pearse, who had incautiously

[1] For further particulars see the Concluding Chapter.

included, in a series of twenty-three questions which his anxiety for perfect clearness in his instructions led him to address to Hastings, one enquiring what course he was to pursue "if by any fortunate event Hyder Ally or his sons should fall into the hands of the detachment":—

"From the known VALOUR and great MARTIAL ABILITIES of Colonel —— who commands the detachment under marching Orders for the Coast, we may shortly expect to see HYDER in Chains, a Companion to the Lyon in the G——'s Compound at Buckingham House. N.B. The Cage is preparing."

This letter emphasizes the curious fact that Mrs Hastings still retained the house—identified as No. 7, Hastings Street [1]—in which she had lived before her marriage, and that her husband also occupied it when she was in Calcutta, reserving Government (or Buckingham) House as bachelor quarters and for official entertainments. Large gatherings, such as those for Christmas and the King's Birthday, were held at the Old Courthouse, and private parties at Mrs Hastings' house. Francis's tool, Macintosh, prints a card of invitation he received to a concert there.[2]

(3.)

CALCUTTA, *friday Night.* (*Dec. 8th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have received your angry Letter, but thank you for it notwithstanding.—A Pity indeed!—I wrote to you last Night, and I have sent away your Beauty to you this Morning. Poor Fellow, it will be a Kindness to him as well as to yourself—and to me too, if you will be content to walk him till you are both a little stronger.—To morrow I will Send you your Gun.—I am just returned from a visit to Mrs

[1] Malleson. [2] 'Travels in Europe, Asia,' &c.

Scott.—Scott is arrived also, and their[1] daughter, a beautiful Child.

Mr Irwin breakfasted with me, and appeared in such Spirits that I ventured to make Enquiry about his Wife, which I told him was on your Account, and I believe you will rejoice to hear that she has been three Days visibly mending, and by his Account, out of Danger. I have migrated to my own House; but the Lyon roars so *noisily*, that, suspecting that he might disturb my Rest, I am returned to *our* Bed for the Night.—*Noisily* is not the proper Term.—The Sound is like the scraping of fifty great Kettles.—I am well.—As I am persuaded that your Health depends on yourself, I do beseech you to be well too. Adieu. Yours ever,

W. H.

LETTER XVI.

The ships alluded to in this letter as having parted with their pilots were in all probability the *Fox*, *Grafton*, *Walpole*, and *True Briton*, which sailed on December 3rd. In the last of these would be the Davidson children (see Letter II.), under the care of Captain Timbrell, in the first Francis was a passenger, having at length given up the attempt to cope with Hastings in India, though their "war of minutes" continued to the last. In his six years of office he had amassed a fortune variously estimated at from £80,000 to £150,000, of which £20,000 was gained in one night from Barwell at whist, and with his future thus provided for, he was at liberty to think of revenge. Reaching England while Hastings was still at his post, he would gain the advantage proverbially enjoyed by the

[1] Dr Busteed reads "your," which is absolutely impossible. Hastings constantly uses the contraction "yr." for *their*, as he does "ym." for *them*.

present over the absent, and could also urge his own claims to succeed him, which had been so unaccountably overlooked by those in power. As a matter of fact, he was disappointed in his reception, and was forced to remain to a great extent in the background, providing and pointing the shafts of Burke, but it was largely the knowledge of his intentions that led Hastings to depute Scott to represent him at home, and deal with the slanders as they arose.

The "HOLYDAYS" here mentioned must be the Christmas Holidays, as the native holidays—sometimes called simply "the holidays"—began about December 5th, with the festival of Durga Puja.

It appears that Hastings had after all been obliged to have a new Feelchehra built, and that Captain Sands wished to borrow it before it was finished. Mrs Hastings also had alterations to propose, as the next letter shows, but he would allow nothing to interfere with the completion of the boat.

(8.)

CALCUTTA. *Wednesday Evening.* (*Dec.* 13*th.*)

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I was greatly out of Spirits, and of Health, when I wrote to you last Night. I am to Day almost well, and shall be quite to morrow. My Sickness is no more than a Cold, but it is teazing, and is much to me who am not accustomed to severer Complaints, and hate to have any.—Yours alone, my Marian, are too much for me to bear.

I forgot last Night to tell you that the Ships all parted with their Pilots on Friday Evening, and were going on with a brisk and fair Wind. You are glad of this.

I have not thanked you for your Cheese. I thank you. There was just enough for Two Dinners.—Do not be lazy. The Morning Air, I mean the Breeze which the rising Sun

sets in Motion, will do you more good than all the rest of the Day; and remember the Persian Proverb, which says that the Air of Paradise passes between a Horse's Ears to the Rider that does not take too much of it, nor expose herself to the Heat of the Sun.—I hear that you rode yesterday in the Evening. I suppose you only mounted Beauty to try him; for that is not the Time of Day for such an Exercise.

Everybody tells me that you improve in Strength, which is more than Health, daily. I am happy, and therefore less regret your Absence, yet it has been a long One, and I fear it will be yet very much longer, for I see no Possibility of my returning, and I do not wish to see you here, before the Holydays.—Scott certainly goes, and with special Dispatches from me, which will oblige me to make the most Use of my Time to prepare them. For this Purpose I think of locking myself up for 2 or 3 Days next Week at Allipoor.

I have not heard from you to Day, and am very uneasy about it. I have told you that Three Words will satisfy me.—Say but, "I am well."—If you cannot write these with Truth, yet let me know it if you are not well.

Will you let C. (Captain) Sands know that on Enquiry I found the Feelcherra was not yet in the Workmen's Hands, but that the Vernish was prepared, and that they are to lay it on to morrow Morning, so that I could not have spared the Boat without an entire Loss of this Interval to complete it.

Pray make my Compliments.

Adieu, my beloved. Your most affectionate W. H.

Motte has received a Letter of News, not very new,

which I suppose he has sent to Mrs Motte,—whom God bless.—Pray tell her that these Words were dictated by Inspiration. Adieu again, my best and dearest.

LETTER XVII.

MRS SAMSON appears to have been a sister of Mrs Sands, for in 1803 Hastings writes to Sir John D'Oyly, "We expect Mrs Sands and Mrs Sampson at Daylesford on Saturday." She was still living in 1814. Her husband, Captain Samson or Sampson, commanded the *Duke of Grafton*, in which Hastings sailed for India in 1769, and on board which he met the Imhoffs. Captain Samson was evidently in charge of the Company's ship-building yard at Calcutta, and thus had the honour of superintending the construction of the new Feelchehra. The boat was to go to Hugli to fetch Mrs Hastings, and while Captain Samson vetoed her suggested alterations because they would interfere with the elaborate decoration (the *fil-chehra*, elephant's head), at the prow, her impatient husband sided with him because they would take so long to effect that her return would be delayed.

MR WHELER, the "Ned Silent" of the 'Bengal Gazette,' was originally, if the voice of scandal is to be credited, "a linen-draper in Cheapside." He came out as Member of Council professing neutrality, but his home connections drew him naturally to the side of Francis. Although on landing, in December, 1777, he assured Elliot, as Hastings' ambassador, of his impartiality, he followed up the assurance with a piece of rudeness which made it clear that Francis had secured his adhesion. He had asked that carriages should be sent to Baj-baj to convey his family and himself to Calcutta, and Hastings and Barwell both despatched their chariots thither, only to learn that without taking any notice of the courtesy,

Painted by R. Pine. *Engraved by W. Dickinson.*

MRS IMHOFF AND CHILD.

he had continued his journey in the "yacht," leaving the carriages to wait four days for him.[1] Thereafter, with great docility, he said "ditto to Mr Francis" on all occasions, until the rupture of their alliance sketched in the notes to Letter IX. His first wife, whom Dr Busteed states, on the authority of her tombstone, to have been Harriet Chichely Plowden, is mentioned by Francis as having astounded all the Calcutta ladies by the size of her hoop at the ball given in her honour on her arrival. She died only seven months after landing. His second marriage is thus announced in the 'India Gazette' for December 23rd: "Married on Saturday last by the Rev. Mr Johnson, Edward Wheler, Esq., to Miss Durnford." Mrs Fay, who speaks of "passing a day with Mrs W. at the Gardens," describes her as "meek, affable, and sympathetic." In 1784, Hastings, writing to Wheler on his illness, says, "God will bless Mrs Wheler for her successful Care and affectionate Attention. This is not a new Trait of her Character. I esteem and respect her for that and her many other domestic virtues."

NEW YEAR'S DAY was an occasion for high feasting. The first two weekly numbers of the 'Bengal Gazette' for 1781 are missing in the British Museum copy, so that there is no account of its celebration, but the Christmas festivities, which were very similar, are thus described: "A breakfast was given by the Hon'ble the Governor-General at the Court house, and at noon a most sumptuous dinner at which there were present many persons of distinction. . . The evening concluded with a ball, cheer'd and enlivened by the grand illumination and an excellent band of Music." We learn also that "the Dinner and supper blended all the profusion and variety of a Lord Mayor's Feast, with the superb elegance of the Royal entertainments at St James's." The term "dressed suit" was used of both male and female attire, and implies what we should call full dress.

[1] Francis.

SOOKSAUGUR, "in the Hoogly River, above Chinchura," was a very favourite resort of Mr and Mrs Hastings and their more intimate friends. "The original house," says Colesworthy Grant, in his 'Rural Life in Bengal,' "was built by Warren Hastings as a country residence for himself and three other civilians, and for the purpose of their having an English farm where experiments in the growth of coffee and other productions of that nature could be tried." Forbes, in his 'Oriental Researches,' says that it was "an elegant house of European architecture, highly finished, and the grounds disposed with great taste."

CHARLES CROFTES was Accountant-General of the Presidency, and one of Mrs Hastings' Indian trustees, Mr Motte being the other. He seems to have been a good-natured, well-meaning man, more of a success socially than professionally, and was one of Hastings' associates in forming the experimental plantation at Suksagar. In 1784 he was engaged in the manufacture of muslins,[1] and became bankrupt the following year. Enfeebled by paralysis and assailed by his creditors as he was, he was given the chiefship at Chittagong, where Sir William and Lady Jones stayed with him, and where he died in 1786.

(28.)

CALCUTTA. *17th December.—Sunday.*

MY MARIAN,—I have received your Second Letter.—Have you had mine?—I now send you the Gun which I promised. I think you will be pleased with it because it is fine. As to its intrinsic Qualities I know nothing of them.—If you use it, let me beg of you to let Somebody charge it who understands it, and *not to go into the Sun.*—I repeat these as my earnest Requests.

I saw Mrs Samson this Morning. She was well, and

[1] See *infra*, p. 194.

charged me with many kind Things to say to you.—I don't remember them, but they were in Character, and you will guess them.

I saw Mr Wheler and Miss D. (Durnford) married last Night. How it agreed with them I know not, but it has given me a Cold and Sore throat.—God bless them.—Would it not be kind—civil at least, if you were to write a short Letter to her—expressing your Satisfaction, &c., and Regret that you were not Present? I did this for you, and she said it was a Pity.

I cannot alter your Boat. Captain Samson says that it will be impossible to lower the Seat without unripping all the *Stern Sheets*, which, you will clearly understand, would play the Deuce with the Feelcherra, besides that it could not be done in Six Weeks.—I have therefore told him to varnish the Legs, and fits (fix?) the Carpet to the Floor.—I went on Purpose to shew him how you would have it done.

As you are in Possession of the Table of Sooksaugur, I wish you would manage so as to keep it when Croftes returns, and give Orders accordingly. If you will let me know what you want to be sent you, I will give Orders to the Kansama here.

I have sent you the first Vol. of Colman's Terence, and recommend it to you for an equally entertaining and improving Study.

Will you give me as much of your white Fur as will decorate a dressed Suit for New Year's Day?—and will you tell me where I shall get it?—I desire you to acquaint Mrs Motte that I intend to make a Figure—and no inconsiderable One—in the Waistcoat which she did me the Honor to give me.

Let me know how you are, and if you gather Strength.
Yours, yours ever, W. H.

Compliments to Messrs. J. (Jackson) and S. (Sulivan),[1] and Mesdames M. (Motte), J. and S.

Your Saddle is gone.

LETTER XVIII.

Hastings' time of loneliness is at length drawing to a close. His wife has expressed her intention—somewhat unexpectedly, it appears—of returning at once, and this hasty note reflects the joyful tumult of his feelings.

MRS SULIVAN was the lady whose husband had brought the news of Baillie's disaster in September. Stephen Sulivan had been secretary and Persian translator to the Madras Committee, but Hastings obtained his transfer to Bengal, "as my assistant."[2] He seems to have been an amiable man of literary tastes, without any pronounced business ability. He borrowed money from Hastings, and in spite of repeated promises, neglected to repay it, which causes Larkins to stigmatize him as "this unworthy character." Mrs Sulivan died in 1816.

(24.)

CALCUTTA. *22nd December, friday Evening.*

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I never received a Letter that gave me so much Pleasure.—I have not a Word to say in Answer, but that I am happy even in the Expectation of seeing you in four Days hence, and that if you disappoint me,—I will not add the consequence.—On Monday I return to my own Bed, and on

[1] See the next letter. [2] Gleig, II. 327.

Tuesday I will share it with my dear Marian.—I ought to bid you stay till after the first of January; but if I do, I'll be shot. I have something to write, but I have forgot it.—Adieu, my beloved.—Compliments to Mrs Sulivan, Mrs Sands, Mrs Samson, and dear Mrs Motte—How I envy her! Adieu.

Yours ever, ever, more than can be written,

W. H.

Tell when you set off, and perhaps I may meet you if I have a Chance of it.

LETTER XIX.

GHERETTY (the word is spelt in many different ways), close to Chandernagor, had been the private residence of M. Chevalier, the Swiss Governor of that place for the French. When Sir Eyre Coote landed, after the capture of Chandernagor by the English, he claimed Gheretty in virtue of a *sanad* from the Nawab Kasim Ali Khan during his former residence in India. Hastings recognised the claim, and placed him in possession of the house and grounds, much to the indignation of Francis, who denounces the whole affair as a job, and records that Coote was busy erecting a riding-house and laying out the gardens, "as if the old fool had an age to live." The place would seem to be represented on the Ordnance Map by the modern Gourhattee, but though it was the scene of a military camp and a review by Hastings in 1785, it must soon have lost its social importance. Bishop Heber writes, in 1824, "There is a large ruined building a few miles to the south of Chandernagore, which was the country house of the Governor during the golden days of that settlement,

and of the French influence in this part of India. It was suffered to fall into decay when Chandernagore was seized by us; but when Mr Corrie (his archdeacon) came to India, was, though abandoned, still entire, and very magnificent, with a noble staircase, painted ceilings, &c.; and altogether, in his opinion, the finest building of the kind in this country. It has at present a very melancholy aspect, and in some degree reminded me of Moreton-Corbet, having, like that, the remains of Grecian pillars and ornaments, with a high carved pediment."

LADY COOTE (whose maiden name is unknown to the 'Dictionary of National Biography'), was Susanna Hutchinson, daughter of a former Governor of St Helena. She seems to have been universally admired and beloved. Hastings' friend Holt speaks of her "engaging and noble merits" in a letter to him, and Coote's chaplain, Westrow Hulse, calls her "that living pattern of excellence." She was much younger than her husband, and was accompanied everywhere by a girl-friend, with whom she had grown up at St Helena, where they vowed never to be separated. Mrs Fay calls this young lady Miss Molly B——, and a letter of Sir Eyre Coote's mentions her as Miss Bazett. Coote seems to have expected to end the Carnatic War quickly when he sailed, but in March, 1782, he broke up his establishment at Gheretty, evidently seeing little hope of returning to it.[1] There are several letters from Lady Coote in the Hastings Correspondence, entreating the Governor-General to support her husband, at first with reinforcements, and later against the opposition of Lord Macartney, the Governor of Madras. When Coote sailed for the Carnatic for the last time in March, 1783, she was with him, and anxiety for her safety heightened the anguish of mind which brought about

[1] An advertisement in the 'India Gazette' announces the sale at Calcutta of his horses from Ghyretty through his English coachman, Williamson.

his death on being chased by a French fleet. She implies distinctly, in a letter to Hastings, that the Madras Government might have rescued him had they wished, and that their animosity continued unabated even after Sir Eyre's death is shown by the chaplain's letters complaining of their behaviour to Lady Coote. She sailed for England in the *Belmont* on February 6th, 1784,[1] taking with her her husband's body, to be buried at Rockburne.

PULTA, where Hastings would find his boat awaiting him for the return to Calcutta, was about twelve miles lower down the river than Chandernagor.

A CHUPPER (*chapar*) was a hut with a thatched roof. At the time of the siege of Calcutta in 1756, there was a considerable town of these close to the city, the smoke of the burning of which inconvenienced the defenders severely. Captain Price[2] mentions that when Hastings became Governor, he insisted on the removal of these buildings to a distance, and refused to allow them in the European quarter, but under the rule of the Majority they were permitted to return, so that Europeans allowed their servants to take up their quarters all round their houses, simply to keep other natives from settling there. Mrs Hastings was evidently intending to try an "open-air cure," in which, and in the virtues of exercise and cold water, her husband had great faith.[3]

When Hastings quitted India, SOLIMAN and SOLIMA were left to Thompson's care. "I never pass a morning at Alipoor without feeding Solymaun and the grey Buggy Horse with Bread," he says. "The former, if I ever return to England, shall certainly be my Companion, however old.—Trifling as this would appear to every Body else — to *you* and to your Lady I don't apologize for a Word of it." "The Horses are all well; so are the Birds, and Selima," he writes again.

[1] 'India Gazette.' [2] 'Some Observations on a Late Publication,' 1783.
[3] See *infra*, p. 348.

In 1786 Hastings writes to him, "Captain Ley (Lea of the *Hinchinbrooke*) has promised to take charge of a Horse for me. Procure a good one for me, if you can; one equal to Sulliman. It is for Mrs Hastings, who cannot get one for herself in England."[1] In reply, Thompson sends her Soliman himself, saying that there is no horse like him, and he will carry her well for six years at least.

The ASSEMBLY would be the New Year's Day entertainment, which was to be followed by a boating excursion to Suksagar.

(31.)

CALCUTTA. *Saturday Evening.*

MY MARIAN,—I rode this Morning to Gheretty, where I arrived a little after 8; and am just returned. Lady Coote made many Enquiries after you, and said she hoped you would stop at Gheretty. I replied that I could not tell, as your Resolution had been sudden, and I only knew that you had promised to be with me by Tuesday Night.—One Purpose of my Ride was to complete the Cure of my Cold.—The Morning was pleasant, and though I rode near Two Miles beyond Pulta, and accomplished the Journey in Two Hours, I walked as many at Gheretty, and felt no more Fatigue than if it had been but an Airing. Are not you glad of this?—I had the Happiness to find a Letter from you on my Return.—I am pleased with every Part of it, your Morning's Rides, the cold Water, their Effects, and your Demand for a Haunch of Venison. I have ordered the Haunch to be sent to you to morrow Evening.—I will order a Chupper to be erected for you on the Top of the House.

[1] Gleig, III. 280.

Let me know when you set out, whether on Monday or Tuesday, and at what Hour.

Adieu, my beloved. W. H.

I am ashamed to say that I have not seen Soliman,—but I see it is Solima you enquire after. She is well.—I ride Suliman to morrow to Mr Wheler's, where I pass the Day, and shall endeavour to engage Mrs W. both to the Assembly and to Sooksaugur.—The Jacksons dined with Us, and gave a good Account of you.

LETTER XX.

This letter is found in the series endorsed by Mrs Hastings "Letters from my excellent Husband when I was at Hugly and Chinsura," and has accordingly been considered hitherto to date, like the rest, from 1780. But in the first place, Scott was not Major until January 13th, 1781, when he was promoted on going home with despatches,[1] and in the second, McPherson, who had left Madras in 1776, did not return to India as member of the Bengal Council until September 30th, 1781.[2] At this time Mr and Mrs Hastings were both up the river (see Series II.), and did not return to Calcutta until February, 1782. The *Lively*, by which the present intended for Queen Charlotte was to be sent, sailed in December, 1782, carrying letters for Major Scott, Mr and Mrs

[1] 'India Gazette.' [2] 'Bengal Gazette.'

Woodman, and Lord Shelburne. To the latter, then Prime Minister, Hastings sent a copy of his "Narrative of the Insurrection at Banaris," which he thus describes:[1]—

"I know not in what direction the tide of popular prejudices may have run when the news arrived in England of my transactions during the last year at Benares; but in the fear of misrepresentation and of misconstruction, I made out an early report of it for the immediate information of this Council, and joined to the report all the vouchers and attestations which could confirm the truth of it. For the same reason I have caused a number of printed copies to be made of it, and one of these I have directed my agent, Major Scott, to present to your lordship. I entreat that you will honour it with your acceptance, and that you will bestow an early half hour of your leisure to read it. . . . It may perhaps prove a gratification of curiosity to your Lordship to receive a book which is in every process of it the manufacture of this country."

The mention of the embroidered cover for the Queen's present makes it probable that a book was in question, and it is only natural that Mrs Hastings should send a copy of her husband's first published work, so to speak, to the royal lady who had already shown her kindness through the good offices of Fanny Burney's "Mrs Schwellenberg." Mr McPherson[2] was considered an authority on matters of etiquette on account of the acceptance he had met with in court circles. The present writer has not been able to discover any mention of the gift in Scott's letters, but he may well have given an account of its presentation in a letter to Mrs Hastings which has not been preserved.

Strictly speaking, then, the place of this letter would be after Series II., and it is only transcribed here because in the manuscript it is bound up with Series I.

[1] Gleig, III. 27, 28.

[2] See *infra*, p. 212.

(22.)

Opposite NIA SERAI. 11 *o'Clock.*

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I have found out a Work for the employment of my Thoughts without detaching them from my Marian.—I am not used to write to Queens, and never feel my own defects so much as when I presume to express the Sentiments and Language of One so much superior in the native Excellency of both as *my* Queen is. —Something too will be wanting in the Formalities of Address. The first I submit to your Correction, and for the last you will consult Mr McPherson. When you have brought it to its proper Form, write it at your Leisure, and send it under a good Package to me, that it may go by the Lively.

I have just thought that, if I should not have Time to get the Cover embroidered, it may as well be done by Major Scott before he presents it: But I believe I can contrive it.

We are stopped here by the Wind, the Tide, and winding of the River.—I am affraid you have made but little Way, as the Wind is still in an opposite Direction to your Course; and it is little Comfort to me that you move but slowly from me.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs Motte. May every Blessing attend you, my dearest Marian.

My Heart is very heavy: No Wonder. The Bearer may bring a Line from you. Only let it say, *I am well,* if you are well.

Yours ever, ever, W. H.

SERIES II.

INTRODUCTION.

INDIA IN 1781.

BEARING in mind Hastings' policy of promoting intercourse by land between the British possessions in India, and of penetrating Central India by a wedge of British influence driven downwards from the Jamna, we may consider how far that policy had progressed by July, 1781. Land communication between Bengal and Madras had been established by the march of Colonel Pearse's detachment from Midnapore to Vizagapatam, in spite of desertions, due to the misconduct of subordinate officers, and the decimation of the force by the first cholera epidemic on record. In the same way the road first traced by Goddard between the up-river stations and Bombay had been kept open by Popham's successes, and Hastings was able to appoint Colonel Sir John Cummings to a new military command, including the lands lying between Kalpi on the Jamna and the Narbada.[1] Camac, for the success of whose expedition he had risked so much, had proved alternately disappointing and satisfactory—the latter in spite of himself. Having captured the fort of Sipri, and advanced to meet Sindhia, he seems to have become aghast at his own daring, and retreated in the

[1] Gleig, II. 368.

tamest manner, the retreat becoming practically a rout. Before and during this retreat he wrote frantically to Colonel Morgan at Cawnpore, demanding to be superseded by Colonel Grainger Muir with reinforcements, and also to Colonel Muir, entreating him to come to his help. Before the reinforcements could arrive, however, the vacillating Camac, driven to desperation and urged on by the counsels of his subordinate Bruce, the hero of Gwalior, had turned upon his pursuers and inflicted upon them a signal defeat. Sindhia lost all his artillery and the greater part of his baggage and supplies, and in the delight and astonishment caused by his victory, Camac plucked up courage to march away from Muir, who was hurrying to his assistance. Although he had disregarded in every particular the orders given him by Hastings, he had undoubtedly effected the desired diversion by drawing Sindhia away from Goddard. But no dependence could be placed upon a character alternating between unnecessary depression and uncalled-for elation, and he was duly superseded by Muir, who settled down for the rainy season in such a position as to be able to keep Sindhia from returning to vex Goddard, and became at length instrumental in concluding a peace with him.

The treaty of peace with the Marathas, which was drawn up by Hastings on hearing of the Carnatic disasters, and sent, completely executed on the side of the English, to Mudaji Bhonsla, with the request that he would act as mediator in inducing the Regents to accept it, failed of its object. In vulgar language, the Marathas were suffering from "swelled head." They regarded Haidar's successes as their own, and anticipated that Hastings would be obliged to recall Goddard, when the Bombay side would lie at their mercy. Therefore Goddard continued his career of conquest, capturing Bassein in November, 1780, and prepared to press on over the Ghauts, and dictate terms under the walls of Poonah.

In spite of his failure to bring his allies to terms, Mudaji himself took courage to come over to the side of the English. Thirteen lakhs more were paid to him, notwithstanding the frenzied shrieks of the "Franciscans" and the 'Bengal Gazette,' and he was assisted to borrow an additional ten lakhs. In return for these favours he withdrew his army from the Bengal frontier, supplied Colonel Pearse with a detachment of two thousand horse and furthered the passage of his force, and expressed a desire for a definite treaty of alliance. This friendliness was the more gratifying as things were not going well in the Carnatic. Sir Eyre Coote found the Madras army useless, owing to the despondency of the Sepoys, and his own force was too small to allow him to take the field on a large scale. He hurried about, relieving a town here, recapturing a lost fortress there, with a French squadron hemming him in on the east, and Haidar marching parallel with him on the west. By all the rules, his ill-provided army ought to have succumbed to Haidar's huge host, and humanly speaking, it is certain that it was only saved by the unparalleled ineptitude of the French admiral, who refused to combine with Haidar in a joint effort, and sailing away to Mauritius, left the sea open to Coote as a base of supplies.

This was the state of things when Hastings found that it was desirable for him to enquire into the condition of the original British wedge in Northern India, the base of which was Bengal and the apex Oudh. The relations between the Company and the semi-independent, semi-protected state of Oudh had afforded a wide field for the mischievous activities of the Majority in the palmy days of Francis's ascendancy, and the result was disastrous. On the death of Shuja-u-Daula they had enunciated the infamous principle that a treaty exists only during the lifetime of the ruler with whom it was made, and proceeded to point their moral by forcing on his son, Asaf-u-Daula, the "Nabob-Vizier" of these letters, a new treaty,

resigning to the English the zamindari of Benares. At the same time they supported their agent, Bristow, in depriving the young prince of the treasure laid up by his father for the purposes of government. This had been placed in the palace of Fyzabad, under the charge of Shuja-u-Daula's principal wife, called the Bow Begum, and his mother, the Nabob Begum. The Bow Begum had obtained great influence over her husband by her action in coming to his rescue with her savings when he was in extreme distress after his defeat by the English at Buxar, and it was in acknowledgment of this that he gave her the charge of his treasure. On his death, she declared that he had left her the money as her private property, by a will which she never attempted to produce. The imposition might have seemed too transparent to enjoy a moment's success, but Bristow and the Majority took the Begum's side, and forced Asaf-u-Daula, in consideration of a comparatively small sum, to leave his mother in possession of the bulk of the treasure. His own army was unpaid and mutinous, his contribution to the cost of the British brigade which defended his frontiers was in arrears, and he was forced to yield.

A stronger ruler would have done his utmost, with the aid of the money which had been doled out to him, to prepare for a day of possible revenge, securing his own position and conciliating the affection of his people. But Asaf-u-Daula went from bad to worse. He squandered what money he possessed on court festivities and vicious pleasures, he alienated the royal domains by granting them to unworthy favourites, both native and European, his ill-paid soldiery kept the country in a ferment, and in order to pay the British troops who maintained him on the *masnad* he borrowed money from the Company. Thus his debt increased year by year, while the state of his dominions became more and more pitiable, and his mother and grandmother reigned at Fyzabad as sovereign princes, raising their own troops

and ruling their own territories. "I have also thoughts of visiting the province of Oude," writes Hastings to Laurence Sulivan in November, 1780, "which is most dismally wasted and disordered by the effects of the disjointed control which has hitherto prevailed in it. Its resources have already begun to fail us, and the Nabob himself, the Vizier of the empire, has been at times destitute even of the necessaries of life. I will not go unless I am certain that I can relieve the distresses of the country."[1] Writing to Scott in April, 1781, of his intended journey, he says, "I dread the thoughts of it, for I see infinite need of reformation in that quarter, and am afraid I shall want both time, materials, and a vigorous hand to support what I may have accomplished. Something too will be required at Benares, and something more than I shall dare to attempt; for if it were left to my option, I would restore that zemindarry to the Nabob of Oude. Either that ought to be done, or the Rajah reduced to the condition of a zemindar. But my principal and ruling motive for this expedition is to determine Dewaugur Pundit to a meeting with me."[2] This Dewagar Pandit, whose name Gleig spells Dewangur throughout, was the *diwan* or prime minister of Mudaji Bhonsla, and it was with him that all Hastings' negociations for an alliance had been carried on. For two years he had expressed an intense desire to meet the Governor-General, but he was old and infirm, and Calcutta was too far off. "Benares," says Hastings, "is near, and its sanctity has inducements to a Hindoo, and yet greater to the superstition of age and infirmity."

It is important to notice the relative weight, in Hastings' mind, of the three reasons he gives for his visit to the Upper Provinces. Macaulay has woven about this journey an astonishing web of sophistry and falsehood—there is no other word, for the reader who knows the facts is inclined to rub his eyes and ask whether he

[1] Gleig, II. 335. [2] Gleig, II. 383.

sees correctly, when he arrives at this portion of the famous Essay. According to Macaulay, Hastings was in dire need of money for the expenses of the Carnatic War, and looking round for some means of obtaining it, hit upon the plan of extorting it, without real or imagined justification, from the ruler of Benares, and failing him, from Oudh. That the money in the latter case was a debt due to the Company is a detail. It has been shown that the visit to Benares was a mere side-issue in the original scheme of the journey, determined by the fact that Benares offered a suitable spot at which to invite the Berar Diwan to an interview, and that Hastings' main object was to ameliorate the condition of Oudh, and place its finances on a proper footing. One of the richest countries in India, it could not even pay the expenses of its government, far less those of the defence of its frontiers. That the Bengal Government was in dire need of money is quite true, and will be brought out more fully in the following pages, but it is not usually expected that a creditor's own financial distresses should lead him to forego the collection of his debts.

The zamindari of Benares, to which events were to give an unexpected importance, and prejudice a wholly factitious one, was originally a portion of the Oudh territories, but was ceded, as mentioned above, to the Company by the treaty of 1775. The policy pursued with regard to it was that afterwards followed by Lord Cornwallis in the settlement of Bengal, by which the zamindar, who was a temporary tenant, his tenure depending on the due performance of his feudal duties and on the will of his suzerain, became permanent proprietor of the soil under a formal charter. It is this change of status to which Hastings alludes above as requiring reversal, either by placing the zamindari again under the suzerainty of the Nawab-Vizier, who would know how to deal with a troublesome vassal, or by withdrawing the fixity of tenure, of which this was so far an isolated

instance, and making the zamindar's position once more conditional on his good behaviour. The amount of the annual tribute to be paid by the zamindar, Chait Singh, was fixed by the charter, but it was not mentioned whether he was or was not still liable to the other feudal duties which had formerly been required of him. These "aids," such as the supply of troops in time of war, and of additional funds when the public service needed money, were of the essence of both Eastern and Western feudalism, and Chait Singh could only have been released from them on the understanding that he was in future to be a sovereign prince. The charter was silent on this subject, but it imposed conditions which were wholly inconsistent with the position of a sovereign prince[1]—and indeed, even Francis and his fellows would hardly have cared to set up an independent state between the Presidency and Oudh, the borders of which they were binding themselves by treaty to defend. But of this silence Chait Singh took advantage to consider himself a sovereign prince, and his contention was frantically upheld by Burke and the Whigs generally, whose detestation of feudalism in Europe impelled them to do all they could to destroy it in Asia.

Hastings, on the other hand, held the view natural to a man with official experience, that Chait Singh's new privileges did not free him from his old responsibilities. His frontiers, like those of Oudh, would need to be defended in case of a Maratha invasion, and the stronger the Maratha power, the greater the danger of Benares, in common with the rest of the British sphere of influence. Therefore, when the prosecution of the Maratha War demanded an increase of force, Chait Singh was called upon to defray the cost of three battalions of Sepoys by an additional contribution of five lakhs annually. The demand interfered with his passion for hoarding wealth, and he endeavoured to escape it by

[1] Hastings to the Court of Directors, Gleig, III. 37-39.

every subterfuge in his power, trying in 1780 to avoid the payment by a private gift of two lakhs to Hastings —which was accepted for the public service, and used to defray the extra expenses of Camac's detachment. Finding that he was not to escape, he raised the rents of all his domains, alleging the subsidy as a reason, but clearing a very handsome profit for himself, and in 1781 he declared it necessary to pawn his jewels, and called in all the money he had lodged in the hands of the Benares bankers, causing widespread distress.[1] The delays necessary to give full effect to these theatrical proceedings were productive of great inconvenience to the Bengal Government, Camac's force being in danger of starvation at the end of 1780 owing to the lack of the money which was to provide their ordinary pay, and it became clear that Chait Singh must be taught his true position. In November, 1780, on the advice of Sir Eyre Coote,[2] Hastings made a further demand upon him for the services of two thousand cavalry, in view of the seriousness of the military situation, but though the Rajah's bodyguard contained more than the required number, he pleaded inability to furnish it, or even one thousand. At the same time, he began to enter into negociations with Sindhia and the Oudh Begums against the English.

No government, and least of all one confronted with the complication of difficulties facing that of Bengal at the moment, could afford to overlook such conduct as this. Coote was barely holding his own in the Carnatic, Goddard had been turned back from Poonah, and Chait Singh trusted to his distance from Calcutta to save him from punishment. The present writer has pointed out elsewhere[3] that others were waiting to follow his example if his boldness were once justified by success,

[1] Gleig, II. 400. The letter containing these particulars, which Gleig gives as anonymous, is to be found in the Correspondence, signed by Major Scott.

[2] Debates.

[3] 'The Great Proconsul,' Appendix III.

and the fact that Benares was a place of pilgrimage for all India would have enabled the news to spread like wildfire that the English were too weak to push matters to extremity with a rebellious vassal. Hastings wasted no time in dealing with the minor malcontents nearer home, but prepared to strike at the most distant, the most powerful, and the most advantageously placed —who was also the spoilt child of the Bengal Government, which had interfered in his favour with the Nawab-Vizier before he passed under their authority. But as has been shown, he attached no such supreme importance to the zamindari and its ruler as his adversaries have contended, and it was the guilty conscience of Chait Singh, who viewed the Governor-General's journey as directed solely against himself, that exaggerated the peril in which he stood.

As a hint to Chait Singh that the patience of the Government was on the point of being exhausted, the Resident at Benares, Francis Fowke, was recalled. This man was a favourite and nominee of the Majority, and had been appointed by them on account of his notorious hostility to Hastings. It had been impossible to imbue him with a sense of the seriousness of the situation, and it is more than probable that he had encouraged Chait Singh in his obstinacy by assurances that Hastings would soon be recalled, and replaced by Francis. His removal was a declaration of war, a sign that the Governor-General was about to take things into his own hands, as his appointment had been the sign of the Governor-General's humiliation. In his place was appointed William Markham, a son of Hastings' old friend and sturdy supporter, the Archbishop of York. Markham was the Governor-General's private secretary, but he had come out originally with Wheler, who was much gratified by his advancement.[1] He had been a zealous and efficient secretary, and was a man of great

[1] State Papers.

personal attractions, as is shown by the favourable impression he produced at the Trial, but he was hardly twenty-one years of age, and his slight knowledge of Persian left him largely in the hands of his native translators. He received orders to repeat the demand for the assistance of a thousand horse, and did so "with almost daily importunity."

The state of public affairs at the time Hastings started on his journey was such as to enable him to do so with a quiet mind. "The ships of the season are all dispatched," he says in his minute of May 21st;[1] "the business of the revenues are put into an easy channel and will not require much of the Board's attention; and nothing of any consequence can happen after the setting in of the rains that can materially affect the tranquillity of the country or the general system of politics; but what chiefly renders the present opportunity favorable is the mutual confidence which, after a period of so many years, is at length happily restored between the Members of this Administration." The state of the Council, indeed, somewhat resembled the solitude which the Romans called peace. The absence of Coote made Hastings and Wheler the only acting members, and for the purposes of the immediate future Wheler was invested with the powers of the Governor-General and Council, for the ordinary business of government, and Hastings with the powers of the Council collectively with his own, for the arrangements to be made with the native powers.[2] Wheler, otherwise "the Council" or "the Board," according to circumstances, was gratified by the appointment of a full staff and an aide-de-camp of his own[3] for the period of the Governor-General's absence, and appears to have enjoyed his new dignity hugely. It could not in any case last very long, for one or more new Members of Council were certain to arrive by the autumn ships

[1] State Papers. [2] Ibid., July 3rd. [3] 'Bengal Gazette.'

from home (uncertainty as to the course which these would adopt had contributed to determine Hastings in seizing the present opportunity), and the Governor-General did not expect to be absent more than three months. He intended to travel "with a very light retinue," congratulating himself that he could "subsist with few conveniences and with little state."[1] That he anticipated no resistance is shown by the fact that Mrs Hastings accompanied him, and although, as is explained in Letter IV. of this series, she remained at Monghyr, he had intended to take her to Benares with him. She was accompanied by Mrs Motte and Mrs Stephen Sulivan, and when her husband left her at Monghyr, "more from a secret impulse than from any solid reason," as he says, he deputed the aide-de-camp Captain Sands to attend upon her.

The names of his own companions may be gathered from the list in the "State Papers" of English gentlemen at Benares on August 21st. Stephen Sulivan[2] was private secretary, Major Palmer military secretary, and Mr Colebrooke Persian secretary. The last-named was the son of Hastings' old supporter Sir George Colebrooke, who writes to Hastings in 1807, apparently in a burst of long pent-up resentment, to complain that so little had been done for the young man. He had not succeeded in amassing a fortune, whereas Stephen Sulivan had been amply provided for by being granted the Opium Contract. The grant was contrary to the Company's orders, it is true, but Sir George says in so many words that this little irregularity would not have troubled him if his son had been allowed to share in the proceeds. The other aides-de-camp were Captain Hogan, Lieutenant James Anderson, and the Governor-General's cousin, Lieutenant Turner. Of the Service there accompanied him David Anderson, brother of the aide-de-camp, who

[1] Gleig, II. 383.

[2] Not Richard Sulivan, as in the index to the State Papers.

was to be detailed to conduct the negociations with Sindhia, Richard Sumner, Richard Johnson, who was to be Middleton's assistant at Lucknow, Charles Chapman, Edward Hay,[1] "sub-secretary to the Hon'ble the Governor-General and Council," and G. F. Grand, husband of the lady upon whom the attentions of Francis had brought disgrace and divorce.[2] In the Governor-General's "family" were Mr Thomson (Francis Thompson, not the George Nesbitt Thompson of the later letters), and Mr Bowers—both of them apparently clerks, and—the name appears curiously in this connection—"Mr Hodges." This was William Hodges, R.A., who had accompanied Captain Cook as draughtsman on his second voyage, and was now making an artistic tour in India. He is recommended to Hastings' patronage in a letter from John McPherson, dated December 31st, 1778, and he made good use of his opportunities in this journey. He painted a number of pictures for Hastings, of which some are still in the possession of Miss Winter, and on his return to England he published his 'Travels in India' in quarto, and a folio of 'Select Views in India,' printed in colours. He died in 1797, leaving a wife and a large family in poor circumstances, and his brother-in-law writes to beg Hastings to buy the drawings from which his pictures were made. Hastings did so, and also showed kindness to the family in other ways.

All arrangements had been made for the journey to begin on July 3rd, but the arrival of despatches from home announcing the outbreak of war with the States of Holland necessitated a short delay, during which orders were sent to the officer commanding at Chandernagor, the Chiefs of the factories at Patna, Dacca, and Murshidabad, and the Resident at Balasore, for the capture of the Dutch posts near those places.[3] The

[1] Misprinted May in the signatures to documents in the State Papers.
[2] See Busteed's 'Echoes from Old Calcutta.' [3] State Papers.

tragi-comedy enacted at Chinsura has already been mentioned.[1] The actual start was made on July 7th.

The following table of times and dates for the journey is compiled from various itineraries :—

Calcutta to Barrackpore, . .	One day, . . .	Arrived July 8th.
Barrackpore to Murshidabad, .	2 days, . . .	Arrived July 10th.
Murshidabad to Rajmahal, . .	2 days, . . .	July 13th to 15th.
Rajmahal to Bhagalpur, . . .	One day.	
(Stay at Bhagalpur until July 23rd.)		
Bhagalpur to Monghyr, 35 miles,	One day, . . .	Arrived July 24th.
(Short stay at Monghyr.)		
Monghyr to Bankipore, . . .	One day.	
(A stay of some time at Bankipore, Patna.)		
Bankipore to Dinapore, . . .	One day, . . .	Arrived August 11th.
Dinapore to Buxar, . . .	One day, . . .	Arrived August 12th.
Buxar to Benares, 63 miles, . .	Two days, . .	Arrived August 14th.

The first part of the voyage up the river was a kind of prolonged picnic, the scenes of which have been chronicled with pen and pencil by the industrious Mr Hodges, who is full of admiration for all that he sees. The miniature prettiness of Chinsura, the flourishing tillage, abundant cattle, neat villages, and swarming population of Lower Bengal, and the park-like surroundings of Bhagalpur, all rouse him to enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm may be conceived to have coloured his pictures of places on the route, which are alleged by later travellers, notably Lord Valentia, to be incorrect owing to exaggeration. He is specially delighted with Bhagalpur, which was shortly to afford Mrs Hastings an asylum, and where Augustus Cleveland,[2] the Collector of the district, had formed for himself a sort of paradise, domesticating on his island all kinds of wild animals, which were brought to him by the hill-people whose confidence he was the first to win. Hodges was almost as much pleased with Monghyr, though here he was chiefly interested in the buildings and fortifications. The place was noted for its fine

[1] See *supra*, p. 51.

[2] See *infra*, p. 195.

situation and pure air, and served as a sanatorium for the troops stationed either in Lower Bengal or up the river. It was also an arsenal, but no regular garrison was kept there, and although Lord Cornwallis afterwards erected additional store-houses, no attempt had been made, even in Lord Valentia's day (1803-4), to bring the fortifications up to date. Goddard, who had formerly commanded here, had built a fine European house, and it was this, probably, that Mrs Hastings inhabited. In consequence of her *ill* health, a trip to Monghyr had been prescribed for her before her husband decided on visiting the Upper Provinces, and when the sudden misgiving which assailed him, as he mentions in Letter IV., determined him to take her no further for the present, he would feel assured that she was left in the surroundings most likely to be of benefit to her. She remained, therefore, at Monghyr, with Mrs Motte and Mrs Sulivan, and Captain Sands in attendance.

The Governor-General and his suite, continuing their voyage, arrived first at Patna, where, says Hodges, the people crowded the banks of the river and perched themselves on roofs and walls to catch a glimpse of Hastings, and were much impressed by the simplicity of his appearance, and the care he took to restrain his *chabdars* from keeping back the multitudes too roughly. At Bankipore, the European settlement, some time was spent, and it was not until August 9th or 10th that the voyage was continued, first to Dinapur and then to Buxar. Here Hastings was met by Chait Singh, who was realising too late the truth Mr Kipling has summarised, that though the patience of the Sarkar is as long as a summer's day, its arm is as long as a winter's night. From this time forward, we have Hastings' own account of his proceedings, given both in the letters written to the Council and printed in the State Papers, and in his "Narrative of the Insurrection at Banaris." The

Rajah, who had continued to return evasive answers to Markham's demand for the body of cavalry, appeared with a guard of two thousand men, a fact which not only gave the lie to his professions of inability to furnish troops, but was in itself a grave discourtesy, since Hastings' own escort was so small. He was received coldly, both on his first visit, and on a second which he paid to the Governor-General's boat the next morning, when he laid his turban on Hastings' knees in token of abject submission. He was ready to promise anything, but Hastings declined to discuss the matter until he had reached Benares, where he arrived on August 14th. Here he took up his quarters in what was known as the garden of Mahdew Doss (Mahadeo Das), an estate situated in the suburbs of the city, containing a number of buildings in one large enclosure, and commanded on every side by houses and trees. The Europeans occupying this numbered about thirty in all. Markham had a newly raised guard of about fifty "orderly sepoys," possessing neither arms nor discipline, and Major Popham had come in from Mirzapur with four companies of Sepoys as guard to the Governor-General —a small enough force, in any case, to defend such a position.

It would seem probable that the sight of Hastings' slender escort, and the fact that it was encamped, so to speak, in a trap, moved Chait Singh to repent of the extreme humility he had shown, for the answer which he sent by Markham to the Governor-General's letter of accusation consisted rather of excuses and self-justification than of promises of amendment. Hastings was quick to notice the change of tone, and lost not a moment in responding to it. To deprive the Rajah of his zamindari would bear an appearance of harshness which he had long ago decided would be inexpedient, but there must be no mistake in future as to the authority from

whom, or the terms on which, he held it. A fine of fifty lakhs of rupees was the punishment he had destined in his own mind for Chait Singh should he prove refractory —this was the famous "intention to inflict a penalty utterly disproportionate to the offence" which Pitt alleged as his reason for the change of front that brought about the impeachment of Hastings—and in view of his inclination to contumacy, he ordered Markham, on the morning of August 16th, to take two companies of Sepoys and place him under arrest.

This was done, and the Rajah, taken by surprise, and for the moment cowed, was made prisoner in his palace of Shiwala Ghat, and left there under the charge of Lieutenant Stalker, who commanded Markham's guard, and had under his orders the two companies of Sepoys commanded by Lieutenants Scott and Simes. Markham gave strict directions that while every indulgence was to be shown to Chait Singh consistent with his position, no one was to be admitted to his presence save certain selected servants, and having thus made things secure, as he thought, returned to Hastings with a piteous letter from the prisoner, which was quickly followed by a second. A reassuring reply was sent, and it was promised that Markham should return and explain matters to him, but even while the young Resident's instructions were being drawn up, alarming news arrived.

Disregarding the orders he had received, Lieutenant Stalker allowed the commanders of Chait Singh's armed forces, of all people, to be admitted to his presence.[1] These armed men, who had escorted the Rajah to Buxar, had accompanied him on his return, and were quartered in the palace fortress of Ramnagar, on the opposite bank of the river, ready to cross at a moment's notice.[2] The order they had expected, to attack the British mission in its undefended quarters, did not come, but they were

[1] Debates. [2] Hastings to Scott, Gleig, II. 426.

summoned instead by their officers to rescue the Rajah from the durance in which he was held by a contemptibly small force. Crossing the river, they swarmed up to the palace, their tumultuous assemblage causing alarm in the minds both of the Sepoy guard and of Hastings and his suite at the garden of Mahadeo Das. At the two places the terrible discovery seems to have been made simultaneously that from some extraordinary idea of making things more agreeable for the Rajah, the Sepoys had taken no ammunition with them. A third company, with a supply of ammunition, was despatched at once under Lieutenant Birrell, and with them Chait Ram, Markham's *chabdar*, a Brahmin of high caste, bearing a verbal message from Hastings to warn Chait Singh that "Every Sepoy is as a European, and every European is as the Company. If a drop of their blood is shed, yours shall answer it."

When the relief detachment arrived at Shiwala Ghat, it found the place surrounded and all the avenues blocked by Chait Singh's troops. Realising the danger of the helpless Sepoys inside, who were stationed in an enclosed square surrounding the Rajah's apartment, Birrell made no attempt to force a passage, and sent the *chabdar* on alone. The old man was well known, from his constant employment by Markham on similar errands, and obtained leave to pass. Rash he may have been, but there is something touching in his confidence in the power of his English masters at such a moment, for to the message, already sufficiently uncompromising, which he had to deliver, he is asserted to have added passionate vituperations of his own. But even before he had reached the Rajah's presence, fire was opened upon Birrell and his force, and at the same moment the armed men nearest the palace rushed in and fell upon the Sepoys. These offered but a feeble resistance, though the three officers redeemed their earlier disobedience by an astonishing fight. Their bodies were found lying close together,

shockingly mangled,[1] when Birrell and his force fought their way in. The Rajah, a craven even in the moment of temporary triumph, had taken advantage of the confusion to escape through a wicket leading to the river, whence he was let down the steep bank, by means of a rope made of turbans tied together, into a boat. His soldiers followed him, "in the same tumultuous manner in which they had assembled," says Hastings.

The position of the Governor-General and his party was now one of extreme danger. Popham had brought up the remainder of his detachment from his camp, about two miles off, too late to rescue the two companies in the palace, but in time to form some sort of garrison at the garden. With Birrell's company, which had suffered some loss, and one or two survivors of the massacre, he could muster four hundred men with which to defend an extended and almost indefensible position. More serious even than the massacre itself was the effect it was certain to produce on the minds of the Sepoys and of the natives generally. The troops who had been wont to boast, "The good fortune of our masters is ours," would think their trust betrayed, the native rulers would flatter themselves that the colossus before which they had bowed down possessed, like its predecessors, feet of clay. At this crisis Hastings acted in the spirit of the words which he had written when confronted with the Carnatic disaster: "Acts that proclaim confidence, and a determined spirit in the hour of adversity, are the surest means of retrieving it. Self-distrust will never fail to create a distrust in others, and make them become your enemies; for in no part of the world is the principle of supporting a rising interest and depressing a falling one more prevalent than in India."[2]

[1] In 1793, Stalker's sister, Mrs Stewart, a widow with seven children, writes to entreat help of Hastings in starting a school, reminding him of her brother's fate. A few days later, she sends a letter of ecstatic gratitude for the assistance he has given her.

[2] Gleig, II. 358.

In pursuance of this principle, the zamindari was at once declared forfeit, and a *Naib* appointed to administer the revenues, in the person of Babu Ausan Singh, who had been Diwan in the time of Chait Singh's father, while troops were ordered up from Chanar, Mirzapur, and Dinapur to assist in preserving order. The Rajah, feeling himself unsafe even in the midst of his four thousand armed men at Ramnagar, fled in the night, taking with him his possessions and his zenana, to the strong fortress of Latifpur, near Chanar. He took with him also his brother and adopted brother, who might otherwise have put themselves forward as heirs of the zamindari, but he overlooked his stepmother, the Rani Gulab Kur, and her son-in-law and grandsons, who began at once to cultivate Hastings, with a lively sense of favours to come.

The dangers of the situation seemed in a fair way to be surmounted when an unfortunate incident revived them in an acute form. The battalion from Chanar, under Captain Blair, had been ordered to join the detachment from Mirzapur, and the combined force was to await Popham's arrival before attempting to enter Benares, since Chait Singh's troops had returned to Ramnagar, and that fortress must be passed. The Mirzapur force, amounting to four companies of Sepoys, one of artillery, and one of Rangers or Chasseurs,[1] was commanded by the senior officer, Captain Mayaffre, of the Artillery. Disregarding the orders he had received, Mayaffre led the combined detachments straight into the town of Ramnagar, the houses of which were packed with Chait Singh's troops. Bullets poured from every roof and window, and the narrow streets witnessed something like a second massacre. Mayaffre and the officer next in seniority were killed, and Captain Blair drew off the remains of the force with the loss of a hundred and three

[1] These were Frenchmen who had entered the British service after the fall of Pondichery, and had been formed by Coote into a separate corps, from which he chose his guard, much to the disgust of the rest of the army.

men, two field-pieces and a howitzer, and returned to Chanar.

This second disaster, which destroyed the good effect produced by the calm resolution of the Governor-General in face of the first, placed him again in imminent peril. Chait Singh had early sent notice of his escape to the Oudh Begums, with whom he had been intriguing before Hastings left Calcutta, and they were raising troops for his support, but Mayaffre's defeat suggested to Ramjeeawun (the spelling is that of Hastings), the commandant of Ramnagar, that he might attack without waiting for them to come up. Hastings had sent out orders in duplicate to the military stations to send reinforcements, and to Middleton at Lucknow for a supply of money, but most of these were either intercepted by the enemy or destroyed by the messengers themselves in fear of capture. Colonel Blair (father of the Captain Blair just mentioned), at Chanar, received the one addressed to him, but so late that the party at Mahadeo Das's garden waited in vain throughout August 21st for the battalion which was to be sent to their rescue. The day was one of indecision, Hastings standing alone against the military officers, who all urged a retreat, pointing out the weakness of their force, the lack of provisions, and the difficulty of defending the place, while he urged the disgrace which would be involved, and the impossibility of abandoning the wounded. Spies brought in continual reports of the preparations making at Ramnagar for the attack, and at seven in the evening word came that the enemy were actually embarking in boats. There was no sign of the reinforcement from Chanar, and at length Hastings gave way and ordered the evacuation of the garden.

Poor Mr Hodges, who had already been driven from the Carnatic by Haidar's incursion, found himself now in a position of even greater peril, for irrespective of the imminent arrival of the force from Ramnagar, there was the danger that the inhabitants of the town would attack

the retreating Europeans as they passed through the streets. Only the fact that the retirement was so suddenly decided upon and so promptly carried out prevented this. Hastings was able to provide for the safety of the wounded by leaving them in the charge of Sadat Ali, brother of the Nawab-Vizier, who was in the neighbourhood, and had offered to come to his support with a thousand men.[1] Prudence forbade the acceptance of this offer, but the prince kept the wounded safe and treated them kindly. The troops were ordered to form into their respective corps, and gain the open country before they could be attacked in the streets, Hastings and his suite marching with them on foot. With him went also Beneram Pundit, the *wakil* or diplomatic agent of the Berar Rajah, who had accompanied him from Calcutta for the purposes of the expected interview with the Diwan Dewagar Pundit. Beneram and his brother, Bissumber Pundit, leaving their family in Benares to the mercy of Chait Singh, insisted on sharing the Governor-General's flight, attended only by a single servant. The mob of attendants belonging to the Europeans, with the palankins and baggage, were ordered to proceed by a different road, to avoid confusion. Taking a wrong turning, they fell in with Chait Singh's troops, and Hastings and his companions lost all their possessions, Hodges alone, as he tells us, saving his drawings and a few changes of linen.

Little more than an hour after starting, the Governor-General met the expected battalion from Chanar, under Captain McDougal, who turned back to escort him. It was a hot night in the rains, and Chanar was twenty miles off, but the chief danger was over when the force was successfully extricated from the town, and at day-break on the 22nd the whole body gained the river-bank opposite the fortress, and were gradually brought across. Hastings was once more in possession of a standing-place

[1] Grand's 'Reminiscences.'

from which to move his world, and of a point of vantage from which he could at once assure his wife of his own safety, and endeavour to secure hers. As he says himself, one side of his mind was occupied in saving British India, the other in thought for his wife, and both sides are reflected in the letters that follow.

In this series, alone of the three, none of the letters in the British Museum MS. are originals. On the wrapper the following words appear in very faint pencil, in a lady's writing (not that of Mrs Hastings):—

"This Paper contains a faithful Copy of the Letters convey'd in Quills to Mrs Hastings while Mr H. was at Chunar.

"The Originals are in Mrs Hastings' possession, together with the Quills in which they are envelop'd."

The signature is illegible, but may be "C. Blair." The original letters and the quills, according to Mr W. H. Hutton,[1] are still in the possession of Miss Winter. The copyist is careful to mention that in several cases the letters were received in "dupplicate."

Mrs Hastings at Patna.

Thanks largely to Hastings' forethought in sending several copies of each letter he wrote at this crisis, very few of them seem to have altogether missed their destination, but not all those that arrived safely have been preserved. The letter from Captain Sands which is given below shows clearly that on August 17th, after the massacre at Shiwala Ghat and the flight of the Rajah, Hastings wrote to his wife an account of what had happened, tranquillising her mind by assurances of the satisfactory way in which things were settling down. This letter is not forthcoming (though we can guess at its contents by that written on the same date to Wheler, and printed in the State Papers), and the first of those

[1] 'By Thames and Cotswold.'

written from Chanar is also missing. This, as we learn from the 'Bengal Gazette,' was despatched on the 22nd, on which day the fugitives had reached Chanar at five in the morning, and the *kasid* who carried it reached Patna safely on the night of the 27th. Thus the letter numbered I. below is really No. II. of the series, or No. III. if that written from Benares is included in it.

Captain Sands' letter is printed here on account of the light it sheds on the state of affairs outside Benares. It will be observed as a curious fact that the native rumours asserting that Hastings had fled to Chanar were received at Patna, not only before the news of the flight itself could have arrived, but also actually before it had taken place. It is clear that the move was expected, but the obstinate resolution of Hastings in remaining at Benares so much longer than was anticipated probably threw the enemy off their guard, and kept them from cutting off his retreat. Be it remembered, then, that his letter of the 17th was received on the 20th at Patna, whither Mrs Hastings had removed, and whence Sands writes the next morning.

BANKIPOOR. *Tuesday Morning. 21st August*, 1781.

DEAR SIR,—Last Night I was relieved by the Arrival of your Letter of the 17th to Mrs Hastings from more Anxiety and Uneasiness of Mind than ever I experienced in my Life before. In the Morning Advices were brought me from several Quarters all agreeing that a Quarrel had happened between you and Rajah Cheyt Sing, and that in Consequence thereof an Action had ensued with the Troops, that the Success on our part was doubtful, but that you had however got safe into Chunar. These Reports from the Natives have so very seldom Truth in them that I was not willing to give Credit to them. But, on the other hand the Dauks for two days not arriving as usual, led me but too justly to believe that there might be some Foundation for them. In this

Situation I was much distressed in what Manner to prepare Mrs H. for what might really be the Case, and to prevent at the same Time these Reports (as they were told), from coming to her Ears. She had herself expressed much Uneasiness at not hearing for so many days from you, and by some Means or other she knew that Cheyt Sing had been disposed lately to be refractory. I therefore thought it most proper to tell her that Reports were that the Rajah was really so disposed, and that you had gone up to Chunar, as being a more convenient Situation to transact your Business at, and that in Consequence of moving to that Place, the Dauks had not been regularly dispatch'd. At the same Time I watched her all Day, and kept every Body from her, whom I thought might tell the real Accounts we had received. By my acting in this Manner, it saved her from an Anxiety, which I am sure no Frame possessed with her Feelings could have supported. When your Letter arrived, to prepare her for what She might read, I told her what the Reports had been. She read it with Composure, and seemed much at Ease and in Spirits, for about half an Hour after; but her Mind was so agitated with the Thoughts of the Danger you had escaped, and of that which you might still be in, that it broke forth all at once, and She remained for about a Quarter of an Hour in an Histeria. She was carried to Bed directly, and Mrs Motte has this Moment given me the very pleasing Information that She has had an exceeding good Night's rest and is pretty well this Morning. As the Dauk sets out from hence at nine in the Morning, which may be too early to write as She intends, I thought it would be satisfactory to you to know how She did, after the Disagreeable Advices from Benares.—I am ever, Dear Sir, with unfeigned Gratitude and Attachment, Your devoted and faithful Servant,

WM. SANDS.

The Hon'bl. W. Hastings, Esqre.

It is uncertain when Mrs Hastings had moved to Bankipur (which, says the Hon. Emily Eden in 'Up the Country,' is "a sort of Battersea to Patna"), but it was probably on the arrival of the first alarming rumours as to her husband's safety. She was staying at the house of Mr Euan Law, the senior civil servant, and while there it fell to her to take a prominent part in the crisis of the moment. The effect of Hastings' reassuring letter of the 17th soon wore off, as fresh reports came pouring in, and it became clear that some second disaster had occurred. The native author of the *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin* says it was universally believed that the Governor-General had been killed in trying to escape from Benares, while as far down the river as Murshidabad express messengers arrived bearing the testimony of alleged eye-witnesses who asserted that they had seen his head and right hand suspended over the gateway of Chait Singh's fortress of Bijaigarh. The Sepoys at the different stations became insubordinate and deserted in large numbers, discontented zamindars began a correspondence with Chait Singh, the Oudh Begums proceeded to acts of open hostility, and in Lucknow the Resident, Middleton, and the Nawab-Vizier's French commander, Colonel Martin or Martine, were obliged to fortify their quarters and plant cannon in readiness for defence. The European inhabitants of Patna believed everything they heard, and fell into a piteous state of panic. Not twenty years had elapsed since the Patna Massacre, when English men, women, and children to the number of two hundred had been slaughtered in cold blood by the troops of Kasim Ali Khan, under the orders of the renegade Samru, and the well into which their bodies had been thrown was to that generation what the Well at Cawnpore is to this one. The prospect of a second massacre seems to have turned all hearts to water, and the proposal was actually made to evacuate the settlement, and take refuge down the river. No enemy was in sight, but the zamindars of

Behar were disaffected, and the result must have been destruction to the garrisons higher up the river, and to Hastings and his companions. This threatened flight Mrs Hastings succeeded in preventing, inducing the Company's servants not only to remain at their posts, but to keep their wives and children with them, merely indicating the Killa, or citadel, which was provisioned and placed in a state of defence, as the place of refuge for which all were to make in case of an alarm. The details of this personal triumph on the part of a woman and a foreigner are unfortunately wanting. In a letter to Scott,[1] Hastings says that he dare not write them himself, lest he should exaggerate, but he has directed Captain Sands to do so, putting him on his honour to relate everything exactly as it occurred. He appears to have kept no copy of Captain Sands' account, and all enquiries have failed to trace the letter itself. It was to be shown to Hastings' confidential friends at home, and may therefore have been copied, or even privately printed, and it is to be hoped that it may yet be discovered. In the last letter which Hastings dictated to his faithful friend Colonel Toone, he refers thus to the incident:—

"In one instance especially, when she was in the city of Patna, and I in a seat of greater danger, she proved the personal means of guarding one province of (the Company's) Indian dominion from impending ruin by her own independent fortitude and presence of mind, varying with equal effect as every variation of event called upon her for fresh exertions of it."[2]

LETTER I.

In explanation of the shortness of the letters of this series, it must be remembered that the originals are written in a very minute hand upon slips of the thinnest

[1] Gleig, II. 451. [2] Gleig, III. 521.

paper, so as to be easily rolled up and pushed inside a quill, which was carried in the ear of the messenger, and escaped discovery from the fact that it seemed to court rather than to avoid notice. The same expedient was adopted by the defenders of Lucknow in 1857, with the additional precaution, necessitated by the more general knowledge of English among the natives, of writing the message in Greek characters. The first letter sent from Chanar was written, it will be remembered, on August 22nd, and Letter III. shows that Mrs Hastings answered it on the 28th, the day after she received it. It is probable that Hastings sent off these little missives day after day, with much the same wording, in the hope that one or two of them might get through.

Of CHANAR the most detailed description left us is that of Bishop Heber in 1824. He says, "Its fortress, which is of great extent, formerly of first-rate importance, and still in good repair, covers the crest and sides of a large and high rock, with several successive enclosures of walls and towers, the lowest of which have their base washed by the Ganges." He refers, as do Hastings' companions, to the great heat of the place, caused by the absence of shade "and the reflection and glare of the light grey rock, the light grey castle, the light grey sand, the white houses, and the hot bright river." For the defence of the fort, standing on an isolated rock, "bordered on every side by a very awful precipice," the garrison relied chiefly on a large supply of stone cylinders, "pretty much like garden-rollers," which would be rolled down upon an attacking foe. The projected use of these unconventional missiles was perhaps owing to the fact that in Heber's day the fort had been largely denuded of its artillery for the purpose of the Burmese War, while the garrison was chiefly composed of invalids, both Europeans and Sepoys. One of the former had fought under Clive, so that it is quite probable that among them there were others who would have remembered

Hastings and the flight from Benares. Like Hodges, the Bishop mentions the Hindu holy place enclosed in the fort, containing only a slab of black marble, on which the Deity was supposed to rest perpetually, save between the hours of six and nine in the morning, when he visited Benares, at which time alone the fortress could be captured.

CHUNAR : *26th August.*

I am at Chunar, safe and in perfect Health. I entreat you to return to Calcutta. Be confident, my Beloved. All is now well, and will be better. I have no Fears but for you. W. H.

LETTER II.

When this letter was written, Hastings was still a refugee, unable to determine whether his letters to the different military stations had been received. For all he knew, the revolt might be general, and the garrisons able merely to maintain their ground, as the native reports declared. This hypothesis must have been strengthened by the difficulty of obtaining money, due to the total, though temporary, destruction of credit. The Chanar garrison, augmented by the remains of the Mirzapur detachment and the Sepoys who had arrived with Hastings, was actually in distress for provisions, and Colonel Blair could only, by the exercise of extreme pressure, obtain 2500 rupees from the native bankers of the place, who had grown rich under the protection of the fortress. Hastings mentions that he told Beneram Pundit of his difficulties, more as a mark of confidence than because he thought he could give him any help, but "He instantly and with some eagerness replied that his family at Benares were in possession of a lack of rupees collected in specie, of which he made me the instant

offer, proposing that a battalion of sepoys should be sent to receive and bring it away, his brother at the same time offering to accompany the escort and to deliver the money. I thankfully accepted the offer, and should have adopted the mode which they recommended for bringing away the money had I not been fearful of exposing their family to the vengeance of Cheyt Sing, . . . neither could I at that time devise any other contrivance to avail myself of assistance which had been thus generously pressed upon me." [1] In spite of all his discouragements, however, Hastings maintained a bold front. While he was still at Benares, he had received from Chait Singh letters expressing slight concern for what had passed, and offering indefinite professions of fidelity, but had left them unanswered, and the Nawab-Vizier, who was approaching to pay his respects, was begged to return to Lucknow. The Sarkar must not even seem to be indebted for safety to a native prince and his army, however friendly.

BAUGULPOOR or Boglepore (Bhagalpur), was the scene of Cleveland's labours for the Paharis. Hodges describes the situation of his house, built on an elevated island, four miles across, with the Ganges on one side of it, and a nullah on the other. (It must be remembered that he saw it in the rains.) The country, he says, was park-like, with splendid isolated trees and sylvan glades. Forbes describes the house as a large and beautiful building on the Italian model, standing at the head of a lawn which sloped to the river and was planted with flowering shrubs. Close at hand was a paddock inhabited by elks and other curious deer.

The reference to STEPHEN SULIVAN is, of course, a kindly message for Mrs Sulivan, whose anxiety for her husband's safety was one of the things that had brought about the breach between her and Mrs Hastings. Their differences first became acute at Monghyr, and Mrs

[1] State Papers.

Sulivan complains bitterly of the treatment she received at Patna, where Mrs Hastings left her out in the cold, never communicating to her the news she received. It is easy to understand how the younger lady's pre-occupation with a comparatively obscure individual would grate upon the woman all of whose thoughts were engrossed with Cæsar and his fortunes, and on the other hand, how unkind and unsympathetic Mrs Hastings must have appeared to Mrs Sulivan.

CHUNAR. *27th August.*

MY MARIAN,—I am here in perfect health and safety, my only present Fear is for you. I desire to have no Fears. I beg you will return to Baugulpoor and as you shall be advised to Calcutta. Sulivan eats, drinks and is merry. My whole party is well. Be confident: no Harm will befall me. My Danger was great, but it is all past. May God bless and support you, my most beloved. I feel and have felt much for you, and am yet unhappy till I know where you are. Your ever most faithful and affectionate W. H.

LETTER III.

Between the despatch of this letter and the preceding one the situation had materially improved. Lieutenant Polhill arrived at Chanar from Allahabad on August 27th, with six companies of the Nawab-Vizier's bodyguard, and on the 30th made a daring expedition to seize a large store of grain at Sikr, three miles away. The village was held by a considerable body of troops, but these were dispersed by Polhill without loss, and the grain secured, which relieved Chanar from the fear of starvation. This success was the more important that

most of the Governor-General's orders to the military stations had miscarried, owing to "the vigilance of the people who are stationed in every part of the zemindarry to intercept my letters." No despatch reached Colonel Morgan at Cawnpore, on whose speedy arrival Hastings was counting, but on August 29th he received the native accounts of what had taken place, and judging, as Mrs Hastings and Captain Sands had done, from the interruption of the dāks, that these were justified, he embarked as large a force as possible, comprising Sepoys and European infantry and artillery, and sent them off on his own responsibility. On the 31st Hastings writes to Wheler, trusting his letter to a light boat which would be carried down by the combined influence of the stream and a strong west wind too quickly to be intercepted, that he is confident Morgan will take this course, and that a body of horse from Patna is already on its way. On the 3rd of September occurred the success mentioned in the letter, when Major Popham, who was encamped on the plain eastwards of the fort, detailed Captain Blair with his Sepoy battalion, two companies of Popham's own grenadiers, and two guns, to beat up the enemy's quarters at Patita. Blair's approach was expected, and he succeeded only by detaching his grenadiers to make an attack on the guns from the rear, but he was able to seize or destroy all the enemy's stores with the exception of a quantity of shot. The four guns captured had been brought from Ramnagar to strengthen the position, and in writing to Wheler Hastings remarks that though of native manufacture, they were almost equal to the British weapons, their cartridges and portfires as good, and their powder much better.[1]

The military assemblage at Chanar was not exempt from personal jealousies. It appears that Hastings had ordered Popham to encamp outside the fortress in order

[1] State Papers.

to avoid a conflict of authority between him and Colonel Blair, but the Colonel put forth immediately a claim to command Popham at least as long as he was under the Chanar guns, and it was necessary for the Governor-General definitely to place the junior officer in independent command.

MAJOR MOSES CRAWFURD (Crawford in the State Papers) was in command of the body of cavalry despatched to Hastings' assistance by Colonel Ahmuty at Bankipur.

The NAWAB-VIZIER, who had been begged to return to Lucknow, yielded to the request so far as to send back his army, but came on himself with a small escort — a hundred horse and four companies of his bodyguard — and his personal attendants. Touched by this proof of fidelity, Hastings wrote to offer him a warm welcome.

MRS WHITE was the wife of Major White, one of the officers of the Chanar garrison, who had been on a visit to Benares when the first outbreak occurred. Mrs White was a cousin of Hastings. There is a letter from her in the Correspondence, artlessly confessing that she is rather hazy as to the exact degree of the relationship,[1] but asking for promotion for her husband on the strength of it!

The allusion to C. (or S.) SULLIVAN at the end of the letter is unexplained. It may possibly refer to Stephen Sulivan.

CHANAR. *8th September.*

(Of this Letter there is a Dupplicate.)

MY MOST BELOVED MARIAN,—I thank God that my first letter from hence reached you, and that I this

[1] The connection was evidently through Mrs White's mother, who she says was a Mosley, and her grandmother, a Matthews, who was a Worcestershire lady, related to the Doveys, the Burches, and the Blaneys, but she makes no attempt to trace it exactly.

morning received yours of the 28th in answer to it. It is your first letter and I shall continue to read it, till I get another. It has relieved my Fears but not removed them. I hope you have left Patna; but do not stay at Baugulpoor. Go on to Murshedabad. It is necessary to my peace of mind and you may easily return when these Troubles, and the consequent Alarms, are past. You shall hear from me, or of me, daily. I expect two Regiments of Seepoys, 40 artillery, and two companies of European Infantry hourly from Cawnpoor; another Regiment from Lucnow; Major Crawfurd is near and I have already a Force here, which has been proved superior to the Enemy's whole Force, though too weak in numbers to hazard the Commencement of our intended operations. On the 3rd, Captain Blair attacked and defeated a large body of the best Troops at Pateeta, 5 miles off, took all the Guns (4) Tumbrils (4) and Ammunition and cleared the Field not without Loss on our Side. Our strength was 550 men; theirs above 4000.—We shall risk no more, but wait the Junction of all our Forces.—The Nabob is near. I am in perfect Health; Sulivan is and has been at all Times well and in laughing Spirits.

Be confident, my Marian. I will return to you triumphant. May God protect you. Amen!

Yours ever, ever W. H.

P.S. . I use this Blank to tell you, that I never loved you, as I love you in the midst of my greatest Troubles and have suffered more in my Fears for you, than, I hope, I ever shall for myself.

P.P.S. . All my Party are well.. I am greatly indebted

to Coll. Blair for his attention and to Mrs White for the Clothes now on my back. This is the Climate of Paradise. I will remember C: Sullivan.

LETTER IV.

Hastings is now made happy by the assurance that his wife has left Patna, and is in comparative safety at Bhagalpur. Her departure seems to have delivered over the minds of the Bankipur residents to fresh panic. On the night of September 11th, a village in the neighbourhood was accidentally set on fire by the torch-bearers accompanying an important Hindu marriage procession, the noise and excitement inseparable from which added to the effect produced by the conflagration. Believing that Chait Singh's army was upon them, the Europeans fled into the Killa pell-mell, in their night attire, to the intense amusement of the people who read of their terrors in safety at Calcutta.

These alarms afford a curious illustration of the tendency of the human mind to believe bad news rather than good, for since the affair at Patita Chait Singh was far too busy providing for his own safety to think of sparing any part of his army to make a wild raid on distant Patna. In the letter to Wheler which Hastings enclosed in this one to his wife, and which she was to copy and send on, he mentions that "the Raja has made repeated overtures for peace, less humble in terms than in the mode, but I have declined to answer him or even to temporize."[1] The Cawnpore detachment has arrived, a regiment from Lucknow has passed Allahabad and is hourly expected, Crawford and his body of horse are ready to join Popham as soon as he moves. The Nawab-Vizier has arrived on the opposite bank of the river, where Hastings has visited him, and he proposes to

[1] State Papers.

cross and encamp close at hand with his small escort. Popham is to begin operations on the 14th. The tremendous decision must have been already taken, to which Thompson alludes twenty-two years later in mentioning "the only but emphatic Words which Popham uttered when he came out from that Conference in which you had given him your Plan and Instructions for the Attack of all Chiet Sing's Forts at once. They were these—'*He should have been a General.*'" The devotion of the army to Hastings, which was evidenced by the extraordinary promptitude and heartiness of their efforts to succour him, was justified by his confidence in them.

Sir Elijah and Lady Impey, leaving their children in Calcutta, had been making a tour through Upper Bengal, partly for health and recreation, says their son, partly in order to inspect the district courts newly established under the presidency of the Chief Justice. They met Mrs Hastings at Monghyr, went with her to Patna, and were now her fellow-guests under Cleveland's hospitable roof at Bhagalpur.

MAJOR EATON is found in Series III. commanding the troops at Buxar. His name is not in the list of officers who were at Benares with the Governor-General, so that he must have arrived with the detachment from Cawnpore, and have been acting as an additional secretary in view of the heavy work entailed by the sending of all letters in triplicate at least.

The Nawab-Vizier's feeling for Hastings was of a personal rather than a political nature. He seems to have conceived a kind of romantic attachment for "the Nabob Amaud-ud-Dowlah," as he calls him,[1] using his native name, "the Prop of the State," and as long as he was subject to his personal influence he did well. Once away from that, his unworthy favourites quickly regained their power.

[1] State Papers, where it is misprinted *Amana*, and see *infra* pp. 230, 285.

CHUNAR—*11th of September.*

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I was going to write to you, when I received Yours of the 3rd. You have made me happy, notwithstanding a Mixture of Pain and Apprehension. Do not, my beloved, yield to your fears or distrust the good Influence that guards and supports your Husband, that Influence which prompted me, without apparent Reason, to leave you, my Heart's Treasure, in a Land of Safety. How happy for us both!—Tell Sir Elijah that I wrote to him early from Benaris two Letters, one of great Consequence, and I desired Major Eaton lately to write to him. May God bless him for his Kindness to you. Tell him I thank him.—Read the enclosed and send it to Mr Wheler. Copy it, shew it to our Friends. I think you may remain at Baugulpoor, but do not, if you hear the least alarm. You judged wisely. Exert that Fortitude which you possess and do not suffer any Thoughts of me to distress your Tranquillity or affect your Health. I never was better than I am, and have been in all my Troubles, and am happy to find by this severe Trial, that I have a Mind which can accommodate itself to every Situation, to all but one. I can bear every Affliction of which you are not the Subject. Sullivan is well and hearty. I deputed him yesterday as my Ambassador to the Nabob, who made many Enquiries after you. Everyone knows the Language which will please me most.

Adieu, my Beloved. W. H.

LETTER V.

When this Letter was written, the preparations for the advance were almost complete. On September 13th Major Roberts and his regiment had arrived from Lucknow, bringing a lakh of rupees sent by Middleton, which was distributed among the Sepoys, whose pay was four months in arrears. Hastings had visited their camp frequently and reviewed them, listening to their complaints and promising to relieve their necessities as soon as possible. The "noble behaviour" of the Nawab-Vizier, to which he refers in the letter, enabled him to do this even more effectually. Asaf-u-Daula presented him with the sum of ten lakhs of Oudh sicca rupees, in bills, as a personal gift, and this relieved him from his most pressing difficulties. The money was applied to the payment of the troops and other imminent needs, but Hastings cherished the hope that the Court of Directors would ultimately refund it to him as an act of grace, in view of his services in suppressing the rebellion and securing a largely increased tribute from Benares. In this expectation he was disappointed.

The movement against Chait Singh's fortresses began the night after this letter was written, Major Crabb, who commanded the Cawnpore detachment, marching at 10 P.M. by a roundabout route against Latifpur, and Popham at 2 A.M. against Patita. It was the general expectation that Ramnagar would be the first object of attack, and Chait Singh, who was at Latifpur, believed himself comparatively safe. Besides these three fortresses, he was holding Satisgarh, near Ramnagar, and—as his last line of defence—the great hill-fort of Bijaigarh.

It is pleasant to learn that Mrs Hastings never forgot her husband's obligation to BENERAM PUNDIT and his brother. In 1820, Bissumber Pundit's widow writes to her through John Palmer to ask for her help. Hastings had given "the lease of the Maufee or exempted pur-

gunnah of Buhreeabad" to the two brothers,[1] and the Governor-General and Court of Directors now have under consideration the resumption of all such leases. The family have no other means of support, and the widow begs that Mrs Hastings will exert her influence at the India House, as she has done on a former occasion (presumably through Toone), that the grant may be continued to them.

CHUNAR. *15th September.*

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—My last was dated the 11th with the Dupplicate of the 8th originally taken. I have answered yours of the 3rd. All our forces are assembled, except Major Crawford, and him I expect in 2 days. The Nabob has been some Days here. He has behaved nobly. We have now a fine Army, and greater than Need, but that it is prudent to err on the surest Side. Our Officers are zealous and the Men attached, and the Leader an established Character. You will hear the worst reports. Believe none, and be confident that in a few Days all will be decidedly well. I am in Health as usual. Sulivan if possible better and all our Party is well. I have one Soul wholly engrossed by public Affairs, and another that by Night and Day is ever employed on my dearest Marian. I still hope to see you in another Month. Do not be uneasy, if you do not receive frequent Letters from me, 3 in 4 miscarry. Compliments. Adieu, my most Beloved, W. H.

P.S. . Beneram Pundit and his Brother have shewn an uncommon Attachment to me. You will like them for it. I dread the Effects of the Weather on your Health.

[1] Hastings writes to Charles D'Oyly (without date):—"When I was at Benares in 1780, I bestowed a Piece of land in Gâzeepoor on Beneram Pundit. . . . If . . . the family . . . have been deprived of this property, I will entreat you to put them in the way to obtain the restitution of it."

LETTER VI.

Major Crawford, coming from Patna, was able to carry longer letters than it had been safe to entrust to native messengers, and Mrs Hastings had taken advantage of the opportunity. Sir Elijah had also written, giving a full account of her success in infusing courage into the Europeans at Bankipur. His letter, like that written later to Scott by Captain Sands, is unfortunately missing, but its tenor may be guessed from the expressions used by Sands in the following :—

BAUGULPOOR. *3rd October*, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,—As Mrs Hastings wrote you by every Opportunity that offered during the time the Communication by the Dauk was shut up, I could have nothing to say to you, which would have been a sufficient Reason for hazarding the Cossids being detected by giving unnecessary Letters to them.—This I offer as an Apology for my Silence, though I am convinced you do not desire one from me.—To say only that I was affected by the Dangers you have undergone, would be merely to declare that I have Feelings.—I felt more than I can describe, or shall avow.—Mrs Hastings is such a Woman as I really believe no Country ever before produced, or will again.—She is, without a Compliment, my dear Sir, the Glory of Sex.—I am sure She is the Admiration of ours, by all that know her, and those in particular, who have seen her within these six weeks past.—So much Resolution and Firmness of Mind were never surely united in one before.—I would attempt to describe her Heroism to you, but so far am I from being equal to it, it is a Task the ablest Pen would find difficult to accomplish. She writes you to day.—I have therefore nothing to add but my Congratulations on the happy Termination to the Troubles you have been involved in, and to assure you, my dear Sir,

that I ever am with the most unfeigned Gratitude and Regard,

Your very faithful and devoted Servant,

WM. SANDS.

It is clear that Mrs Hastings found the Impeys more agreeable travelling companions than Mrs Sulivan. That unfortunate lady complains that she was not told of Mrs Hastings' intended return to Bhagalpur, and that she was left at Mr Law's house at Patna. Mrs Motte sympathized with her, but could not do anything to alleviate her position. When she wrote to suggest rejoining Mrs Hastings' party, she received a peremptory letter desiring her to do nothing of the kind. This snub she accepted as final, and, through her husband, laid her grievances before Mr Hastings in future.

Popham's report[1] of the capture of Patita is short and sweet:—

"DEAR SIR, I have the happiness to inform you we are in possession of Pateeta, and I believe with little loss. When the enemy heard our attack a large body posted on the hills to the left of our rear made for the camp, but European grenadiers and light infantry whom I kept as a corps de reserve moved and totally routed them. Their cavalry at the same time made a motion with some infantry towards the right of our camp, on which a gun was sent through some high grass to our outpost, and by firing two or three rounds obliged them fly. Could I have afforded a few sepoys from the camp, or had the cavalry done anything, numbers of the runaways must have been destroyed. I just hear very few of our sepoys have been killed and not an officer hurt. The enemy has sustained great loss.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"WILLIAM POPHAM."

[1] State Papers.

Hastings describes the place as "inconsiderable (? considerable) in itself, being a fortified stone house within a very high rampart and ditch of great depth, and the town, which is of great extent, surrounded by entrenchments, . . . all obscured from observation by trees and thick bushes."

MAJOR FULLARTON is only mentioned in the Correspondence in one or two undated letters from Sir Robert Barker, the Bengal Commander-in-Chief, which are probably to be attributed to the time of the Rohilla Campaign, 1774. Barker recommends Captain John Fullarton as Quartermaster-General and Barrackmaster to his force on account of his knowledge of the country in which it is to operate, and of the language, customs, and castes of the people. Fullarton died at Patna in 1804.

The "Ead or Festival" is the Bairâm or Id-al-Fitr, celebrated at the termination of the month-long fast of Ramazan.

CHUNAR. *20th September.*

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—Major Crawford arrived yesterday and brought me many of your letters, and this Day came a most welcome one of the 7th, which Major Fullarton tells me came from Bar in your Return to Baugulpoor. You are safe and I am happy. But do not remain even at Baugulpoor, if you hear any Alarm. Go on. You may return to meet me and the Water is your Element. I was frightened in reading some of your Letters, your wild Fancies and your Danger in approaching Patna. I have received a Letter from Sir Elijah, which has affected me even to a Weakness. O that I could see my sweet Marian for one Hour! You have been mistaken. I never was surrounded at Chunar, nor in anything like Danger, though I have felt all the Dangers to which others were exposed. I have lived even luxuriously, and

breathed, till this last week, the Air of Paradise. There are now 6 Regiments of Sepoys; two European Compagnies; 45 Rangers, 30 Artillery and 400 bad Horse, an Army equal to any Service. Now attend. There are—2 Forts, Pateeta 6 Miles off, in Sight: Luttefpoor 6 Miles further in the same Line. On the 15th at 10 P.M. Major Crabb marched by a long Circuit to surprize the first, but by bad Roads was three Days on the Way, instead of one. He was—yesterday near it and in the Plain. Major Popham marched four Hours later to Pateeta, but it has proved a Place of too great Strength for a Coup de Main. This Morning he attacked and took it (at 6, by Storm), and routed a great Rabble, that attempted his Camp. I saw the firing and Progress of the Action, which extended 4 Miles. They were in great Numbers, their best Troops (the Rabble), and the Fort of exceeding Strength. Yet I thank God our Loss in Seepoys was very small, and no Officer hurt. I cannot rejoice at Victories won with Blood. That we lost no more I ascribe to our Concentration. This will decide our present Influence, and give it a new Turn. I hope to give you more good News, two or three Days hence. I am well, perfectly well. I am glad that Mrs Sulivan is not with you, and that Sir Elijah is. May God bless and protect you. I was ever happy in my Marian. I am now proud of her. This Trial has shown to the World that Worth, of which I only before knew the Degree. Tell Mrs Motte I love and esteem her. I write to Sir Elijah.

Yours ever, my Beloved. W. H.

P.S. . The Nabob has behaved honourably and seems

sincerely rejoiced at our Success, which I carried to him with a Congratulation for the Ead or Festival, a Point of Importance to a superstitious Mind. All my Party is well. None better than I am.

LETTER VII.

The letter to Wheler enclosed in this conveyed the news that while Hastings was visiting Popham's camp and inspecting with him the captured fortifications of Patita, "we had the satisfaction to receive by a regular salute of 21 guns the instant information of the possession of Lutteefpoor by Major Crabb." A postscript adds that on the same day Major Balfour took possession of Ramnagar, which had been evacuated the evening before.

CONTOO BAUBOO (Kantu Babu), was Hastings' *diwan* —perhaps "man of business" would express his duties best to English readers. He had full charge of his employer's money matters and household affairs, and arranged loans for him when necessary—for a consideration, of course. He was regarded with considerable suspicion by most of Hastings' acquaintances—though never, apparently, by Hastings himself, and it appears from the Correspondence that though he had grown rich in his service, he displayed no indiscreet alacrity in coming to his rescue at the time of his greatest distress in 1791. The faithful Beneram Pundit sent his patron 25,000 sicca rupees on hearing of his difficulties from Chapman, and Contoo was stimulated by this example to promise 8000. Contoo had been left behind in Benares at this time by accident. Chait Singh, trying to gain time and throw Hastings off his guard, continued his pretended negociations up to the last moment, and his *wakil* was visiting Contoo when the Mission took its departure. On the arrival of the Rajah's troops the *diwan* was arrested and taken to Bijaigarh, together with Mr

Barnet and one of Markham's *maulvis*. The *maulvi* was murdered by Chait Singh's order, and as his fellow and the *chabdar* had both fallen in the massacre of Shiwala Ghat,[1] the three men to whose provocation the Rajah attributed the outbreak were all disposed of.

MR BARNET appears in the list of Hastings' companions on August 21st as "an inhabitant of Benares." Sir Elijah Impey refers to him in a letter as "the Jew of Benaris," and gives an account of his proceedings later on which shows that he was a diamond-merchant, of a type that would nowadays seek its profits in transactions such as are veiled under the letters I.D.B. Chait Singh's treatment of him was contemptuous rather than cruel. He obliged him to write to Hastings and propose terms of peace, and the 'India Gazette' says that he made him *notch* (dance) and sing for his amusement.

CHUNAR. *22nd September.*

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I wrote to you yesterday and to Sir Elijah. Read the enclosed. Let Sands copy it for our Friends, and forward it to Calcutta to Mr Wheler. I am amazingly well. I hope that I shall be again at Benares in three Days more. Enough for one Letter. I love you ever most dearly. God protect you. W. H.

P.S. . I have the joy to tell you that Advice (is) just arrived from Lutteefpoor that Contoo and Mr Barnet are both arrived there in Safety, dismissed from Bidjeygur.

LETTER VIII.

The letter which is found eighth in order in the manuscript has been headed by the copyist:—"This Letter has no Date, but was propably (sic) written the 21st of Sep-

[1] Hastings to Scott, Gleig, II. 425.

tember." Internal evidence shows, however, that it could not have been written before the 24th, as it is a mere variant of the letter bearing that date. They are therefore placed together, and the present Letter VIII. is that which appears in the MS. as IX.

Major Crabb's achievement is described with more detail in Hastings' letter to Wheler of September 29th:—

"The first detachment marched on the night of the 15th by a large circuit through almost impracticable ways. But the spirit of the officers and men surmounted every difficulty. In places where the guns could not be drawn by bullocks the sepoys lifted them up the rocks, and at length on the morning of the 20th[1] they arrived at the heights lying behind and above the Fort of Lutteefpoor, at a place called Lora, which commands a pass descending to Lutteefpoor and reputed inaccessible against opposition but from above. The profound secrecy with which this expedition was undertaken, and to which the security of the enemy in a region so unfrequented not a little contributed, prevented any opposition to our troops in the difficult parts of their route. Their first movement only, but neither their strength nor destination was known till their very approach. At Lora they met a body of 2000 of the enemy, which they defeated and dispersed with little loss on our side, but on theirs of 200 men killed on the spot. The next morning they took possession of the pass and of the Fort of Lutteefpoor, which they found evacuated."

The bad effects of the temporary eclipse of British credit and influence, to which Hastings refers, may be summarised from his "Narrative." Every packet, he says, brought news of fresh distresses. Half of Oudh was as rebellious as Benares itself, Behar was invaded by a chieftain named Fatih Shah, with aid from Chait Singh, and the local zamindars, if not actually joining him with hastily levied troops, were only waiting to see how he

[1] Misprinted in State Papers 26th, as, shortly before, 16th appears for 10th.

succeeded, while the Nepaul government took advantage of the preoccupation of the paramount power to seize a tract of country which had long been in dispute. So ready were minor misdoers to emulate their superiors that we learn from the 'Bengal Gazette' that boats were plundered on the river between Patna and Buxar—each petty land-owner reviving his old claim to levy toll and assess it to his own satisfaction.

CHUNAR. *23rd of September.*

(Of this Letter there is a Dupplicate.)

MY MARIAN,—I wrote to you the 21st and 22nd. I repeat the Substance and add the later Intelligence. The Fort of Pateeta lies South-east about 7 Miles, Lutteefpoor at the same Distance beyond it in the same Line. The Rajah was at Lutteefpoor. His Forces divided between both. Our Plan was to attack both at once, while all expected us to begin at Ramnagur. On the 15th at 10 P.M. Major Crabb marched and making a large Circuit over Rocks and Hills came on the Back of Lutteefpoor, on the 19th undiscovered. On the 20th he attacked and defeated a Body of 2000, killing 150; and the 21st entered Lutteefpoor evacuated the preceding Evening. Major Popham marched against Pateeta the 16th at 3 A.M.: and after battering it 2 Days without Impression, on the Morning of the 20th he stormed and took it, dispersing 2 Bodies at the same Time in the Field. The Rajah fled that Evening with Precipitation. I know not what is become of him or his Troops. Ramnagur was evacuated the same Evening, and I hear that his other Garrisons have followed the Example. I went (rode) on the 21st to Pateeta, and admire how it was taken in its actual State. At One I had the Happiness to hear 21 Guns regularly

fired from Lutteefpoor, which we all understood to be the Signal of instant Possession. Major Balfour took peaceably Possession of Ramnagur yesterday afternoon. Bidjeygur, a Place of great reputed Strength remains. It is 32 Miles from Lutteefpoor, and Major Popham's next Object. It is enough that our Credit and Influence are restored. The Effects might have been dreadful and were becoming universal. I go to Benares on the 26th. All is quiet there. I shall be well guarded. I am delighted with the Spirit of our Officers and with such a wonderful Instance of the Principle of Union animating our Government. On the 21st of August I fled with 400 Men, and many thousands prepared to attack me, from Benares. Armies spontaneously hastened to my Aid, and on the 21st of the following Month completely retrieved all that we before had lost. Read this to Sir Elijah and Lady Impey and our Friends with my Compliments. Adieu my Love.

LETTERS IX. and X.

Hastings' renewed fears for his wife's safety, so prominent in both these letters, were quite unnecessary so far as Chait Singh was concerned. He had no intention of doing anything so foolish as to make a dash for Bhagalpur with the thousand men who remained at his disposal. Popham says on October 9th:—

"The Raja by an unfrequented route reached Bijeygur the next morning (September 22nd), but after having given some instructions to the killadar (commandant), left his family in the place and fled to Agowree, a fort upon the Soane close to the borders of his own district, with a quantity of treasure said to amount to a crore of

rupees on elephants and camels. . . . Major James Crawford with his corps and one battalion is at present detached in pursuit of the Raja, who has left Agowree, and fled further off, with intentions to take protection in Bundelkhund."

Hastings mentions in his "Narrative" that Chait Singh carried with him a lakh of gold mohurs and fifteen or sixteen lakhs of rupees. He left his mother, the Rani Panna, to hold Bijaigarh, of which Popham says, "The fort is in good repair, with a wall and towers verging close to the steep of the highest hill I have ever seen in this country." Her obstinate resistance, and the cleverness with which she deluded the besiegers by protracted negociations, prolonged the siege, and when it ended, Hastings suffered one of his bitterest disappointments. The treasure in the fort, amounting to twenty-three lakhs, to which he had looked to replenish the treasury, was seized upon by Popham and his officers and divided among themselves, even the subalterns receiving 20,000 rupees each.[1] In their defence they brought forward disingenuously a note written by the Governor-General to Popham alluding to the personal effects of the besieged — as distinct from the Rajah's treasure — which would naturally become the property of the captors, and the most contradictory accusations were based on this by Hastings' enemies, who could not conceive the simple truth that he was more disappointed than any one. Chait Singh succeeded in reaching his goal of safety in Bandelkhand, though every petty Rajah he passed plundered him of a portion of his treasure. In Lord Valentia's day he was still living on a small jaghir in the Maratha country, where he had married a *nách* girl, and was held in universal contempt. He died in 1810.

Hastings' warm testimony to the kindness of COLONEL

[1] See 'The Great Proconsul,' Appendix III.

and MRS BLAIR is interesting in view of a silly libel published by the 'Bengal Gazette,' which carried its opposition to the Governor-General so far as to endeavour to throw ridicule on every one who had the remotest connection with him. A Calcutta correspondent signing himself A. G. W. sends the following contribution, purporting to come from a certain H. S. at Berhampore:—

"All our Conversation at present is intirely on Colonel —— very shameful behaviour to the G—— G——, who it seems lived with him during the troubles at Benares. Inclosed I send you a copy of a Bill, which it is Said, he sent to Mr H. before his departure from Chunar Gur. . . .

"The H—— W—— H. Esq., G——r-G——l; to Lieut.-Col.——

"To Dieting himself—and Family for 33 days,
Feeding Elephants, Camels, Horses, and Bullocks, &c., &c., &c.
Breaking of Tables, Chairs, Couches, Teapoys, Shades, Decanters, Bottles, and Glasses, &c., &c., &c.
Sicca Rupees, 42,000. E. E.

(Signed) WILLIAM ——
Lt.-Col. Commanding at Chunar."

Hastings took the matter so much to heart that three weeks later we find that he has written to the Council denying the assertion, and that the Council has issued a formal contradiction, reprimanding the unknown author of the libel and expressing anxiety to discover him, while saying plainly that it is more likely to have been fabricated beyond the Caramnassa than at Berhampore. Internal evidence makes it certain that the offender was some one who had a grudge against Colonel Blair for having been promoted over his head.

Blair seems to have had no objection to provoking enmity of this kind, for in 1784 we find him writing to Hastings to ask to be allowed to succeed Colonel Muir in command of the First Brigade at Burhampoor itself. Very soon afterwards comes a letter from Sir John Cumming or Cummings, protesting against Blair's being given the First Brigade, as it would throw a stigma on himself. If he is made the nominal head he will leave the actual command and the emoluments to Blair or any one else.

LETTER IX. (VIII. in MS.)

I must repeat my Fears for your Safety, and my wish that you would leave Baugulpoor. I dread a Surprize the last Effort of Despair. You will be secure of the River at least on the other Side. The Change in my Fortune has been wonderful; I do not presume on it and am as timid as ever in the only Point for which I have ever had any great Fears. Consult Sir Elijah and repair to some place of Safety. When all is quiet, I will entreat you to meet me, for I do not love my Life equal to your Presence. I love you more than I ever did, nor are you ever from my Thoughts. I am perfectly well, and stouter than I have been a long time. No Fatigue depresses me. I have a Scrap left to tell you, that Captain Blair, just come in, says: that Lutteefpoor is of vast Extent and Strength and the Camp must have contained 25,000 Men. It was a complete Surprize and equal to one of your best Moves at Chess. Adieu my Beloved. W. H.

LETTER X.

CHUNAR. *24th September.*

I send a Dupplicate of my last, because it contains a Series of wonderful and most happy Events, compressed into a short Narrative. I have to add that Contoo and Mr Barnet were carried with the Rajah in his flight to Bidjeygur and there released. They are at Lutteefpoor or on the Way hither: a joyful Event and a public Demonstration of the depressed State of this Man of Blood. Bidjeygur remains, but though strong, I trust it will soon be in our possession. Captain Blair, who was of the Party with Major Crabb, saw it at the Distance of 6 Cose, and says that it exceeds Chunar in Height and Extent. He describes Lutteefpoor as a Place of great Strength and Extent, and the Pass behind it absolutely impraticable (sic) against any Defence but from above. Our Plan has proved an excellent one, its Effects beyond Hope and equal to one of your best Moves at Chess. While I write Contoo is arrived, and with me. He says that Bidjeygur is not so strong as Chunar, the Garrison 250 Men and with the Rajah, who was on the Point of flying the Country, about 1000. Barnet is also come. The Nabob takes his leave to-morrow. Colonel Blair has entertained me with great Hospitality and an honest Attention, that has won my Heart. I wish you would write a Line to Mrs Blair, that they may know, that you are acquainted with my Sense of their Civilities. I must yet recur to my Fears for your Safety. You are not absolutely safe at Baugulpoor. I dread a Surprize, the last Effort of the Rajah's Despair. Pray leave it.

Go any where on the River, on the other side of the River, or even on yours below Baugulpoor. Consult Sir Elijah on this. Compliments to him and all your Friends.

Adieu my beloved, my most amiable, my best Marian.

The Settlement of Benares.

The Nawab-Vizier left Chanar on September 25th, having concluded with Hastings the treaty which bound him to resume all the jaghirs he had foolishly granted, and to pay a monetary compensation to those jaghirdars whose rights had been guaranteed by the Company. In this forfeiture the Begums were included, on the express ground of their disloyalty, in raising rebellion and assisting Chait Singh with troops, to the government on whose guarantee they depended. This disloyalty was so notorious that it did not occur to Hastings that any special proof of it was needed, but Sir Elijah Impey reminded him of the suspicion with which all his actions were viewed at home, and joined him at Benares for the purpose of obtaining sworn information as to the details.[1] It is difficult to understand the wild denunciations excited by these affidavits, unless it be on the ground that they were unanswerable and unshakeable, for even at the Trial no serious attempt was made to overthrow their credibility.

On September 28th Hastings returned to Benares, in order to tranquillise the minds of the inhabitants, and there appointed Babu Myhip Narayan, the grandson of Chait Singh's father, Balwant Singh, and of the Rani Gulab Kur, as Zamindar. He also took in hand the administration of the town, which under Chait Singh had been a byword throughout India, owing to the dis-

[1] Hastings to Scott, Gleig, II. 418.

orders and crimes which were of constant occurrence. Since none of the principal Hindus of the town were capable of filling the office satisfactorily,[1] he chose for the post of Chief Magistrate a Mohammedan named Ali Ibrahim Khan, who was highly esteemed by the members of both religious bodies, and appointed under him a Kotwal, or chief of police, and civil and criminal judges with assessors versed in Hindu and Mohammedan law. These arrangements were most successful, and Benares became as celebrated for the excellence of its administration as it had been notorious for its lawlessness. Wheler, who had borne his part in the crisis by assiduously minimising in the 'India Gazette' all tidings of disaster — to the fierce wrath of the rival 'Bengal Gazette'— and issuing proclamations containing moral reflections on the iniquities of Chait Singh and the danger incurred by any who might follow his example, was made acquainted with these changes on the 1st of November. On the 19th of the same month followed the agreeable intimation that the *jamma* or tribute payable from the zamindari would in future be forty lakhs instead of twenty-two. Hastings had already transmitted the news of the treaty of peace with Sindhia, in which Colonel Muir had conducted the actual negociations, but which he himself had superintended in the midst of his difficulties and embarrassments. It is difficult to know whether to admire more the coolness of the Governor-General or the far-sightedness of the great Maratha. On the conclusion of peace David Anderson was despatched to Sindhia's camp as Resident at his court, and Charles Chapman was sent to Nagpur to act in the same capacity with Mudaji.

The true nature of the crisis which Hastings had surmounted can only be realised by imagining Lord Canning to have been shut up in Agra during the Mutiny. "Had any accident happened to Mr Hastings," said Sir Eyre

[1] State Papers.

Coote to Wheler, "what, in the Name of God, could you or I have done with the Government?" That he was well supported is true, yet it needed two sharp lessons to teach his army not to undervalue the enemy, and without the determination of Mrs Hastings the civilians of Patna might have earned undying ignominy by abandoning him to destruction.

Mrs Hastings joined her husband at Benares in October. On the 8th of that month Captain Sands writes that she is well and in high spirits. He has had the honour of attending her out an airing before breakfast, when she looked better than he had seen her for many months. They were to set out the next day for Patna, where they expected to receive Hastings' leave to go on to Benares. The voyage was likely to be tedious, as the river was low and the winds generally from the west, but no danger was to be anticipated, as they would obtain an increased escort at Patna from Colonel Ahmuty. The move was delayed for some reason, for when he writes again on the 16th, they are only two coss above Bar, which was between Bhagalpur and Patna. Poor Sands, with many apologies, confesses that his wife wants him at Calcutta, as she is expecting her first confinement, and he has promised to be with her. Mrs Hastings urges him to start at once, but he will not go until Hastings can send another gentleman to take his place. That done, he will travel across country with the dāk-bearers from Buxar. The permission was duly given, and Hastings stood godfather to the baby when it was born. Mrs Sands and her little boy went home in a Danish ship immediately after Mrs Hastings had sailed,[1] but her husband waited to accompany his patron. The family settled in Scotland, where David Anderson mentions them frequently as living near him. In 1802 he says that Mrs Sands looks as young as when she was in India. Sands must have died before 1800, as

[1] See *infra*, p. 183.

at the beginning of that year Hastings and Toone are trying to obtain a pension for Mrs Sands either from Lord Clive's Fund or direct from the Company. The latter was almost hopeless, owing to "the extraordinary exertion of interest" required. Mrs Sands and her son were frequent visitors at Daylesford. In 1807 Warren Hastings Sands writes from Edinburgh to say that his mother is dead, "blessing Mr and Mrs Hastings almost with her last breath."

Mrs Hastings reached Benares safely under her new guardianship, accompanied her husband on a peaceful visit to Chanar, and turned back to Calcutta with him early in 1782.

SERIES III.

INTRODUCTION.

INDIA IN 1784.

THE two years between the settlement of Benares at the close of 1781 and Mrs Hastings' departure for England in January, 1784, were a period of apparently Sisyphean labour on the part of the Governor-General. Each success gained seemed to be neutralised by a corresponding check. "Our arms in the Carnatic have been repeatedly successful," he writes. "No decisive advantages have been gained, and we lose men by every victory."[1] Haidar had been defeated by Coote in four pitched battles, but it was impossible to profit by these successes. His army too small to allow him to hold a line of any extent, operating in a country which had already been desolated by Haidar, able only to carry two days' provisions owing to lack of transport, assailed by floods, hardship, and disease — to say nothing of the vigilant and ubiquitous enemy — Coote's Carnatic campaign is one of the most astonishing in military history. The hapless inhabitants of Madras saw in him their only hope, and in answer to their earnest petition, he retained his command after a second paralytic stroke, and contrived once more to inspire his troops to fresh

[1] Hastings to Scott, Gleig, II. 450.

efforts. Hastings supported him ungrudgingly, pouring provisions, troops, and treasure into the country in spite of his own difficulties in Bengal, and overlooking Coote's unjust and violent letters, and his shameful treatment of Colonel Pearse and other officers who owed their appointments to the Governor-General. The old hero's temper, never sweet, had not improved with age and ill-success, and he failed to obtain from the Madras Government the consideration extended to him by Hastings.

Lord Macartney, who was sent out from home as Governor, made common cause with a Council that resented bitterly his appointment as that of an outsider, in opposing Coote as the representative of Bengal. That he had come to the help of the Presidency in its darkest hour was nothing. He represented what they called "an external government," the authority of which they preferred to deny. When they sent their frantic letters for help against Haidar, it was money and reinforcements they desired, not a general who would take command of their forces. The General in the field was hampered at every turn by the dead weight of Madras. If the Committee could not assert the authority over him which they strenuously claimed, they could at least refrain from any active exertions in his support, and they did so. How unfit they were for the power they desired was shown at the end of 1782, when Coote had been forced to take a short furlough to Calcutta for the sake of his health. Haidar died while his intended successor, Tipu, was absent in Malabar, and the news, though concealed from the Mysorean army, reached the English. It was the moment when an attack might have been pushed home with the happiest results, but General Stewart, the Madras Commander-in-Chief, refused to believe the tale, or to advance, and amid the mutual recriminations that followed, Tipu returned to the army and made his position safe. Coote, returning from Bengal with a fresh supply of treasure, was chased by a French squadron,

and though the pursuit was relinquished, his agony of mind brought on a third paralytic stroke, and he reached Madras only to die, Lord Macartney and the Committee attacking him even on his death-bed with insulting letters.

It is instructive to note that had he lived to return to England, Coote would have been included in the proceedings taken against Hastings. "What would poor Coote have suffered," writes the survivor, "had he lived to have been placed where I have been? The first three days would have killed him."[1] The extra allowances which had been granted him were withdrawn by the order of the Directors, and he found himself obliged to maintain three establishments and keep the field in the Carnatic upon less than half the sum enjoyed by his subordinate, General Stibbert, as Commander-in-Chief in Bengal.[2] Almost desperate, he hit upon the plan of asking the Nawab-Vizier, who had provided the additional allowances he had hitherto enjoyed, to continue them, and this was done. It was one of the charges against Hastings that he had allowed it,[3] and had Coote lived, he must in consistency have been included in the accusation. Since, however, he was dead, *felix opportunitate mortis*, the Directors proceeded to build his sepulchre in the approved style by voting him a monument in Westminster Abbey and a statue at the India House.

Having got rid of their incubus, the Madras Government were free to devote themselves to the acquisition of peace at any price, and by the end of 1783 commissioners had been appointed, who followed Tipu from place to place, exposed to all the alarms and hardships his caprice could suggest, until by concessions, entreaties, and the practical surrender of such slight advantages as had been

[1] From an interesting letter to Thompson, dated July 17th, 1788, in the possession of Lord St Oswald, edited by the late Librarian of the House of Lords, in 'Harper's Magazine' for December, 1904.

[2] Debates. / The respective sums were £6000 and £13,000.

[3] See Appendix IV.

secured by the war, they obtained the desired treaty. This craven attitude was due entirely to Lord Macartney's anxiety to pose as the sole maker and bringer of peace, for apart from the fact that everything was in readiness for a march into Mysore, so as to attack Tipu in the rear, Hastings had just succeeded in his long and painful efforts to isolate the Sultan by detaching his allies. The treaty with Sindhia, following on the agreement with Berar, was the first-fruits of his toil, and in May, 1782, Anderson, with Sindhia as mediator, succeeded in concluding the Treaty of Salbai with the Maratha nation. Not for nearly a year, however, was the treaty actually ratified, and this solely on account of the rumours which reached the Marathas that Hastings' enemies had obtained a fresh triumph over him in England. When it was at length executed, in February, 1783, the Marathas and the Nizam became the allies of the English, so that three members of the original Quadruple Alliance were now united with the nation against which it was directed, in opposition to the fourth. Thus, but for the unworthy precipitation of Lord Macartney and his Council, Hastings could have proceeded, with an overwhelming force at his disposal, to break the power of Mysore—an object which it required two subsequent wars, with immense expenditure of blood and treasure, to achieve.

The troubles at home which, as diligently reported by the 'Leyden Gazette' and propagated by the French agent at Poonah, had helped to thwart Hastings in this effort, were due to the fall of Lord North's Ministry in March, 1782. A more lukewarm and ineffective supporter than Lord North had proved himself it would be hard to find, but if he was weakly ready to throw Hastings overboard to save himself, his successors considered it their paramount duty and delight to do so. A Committee of the House of Commons, under the presidency of General Richard Smith,[1] one of the candidates for high

[1] See *infra*, p. 259.

office in India, had already reported strongly against the appointment of Impey as head of the newly constituted district courts, and against Hastings for appointing him, and from the new Ministry, that of Lords Rockingham and Shelburne, in which Burke, his greatest—as opposed to his bitterest—enemy was Paymaster of the Forces, he had little mercy to expect. The nominal heads of the Government, who had both supported him in the past, left him now in the hands of Dundas, Burke, and Fox, but it can hardly be said that the general feeling of Parliament was against him, since twenty-six members only could be found to vote the forty-four resolutions which censured him and required his recall. A little later, an incorrect and incomplete account of the proceedings at Benares reached London, and was eagerly seized upon as giving fresh cause for a motion to recall him, which was announced without any pretence of doing him the common justice to wait for his own report on the circumstances. On both these occasions—twice in six weeks—Scott saved him by appealing to the Court of Proprietors, which first declined to pay any attention to a proposal emanating from only one branch of the Legislature, and the second time refused to move unless a General Court were convened expressly to deal with the question.

Various attempts were made against Hastings during the remainder of the life of the Ministry, stimulated by the arrival of despatches from Lord Macartney, containing the truly remarkable accusation that he had starved the Carnatic War for the sake of carrying on that against the Marathas, but Scott was able to advise his patron, on the recommendation of Lord Shelburne himself, to pay no attention to them. In March, 1783, a more serious state of affairs was inaugurated by the formation of a new Ministry—that known as the Coalition, from its being the result of a compact between Lord North, the house of Cavendish (the head of which was the Duke of Portland), and Charles Fox. Like the Roman Triumvir,

Lord North was ready to sacrifice Hastings as the price of power, but though Burke actually proposed the appointment of a carefully packed Committee to investigate the affairs of India, he met with so little support that the subject dropped for the summer. The delay in ratifying the Treaty of Salbai gave much delight to Burke and his friends, who announced in Parliament that Hastings had been deceived by Sindhia, and that there was no peace with the Marathas. The official notice of the ratification of the Treaty deprived them of this source of satisfaction, but in November Fox brought in his two India Bills, the effect of which would have been to transfer the entire power and patronage of the Company to the Ministry. The first passed the House of Commons by large majorities, but was thrown out by the Lords, and the Government resigned, to be replaced by a Ministry with Pitt at its head, and Hastings' fervent supporter Thurlow as Lord Chancellor. Scott's letters become almost delirious with joy, and all Hastings' friends thought his future secure, provided only that Pitt remained in office.

At Calcutta various changes had taken place. The depleted ranks of the Council had been filled by the appointment of two new members, McPherson and Stables.[1] Both these men, like Lord Macartney, had come out heralded by the approval and self-congratulation of Hastings' friends at home, who believed that they were honestly prepared to support him, but the parliamentary censure to which he was subjected led them to oppose him systematically, as the best means of dissociating their fortunes from his. Impey had been recalled in obedience to a resolution of the House of Commons, following on the report of the Committee already mentioned, which he received in January, 1783. He took his passage at once on board the *Worcester*, but was actually unable to sail until December, since the Bay

[1] See *infra*, pp. 212, 187.

of Bengal was dominated by a French fleet. Troops, treasure, and provisions for the starving inhabitants of Madras were obliged to run the gauntlet, and it was an occasion for public rejoicing when they succeeded in slipping past, or when a British squadron brought the blockading fleet to an indecisive action. The situation was an extraordinary one, and the 'Bengal Gazette' declares openly that Sir Edward Hughes, the British Admiral, was accustomed to spend his time in dancing attendance at the durbar of the Nawab of Arcot instead of taking his ships to sea, but this may be scandal. The news of the Peace of Versailles was not received until March 15th, 1784,[1] but the knowledge that peace was imminent, and would deprive him of his most important ally, contributed, no doubt, to extort a cessation of hostilities from Tipu.

The most noteworthy event of Hastings' private life in this period, and one to which he refers frequently in the letters that follow, was his illness in the rainy season of 1782, which led to such a display of courage on Mrs Hastings' part as he could never afterwards recall without painful emotion. His letter to Mr and Mrs Woodman by the *Lively* gives the best available account of both.

CALCUTTA. *16th December*, 1782.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—Mrs Hastings has written to you, and given you such an Account of my State of Health as will alarm you. Her Report is formed on her own Feelings, instead of a better which I could have given her from mine.—The History of my late Illness is as follows.

On the 27th of August I was seized with a violent Fever. It continued in great Violence, and little Remission for Eight Days. Since that Time it has returned in Relapses at irregular Distances of Time, each Attack

[1] 'India Gazette.'

weaker than the preceding, and I think that I shall have no more. My only Complaint remaining is a great Weakness and Relaxation of the Tone of my Stomach. This will gradually leave me, and my Physician, a Man of Knowledge, assures me that though the Tenderness of my Constitution may continue till the Approach of the warm Weather, my Strength and Health will be equal at least to what they were before I was ill.—I believe so too. —Mrs H. has suppressed a Circumstance relating to my Sickness which in Justice and Gratitude I must supply. She was at a healthful Spot at the Distance, by Water, of 400 Miles from Calcutta, having retired thither to avoid the Effects of the rainy Season which have always proved hurtful to her at Calcutta.—Thence she set off suddenly and almost secretly in a little Boat which scarce served to conceal and shelter her, and in a tempestuous Season and on a River which is almost equal to a Sea.[1] She attempted and performed the Voyage in less than three Days, having very narrowly escaped being wrecked in the Way.—She had been some Days preceding very ill. She arrived in perfect Health, and I can truly affirm that she brought it to me, and I am willing to attribute my Life as well as my Recovery to her, for from the Instant of her arrival my Fever left me for a Period of almost a Week, and its Returns have been, as I have said, inconsiderable and diminishing since. She herself has been, and is, better than she has been for Years past.

I have received a Letter from Major Scott dated the 1st of July in which he says that you and your children were well. I thank God for it.—By the same Letter I learn that the Proprietors had resolved not to yield to the Opinion of the House of Commons for my Removal, and that other Events had happened which were favorable to me. I wish they may prove so. I begin to fear that I shall survive my Constitution in this Country, and Mrs Hastings very much requires a Change of Climate.

[1] "Season" in the original.

I have the Satisfaction to see Peace and Abundance flourish around me, and to think that in these Blessings we have the Advantage of every other Part of the British Empire.[1] I fear that this is the only One that can boast of either.

I refer you to Major Scott for other Matters. Adieu my dear Brother and Sister believe me ever yours most affectionately W. HASTINGS.

The 'Bengal Gazette' is no longer available for purposes of comparison, since its brief and stormy career had been terminated by the seizure of the types by authority in March of this year, and the incomplete copies of the 'India Gazette' in the libraries of the British Museum and the India Office both fail us at this point. Side-lights are, however, thrown on the illness and on Mrs Hastings' voyage from one or two other quarters. In a letter to Anderson in 1786,[2] Hastings seems to ascribe his breakdown to overwork. "From the month of February, 1772, to the 23rd of August, 1782," he says, "I had enjoyed so uninterrupted a state of equal health, though with a constitution by no means robust, that I had never had cause to postpone the meeting of Council, or other appointed applications of business, and scarce allowed myself an hour of indulgence from it. Even in the severe sickness which then seized me, many hours were still devoted to my duty, and I dictated from my bed what I could not write at my desk." The letters which follow testify to his motives in refusing to allow Mrs Hastings to be informed of his illness, the fear that she would imperil her health by returning to nurse him, and the excessive delicacy which could not endure that she should see him ill and helpless.[3] How the news reached her it

[1] "We have lost the Command at Sea, of course many of our Islands in the West Indias, and Pensecola," writes Sir Francis Sykes early in 1782. "All America except the Port of New York is lost, and a Capital army under Lord Cornwallis captured, in short disgrace upon disgrace."

[2] Gleig, III. 305.

[3] See *infra*, p. 305.

is impossible to discover, but as she was again Cleveland's guest at Bhagalpur, the letters, papers, and visitors he would receive from Calcutta must have conveyed it sooner or later. From her husband's reference to the smallness of the boat in which she embarked, and the extraordinary speed of her journey, it appears that she travelled in the Feelchehra instead of a budgerow. The site of the disaster which might so easily have had a fatal ending is sufficiently identified in his letters as in the neighbourhood of the Rocks of Colgong.[1] Hodges painted a picture of the scene for him afterwards, which was one of the treasures of Daylesford, and is now in the possession of Miss Winter.

The aide-de-camp in attendance on Mrs Hastings during this journey was Captain Mordaunt,[2] of whom Thompson says that he would rather travel from Lucknow to Calcutta in the hottest weather to ask a question than write even a few lines about it. One letter from him is, however, to be found in the Correspondence, written from Lucknow in 1784. Like most of Hastings' correspondents, he needs help. "It is not my wish," he writes, "to bring to your memory what you said, when you lay Ill, on your bed, when I arrived from Bogalpore, with Mrs Hastings. After our arrival you sent for me, before her, and took me by the hand, telling me how much obliged you was to me, for the care I had taken of Mrs Hastings, that you would serve me, and that I should be handsomely provided for, In short I should have what I asked, saying at the same time how much obliged you was to me that even when you went home you never could, or would forget me, after which you sent me up with Mr Bristow, which was of no service to me." Hastings had recommended him to the Minister, Haidar Beg Khan, for the command of the Nawab-Vizier's cavalry, but to hold the post to advantage, money was

[1] See *infra*, pp. 340, 357.

[2] Not Turner, as stated on insufficient evidence in 'The Great Proconsul.'

needed, and it was for the means of attaining this that Mordaunt asked. It seems that some post was found for him, for when he died in 1790 he was at Cawnpore.

It appears that it was to George Nesbitt Thompson, who was then unknown to her and her husband, that Mrs Hastings owed her deliverance from shipwreck. "To Mrs Hastings we are indebted for our mutual friendship," writes Hastings in 1801;[1] "or rather to Providence, which made her personal danger the means of calling forth your humanity, and my gratitude for its exertion, when we were unknown to each other. You may have forgot this. It is fresh in my remembrance."

The friendship thus begun continued to the end of Hastings' life.

[1] Gleig, III. 381.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY, 1784.

Mrs Hastings' Return to England.

"I INFORM you of an event likely to happen in my own family, to which I already look, though yet distant, with anguish," writes Hastings to Scott in October, 1783.[1] "Had affairs gone on but indifferently, it was my resolution to leave India in January next. But as my presence may be a kind of check on Macpherson, . . . I cannot in honour depart. . . . In the mean time, as Mrs Hastings' constitution visibly declines, though not subject to the severe attacks which she used to experience, she will depart at the time which I had fixed for mine with her, and I shall do all that I can at this early period to make the resolution irrevocable." In January, 1784, he writes from Saugur Roads, whither he has attended her to see her on board,[2] "Mrs Hastings's declining health required her instant departure. She was not afflicted with any severe attack of sickness in the last rainy season, but I was alarmed with daily symptoms, and could only attribute her escape to the weakness, not to the strength of her constitution. I was told too, that another season might prove fatal to her. I consented to part from her, nay, I urged her departure, nor even in the painful hour of trial do I repent it."

Mrs Hastings seems to have suffered rather from a

[1] Gleig, III. 128.. [2] Ibid., 138.

general debility than from any specific disease. Mrs Kindersley, in her 'Letters from the East Indies,' says that the English ladies in Bengal had a better chance of life than the men, because they were more temperate and went out less in the heat, but that they suffered much from weakness of the nerves and from slow fevers, and this was no doubt her case. Each hot season brought on an attack of illness, and when she joined her husband at Benares late in the autumn of 1781 a short visit to Chanar was followed by an alarming indisposition. There were no hill-stations in those days, and it is a standing marvel how the English in India managed to attain long life in their adopted country without them and with no system of short leave to England. An officer or civil servant invalided home vacated his position *ipso facto*, unless he were entrusted with despatches, and could only return to India by the express permission of the Court of Directors, which was very difficult to gain. As a consequence, a youth going to India regarded himself as almost certainly an exile for life, and his interests became permanently fixed "east of Suez." To such an extent was this the case that at one time, when the government at home was more than usually inept in its handling of Indian affairs, it was actually suggested that the English in India should form a republic of their own, on the model of the revolted American colonies, with Hastings as President.

An extraordinarily large proportion of Europeans married native wives, and the whole course of life resembled that of the natives far more closely than is at present the case. The construction of the houses and the comparative absence of furniture, together with the adoption in private life of a cool and loose style of dress, must have made for health, but in some ways our ancestors were less wise than their descendants. Their huge and frequent meals were arranged on English rather than native lines, and the large consumption of wine and

spirits was not mitigated by any admixture of aerated waters. Soldiers—officers and privates alike—wore the heavy broadcloth, the powder and pigtails, and the cocked hats and shakos, not affording even a modicum of shade, of military Europe. Colonel Ironside considers himself a bold reformer—and proved, indeed, to be far in advance of his age—when he ventures, in writing to his old friend Hastings, to suggest "a regimental frock of some light stuff of the country" instead of the broadcloth coat in the hot weather, and a strong yet light leather cap with a broad front to turn up or down, and a curtain, or as he calls it, a cape, behind. The ladies, who might be considered unduly favoured in the possibility of wearing the thinnest muslins all day long, suffered gallantly for the sake of keeping up home traditions. At all official and fashionable entertainments court dress, with hoops, was worn, though a concession was made to the weakness of the female frame in the custom which allowed the ladies to retire after the opening minuet and change their cumbrous grandeur for the graceful and flowing "night-gown," the precursor of the modern tea-gown. The celebration of the King's Birthday, which occurred on June 4th, in the very height of the hot weather, must have been a yearly agony until Hastings had the courage to postpone it until the cold season, much to the disgust of his journalistic critic, who declared that he made the change because there was no money in the treasury to pay for the customary entertainment.

Even in ordinary seasons, the mortality among European women and children was frightful, but it seems to have been extremely rare for a wife to leave her husband and return home on account of health. A trip up the river to Monghyr or Patna, or down the river to the Heads, a visit — in peace-time — to Mauritius, or in extreme cases, a voyage to the Cape, were the usual remedies, and those who were too poor or too timid to adopt them remained in Calcutta and died. Children

were occasionally sent home, but generally brought up at bungalows well outside Calcutta, under the care of a governess,[1] or at a boarding-school in the suburbs. The pale, spoilt, passionate Indian cousin, thrown by the death of parents into the demure circle of a well brought up English family, is a frequent figure in the young people's books of the time. Nor is this reluctance to quit India to be wondered at, when the length, difficulties, and dangers of the voyage are to be taken into account. In a MS. diary known to the present writer, it is mentioned, without astonishment, that in one ship ten of the crew died of scurvy between the Downs and Calcutta, and the male passengers were obliged to form themselves into watches to help the remainder in their work. In heavy weather, a sailing-ship was much less manageable than a steamer, and when once injured, infinitely more helpless, while in case of shipwreck, there were far fewer chances of being picked up than there are nowadays, and many coasts now belonging to civilised countries were then inhabited by savages. The eastern coast of Cape Colony, with its terrible "Caffrees," was a locality specially dreaded. When there was war—which was generally the case in the latter half of the eighteenth century—there were the additional risks of violent death or a long captivity to be faced. The once-famous Mrs Sherwood, in her Autobiography, describes an action between a French ship and that in which her husband's regiment was on its way to India. The canvas partitions which formed the cabins were removed, cots and every article of furniture and all personal belongings swept from the decks, and the women and children were hurried down into the hold, where they remained below the water-line in darkness and terror, hearing the sounds of battle, but not knowing what was happening, until the enemy was beaten off, and they were hauled up into the light of day once more.

[1] 'Hartly House, Calcutta.'

When all these facts are taken into consideration, the haunting horror with which Hastings viewed his wife's voyage home becomes more comprehensible. For him, as is the case with most imaginative men, the terrors conjured up by the mind were far worse to bear than those which the eyes beheld. Writing to Anderson in his old age, he reminds him that he always insisted on seeing the danger: "At sea in a tempest, I could not keep my cabin, though I did no good, and was in the officers' way."[1] The fact that he had himself urged and almost enforced her departure caused him all the more poignant misery in view of the perils over which he brooded, and which he assured himself, with the natural and irrational conviction of the lover, he could have averted had he been present. Of Mrs Hastings' feelings on the subject, only one slight trace remains. She seems to have accepted the verdict of her husband and the doctors in a spirit of calm common-sense, if we may judge from a letter written in 1811 to her son Charles, whose wife found the climate of Jersey, where he was quartered, injurious to her health, but refused to leave him. "Her valuable life is at stake," writes her mother-in-law, "if she persists in her resolution of not quiting you.—Had I done so, when in India, and not listten the voice of my Husband—you would not have knowen the blessing of a Mother—nor Hastings of *his present Comforter, and Companion.*" It is very probable that knowing her husband would shortly follow her, she was not sorry to have the opportunity of preparing the way for him in England. His desires and expectations were very moderate compared with hers, and it was well to have it thoroughly understood what was the least she was prepared to accept.

[1] Gleig, III. 503.

LETTER I.

On January 2nd, according to the 'India Gazette,' the Governor-General left Calcutta to accompany his lady to Kedgeree, where she would embark in the *Atlas* for home. In 'Hartly House,' what purports to be a description of Mrs Hastings' last voyage down the river is given, but it is clear that the author was either writing on insufficient information or deceived by an untrustworthy memory, for she supposes that Hastings himself was also sailing for England. Speaking of the voyage of a gentleman in whom she is interested, the heroine says that his "departure has been only a prelude to the loss of our Governor, and every creature is plunged into disconsolation. . . . The whole place is engaged in adieus, and Mrs H—— will be accompanied to England (for the Governor sails in a different ship) by a Mrs M——, who has been presented with 500 gold mohrs (£1000), in return for her complaisance in making the voyage with her. Two black girls, and a steward, are Mrs H——'s attendants, and the state cabin and roundhouse will be entirely devoted to her use." The extraordinary mistake made in this paragraph would surely be impossible to any one who had been in Calcutta at the time, even though writing after a lapse of five years, and it would therefore appear that the author had already left India, and did her best in 1789 to harmonize what must have seemed to her the contradictory accounts of the departure of Mr and Mrs Hastings.

The gossips of Calcutta, even in Macaulay's day, still remembered the devotion of the long-departed Governor-General to his wife, for the reference in the Essay to "the luxurious manner in which he fitted up the roundhouse of an Indiaman for her accommodation (and) the profusion of sandalwood and carved ivory which adorned her cabin," is not taken, so far as the present

writer has discovered, from any book or newspaper of the time, though "the thousands of rupees which had been expended in order to procure for her the society of an agreeable female companion during the voyage" may be due to the novel quoted above. The lady referred to as Mrs M—— is, of course, the faithful Mrs Motte, whose unfortunate husband was now, as he expresses it, "sold to his creditors" for three years. He held the appointment of head of the Calcutta police, which seems a curious position for an undischarged bankrupt, but presumably the creditors enjoyed the salary attached to it.

CULPEE (Kalpi), from which this letter is dated, is forty-eight miles below Calcutta, on the same side of the river. Seven miles above it is Diamond Harbour, which was the highest point that could be reached by the Indiamen. (In some old books the names of Culpee and Diamond Harbour are used synonymously.) Here incoming passengers were trans-shipped into budgerows for the brief remainder of their voyage, and here passengers leaving for home usually went on board their ships. It was not considered safe for budgerows to go further down the river, and here the fleet which had escorted Mrs Hastings from Calcutta with flags and music (if the author of 'Hartly House' is really referring to her departure, and not to that of her husband), would bid her farewell. But the *Atlas* was lying at Kedgeree, twenty miles lower down, on the opposite bank, ready for sea, and this part of the journey would have to be performed in a pinnace (which was larger and swifter than a budgerow),[1] as is clear from Hastings' saying that he met his budgerow again at Culpee, and from the allusion in Letter VII.

Of MR DOVETON the present writer has been able to discover nothing. He may have been an aide-de-camp sent to attend Mrs Hastings out of the river, or, as Dr

[1] Colesworthy Grant.

Busteed suggests, an official in charge of the mails. The mention of him in Letter IX. seems to confirm the latter supposition.

MISS TOUCHET had of course accompanied the party in order to bid farewell to her sister, Mrs Motte. She seems to have remained in India to keep house for her brother Peter. Writing in 1789, Mr Motte says, "Peter Touchet and Sally are arrived, and he soon got the appointment of the aurung (silk-factory), at Guttaul, where she generally resides with him. It is rather solitary for a person of her lively turn, however she has sentiment enough to make any place agreeable."

CULPEE, *Sunday evening, 11th January*, 1784.

MY BELOVED WIFE,—I trust to the Chance of Mrs Sands reaching the Cape before you leave it, for the safe Delivery of this Letter, but I have little to write, and scarce a Motive for writing but to gratify my own Feelings. I left you yesterday Morning; I followed your Ship with my eyes till I could no longer see it, and passed a most wretched Day with a Heart swoln with Affliction, and a Head raging with Pain.—I have been 3 Tides making this Place, where I met my Budgerow, and in it a severe Renewal of my Sorrow. The instant Sight of the Cabbin, and every Object in it, and beyond it, brought my dear Marian to my Imagination with the deadly Reflexion that She was then more than 200 Miles removed from me, and still receding to a Distance which seems in my Estimation infinite and irretrievable. In the heavy Interval which I have passed I have had but too much Leisure to contemplate the Wretchedness of my Situation, and to regret (forgive me, my dearest Marian; I cannot help it) that I ever consented to your leaving me. It appears to me like a precipitate Act of the grossest

Folly; for what have I to look for, but an Age of Separation, and if ever we are to meet again, to carry home to you a Burthen of Infirmities, and a Mind soured perhaps with long, long and unabated Vexation.—Nor is it for myself alone I feel, though I have been possibly more occupied than I ought to have been by the Contemplation and Sensation of my own sufferings. Yours have been, and I am sure they are at this Time greater than my own; and I fear for their effects on your Health.—I shall dread the sight of Mr Doveton: Yet, O God of Heaven, grant me good Tidings by him.—Indeed, my Marian, I think that we have ill judged; The Reflexion has often for an Instant occurred to me that we were wrong; but I constantly repressed it; I urged every Thing that could fix the Resolution beyond the Power of Recall, and felt a conscious Pride in the Sacrifice I was preparing to make.—It is now past!

I said that I should trust to the Chance of Mrs Sands delivering this letter to you at the Cape.—She is now in the Danish Ship, once the Fortitude, lying at this Place, and expects to leave the River on thursday next. Possibly she may be later. I will send another letter to her from Town. I shall sail again with this Night's Tide, and if I find myself within Reach of Calcutta in the next, I intend to finish my Voyage to morrow in the Feelchehra. Possibly my Apprehensions may be less gloomy when I have quitted this weary scene, but of One Thing I am certain, that no Time nor Habits will remove the Pressure of your Image from my Heart, nor from my Spirits, nor would I remove it, if I could, though it prove a perpetual Torment to me.

Yesterday as I lay upon my Bed, and but half asleep,

I felt a sensation like the Fingers of your Hand gently moving over my Face and Neck, and could have sworn that I heard your Voice. O that I could be sure of such an Illusion as often as I lay down!—And the Reality seems to me an Illusion. Yesterday morning I held in my Arms all that my Heart holds dear, and now she is separated from me as if She had no longer Existence. O my Marian, I am wretched; and I shall make you so when you read this. Yet, I know not why, I must let it go, nor can I add any Thing to alleviate what I have written; but that I love you more by far than Life, for I would not live but in the Hope of being once more united to you. O God Grant it, and grant my deserving, my blessed Marian Fortitude to bear what I myself bear so ill, conduct her in Health and Safety to the Termination of her Voyage, and Once more restore her to me with every Thing that can render our Meeting completely happy! Amen! Amen! Amen! Your ever ever affectionate W. HASTINGS.

P.S. . I have seen Miss Tt. (Touchet). She is well. Give my Love to your dear and happy Friend. Adieu. Adieu.

LETTER II.

The IVORY COT here mentioned was left behind by mistake when Hastings sailed for England, and he desires Thompson "to inquire for, and to send my ivory cot."[1] It was shipped in the *Hinchinbrooke*, together with four valuable ivory chairs sent by Munny Begum for Mrs Hastings, and the Arab horse Soliman. The vessel was

[1] Gleig, III. 290.

lost on her voyage home. Bedsteads of ivory and plated with silver were among the goods belonging to Mrs Hastings which were detained in the Customs on her arrival in England.[1] The *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin* mentions "the four feet of a bedstead carved in ivory," as among the "delicate presents" which may suitably be offered on ceremonial occasions.

The unfortunate NABOB OF OWD was still drifting helplessly on a sea of troubles. The Treaty of Chanar, made at his own entreaty, was practically repudiated as soon as he realised that it involved the resumption of the jaghirs which he had granted to his own unworthy favourites as well as those of his mother and grandmother. Once away from Hastings, he passed again under the domination of the dissolute crew surrounding him. The Begums and the other jaghirdars were alike left in peace, and the debt to the Company remained unpaid and increasing.[2] In this state of things the Resident, Middleton, acquiesced with a complaisance that rouses grave suspicion as to his motives. At length, stimulated by stern orders from Hastings, Middleton put pressure upon the Nawab, who took action, and the jaghirs were resumed and a certain portion of the treasure detained by the Begums extorted from them. A large proportion of the Nawab-Vizier's debt was paid off, but a dangerous precedent had been set as to the impunity with which his wishes might be disregarded. Middleton's slackness led to his recall, and he was succeeded by Bristow, the favourite of the Majority, who had preceded him. Thoroughly distrusting the man, Hastings hoped that gratitude might secure his good behaviour, but Bristow improved on the practice of Middleton, who had acted in collusion with the Nawab-Vizier's minister, Haidar Beg Khan, by arrogating all the powers of government to himself.[3] In the hands of a strong and just ruler, even an illegal usurpation such as this might have been pro-

[1] See *infra*, p. 394. [2] Debates. [3] Gleig, III. 119.

ductive of benefit to the state, but while Bristow's word was law at Lucknow, the wildest anarchy prevailed everywhere outside the city. It was a curious sign of the times that the Nawab-Vizier and his mother, the Bow Begum, were brought together by the universal distress, and united in entreating help of Hastings, as the general friend, against the common enemy, Bristow.[1]

MR STABLES was the Member of Council appointed to fill Francis's place. He was a relation of Hastings' friend Baber,[2] and was believed by Laurence Sulivan and other supporters at home to be entirely devoted to the Governor-General. Even Scott was deceived by Lord North's open profession of a desire to support him unequivocally in sending Stables out.[3] Stables took his seat in Council on November 11th, 1782, and Hastings, writing to Lord Shelburne in December of that year, speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of both him and McPherson, as "men of unexampled benevolence and equality of temper, of uncommon but different talents, and all warmed with a cordial affection to each other, and a confidence in mine to them, and in my experience and integrity."[4] The first note of dissatisfaction appears in a letter to Laurence Sulivan, at the end of March, 1783, after the censure passed by the Court of Directors on the proceedings relative to Chait Singh had been received. "I foresee that I shall be less able to act with (these colleagues) than I now am," writes the Governor-General.[5] Things went from bad to worse, so that in October of the same year, "Macpherson, who is himself all sweetness, attaches himself everlastingly to Stables, blows him up into a continual tumour, which he takes care to prevent from subsiding, and Stables, from no other cause that I know, opposes me with a rancour so uncommon, that it extends even to his own friends, if my wishes chance to precede his own in any proposal to serve

[1] Gleig, III. 130. [2] Ibid., 136. [3] Ibid., II. 483.
[4] Ibid., III. 29. [5] Ibid., 56.

them. In Council he sits sulky and silent, waiting to declare his opinion when mine is recorded; or if he speaks, it is to ask questions of cavil, or to contradict, in language not very guarded, and with a tone of insolence which I should ill bear from an equal, and which often throws me off the guard of my prudence; for, my dear Scott, I have not that collected firmness of mind which I once possessed, and which gave me such a superiority in my contests with Clavering and his associates. . . . One thing let me add to close the subject; I early remonstrated with Stables on his conduct, and asked him if, in my personal behaviour to him, I had given him any ground of offence. He declared that I had not, but treated him with an attention and confidence which had always given him the greatest pleasure, or words to that effect; but talked of his situation, Company's orders, and expenses. . . . I in my heart forgive General Clavering for all the injuries he did me. He was my avowed enemy. These are my dear friends, whom Mr Sulivan pronounced incapable of being moved from me by any consideration on earth." Poor Mr Sulivan recognised later that he had been made the dupe of McPherson and Stables, and deplored having "sent Snakes into Mr Hastings' bosom." The sullenness of Stables' temper seems to have been the characteristic that impressed itself most readily on men's minds, but Thompson, writing to Hastings in 1787, mentions an even more disagreeable one. He "came frequently to Alipoor—and were not gross Hypocrisy one of the most striking Features of his Character, one would have thought that he came for the melancholy Pleasure of deploring your Absence on the Spot which had been most blessed with your Presence—every Shrub reminded him of you—the very Stocks and Stones were eloquent, and prompted him to repeat as if only from their suggestions, 'Alas, poor Hastings.' These were his very Words—and it is from his Lips alone perhaps that they could have given me Pain."

Lieutenant SAMUEL TURNER, the Governor-General's cousin and aide-de-camp, was at present away on his mission to Tibet. Hastings writes to Mr and Mrs Woodman in November, 1783, "Young Turner is now on an Embassy to the land of Tibbet. He has with much address and propriety of conduct overcome some difficulties which retarded his progress, and is by this time at the place of his destination. The people of that country, who are yet little known to the European world, are hospitable and civilised, and the Climate colder than England. The expedition will do him credit, and his health will be the better for it." The Tashi Lama who had received Hastings' former envoy, George Bogle, with so much friendliness, and inspired him with such confidence, had died mysteriously while on a visit to China—a loss which was to prove the death-blow to all hopes of commerce and intercourse with Tibet—but Turner was received with honour at Teeshoo Loomboo, as he calls Tashi-lhunpo, and given apartments in the monastery. He arrived there on October 13th, 1783, a hundred and twenty-one years, to the day, before Captains Ryder and Rawling and their recent scientific expedition. In December he was allowed to visit the Terpaling monastery, and was received by the infant in whom the spirit of the "Teeshoo Lama" was supposed to be reincarnated. He has left a quaint account of his audience.[1] The little Tashi Lama, who was only eighteen months old, was attended by his father and mother, and the former spoke for him, but, says Turner, "the little creature turned looking steadfastly towards me with the appearance of much attention while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply."

LADY CHAMBERS was the wife of Robert Chambers, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a friend of Dr Johnson, who gave him a letter of introduction to

[1] State Papers.

Hastings. "Chambers is going a Judge, with six thousand a-year, to Bengal," writes Johnson to Boswell, in July, 1773, and early the next year, "Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East." Mrs Fay, to whom Lady Chambers showed the greatest kindness, says in 1780 that she was in the bloom of youth, frank, lovely, fascinating, and kind. She was devoted to music, and at one of the Harmonic concerts Mrs Fay heard her play a sonata of Nicolai's, which seems to have been rather above the heads of the audience, on the harpsichord. She went nowhere without her husband, and when he was confined to the house for some weeks owing to an accident, she astonished Calcutta by secluding herself also. Mrs Chambers, Sir Robert's aged mother, whom Mrs Fay describes as a fine-looking, respectable old lady, cheerful and well-informed, had come to India with them, but died under sad circumstances in 1782. Their eldest boy, aged six, was sent home for education, and five days after his departure, his grandmother died of grief. Sad to relate, the boy himself was among the lost in the terrible wreck of the *Grosvenor* on the eastern coast of Cape Colony.[1] Sir Robert was made Judge of Chinsura and Chandernagor in 1781, which brought him under the condemnation meted out to Impey for accepting a place of profit under the Council. On June 24th, 1782, Francis's ally, General Richard Smith,[2] actually brought forward in the House of Commons a motion to censure him, which would have been followed by one for his recall, had not a Scotch member of the recent Secret Committee, the deliberations of which had been treated so contumeliously by the Court of Proprietors, arisen, full of wounded dignity, to complain that there was no use in doing anything, and the storm blew over.[3]

[1] Busteed. [2] See *infra*, p. 259. [3] Gleig, II. 481.

CALCUTTA. 13*th January*, 1784.

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I will number my Letters, that you may know if any are missing. My first was written at Culpee, and sent to Mrs Sands, whose Ship was lying at that Place. I intend this also for the same Charge, if it is in Time. I finished my Voyage in the Feelchehra, and arrived here at 5 yesterday Evening.

I am not yet reconciled to our Separation, and it seems to me the greatest of all Follies that I should have taken So much Trouble to make myself miserable, and you unhappy, who were the Object of it.—I can now conceive many Expedients by which the Purpose of your Voyage might have been as effectually answered, and what may you not have suffered even in your Health from this! —But I will complain no more.—Since my Return I have had so much Employment for my Mind that it has been much relieved; yet the Instant that I am left to myself (and my Ivory Cot affords me no Comfort) all my Distresses rush back upon my Thoughts, and present every Thing in the most gloomy Prospect, besides the frequent Risings of Anguish that swell my Breast even in my most busy Occupations. — In this Occupation only I find a Relief. I talk to you; but I receive no Answer, nor can you hear me till I shall have forgotten what I have written. I miss the sweet Music of your Voice which none but myself has ever heard, and the Looks of Heaven which I am sure have never been cast but on me alone.—I strive by the Violence of Imagination to see and hear you; but I cannot yet effect it. Yet you are not a Moment from my Remembrance, nor would I for the World that you should lose your place there, though you are a Torment to me.

I do not expect Doveton back these Ten Days, and with what Terror shall I meet him! Yet how impatiently do I wait to see him! May he bring me good Tidings of you, and I will be comforted for all the past. From the State in which he leaves you I shall form my Judgment, and with Confidence, of the Remainder of your Voyage.—Remainder! Good God! what a length is yet to come! And how much more before I can begin mine that is to carry me to you!

But enough: enough. . . .

I expect to receive a very earnest Call from the Nabob of Owd to go to his Assistance. I shall obey it, if my Colleagues will let me, and in that Case I shall probably set out about the Middle of next Month. I shall have much to do, and shall not be sorry if it keeps me in Employment to the Close of my Service. I cannot devote myself to a better Cause, nor finish my Labors more reputably if I am successful.—It will suit also with the State of my Mind which can less bear to be inactive now than ever.—Mr Stables is on the Eve of an Excursion to Mongheer, and I have only yet made known to Mr Wheler my Intention. I know not whether he will support it singly.

I have just received a very curious Letter from Turner, which I have had a Copy made of for your Entertainment. I send with it a Letter from him for you, and another from Lady Chambers.

I have not yet begun to form my plan of Living; but am resolved on the early Commencement of that Part of it which you know.—I looked in vain for what I thought I had packed up and carried off by Mistake from your Cabbin. Alas!—even this Disappointment

afflicted me. How great is my Weakness! You will have forgot to what I allude.—Once more Adieu, Adieu, my beloved, most beloved and most deserving Marian. God support and prosper you. Amen! W. H.

. . . I am well.

LETTER III.

CAPTAIN COWPER (he signs himself Allen Cooper), commanded the *Atlas*. Hastings writes to the Woodmans, "This disappointment (his staying a year longer in India), is doubly aggravated by the cruel separation which I must in the mean Time undergo from Mrs Hastings, who could not remain longer without the manifest hazard of being lost to me for ever. She will sail in the *Atlas*, with Captain Cowper, a very good man, very early in January, and you may expect to see her in June." Markham writes of the captain from St Helena, "Cooper is a most excellent man, and exerts every endeavour to make Mrs H—— comfortable." He must have felt his civility ill rewarded, for there is a curious letter written by him in 1785, complaining that he had made a bad speculation in taking Mrs Hastings home. When Major Davy, who was making the arrangements for her passage, asked him what he would charge, he refused to mention any definite price, saying that he left it to him, though he wished him to know that the object of his voyage was to make a *sum* by his passengers. Having thus delicately intimated his desires, he was induced, after much entreaty, to state that the whole ship (*i.e.*, the passenger accommodation), should be at Mrs Hastings' disposal for 50,000 sicca rupees (£6250), which was what Captain Carr had received, presumably for taking the Impeys home in the *Worcester*. Major Davy considered the sum excessive, but said that the

Governor-General would give 40,000 sicca rupees (£5000), for Mrs Hastings' passage—this secured her the state cabin and round-house, as we know—and in addition 1000 rupees for the chief mate's cabin, which was to accommodate Mrs Motte, and 500 for the doctor's cabin as far as St Helena for Captain Phipps. This Captain Cooper accepted, probably congratulating himself upon accomplishing the object of his voyage, but when it came to the payment of the money, Croftes, who had the matter in charge, persuaded him to take it in "muzlins" of his own manufacture, assuring him that as he would charge no commission, there would be a profit of twenty-five per cent on the bargain. The thrifty Captain Cooper seems to have grasped greedily at the prospect of a further advantage, but when he reached home, far from realising his twenty-five per cent, he found that the muslins sold for £600 less than the sum originally fixed. He appeals for compensation, and Thompson represented the matter to Croftes's partner—Croftes himself being on the verge of bankruptcy. The partner promised satisfaction, and presumably gave it, as Captain Cooper writes no more letters.

CAPTAIN PHIPPS was an aide-de-camp deputed to escort Mrs Hastings as far as St Helena, and when she left, to return to India with news of her. His arrival is mentioned in Letter XXV.[1]

ADVERTISEMENTS relating to the sale of Alipur and Rishera are found in the 'India Gazette' for January 24th, March 6th, and April 19th. Rishera is described as "an extensive piece of Ground belonging to Warren Hastings, Esq.; called Rishara, and situated on the western banks of the river, two miles below Serampore, consisting of 136 Biggahs and 18 Cottahs of Lakherauge Land, or Land paying no Rent."

LADY D'OYLY was the wife of Hastings' faithful friend Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, Bart. Her maiden name was

[1] See *infra*, pp. 333, 335.

Diana Rochfort, and she was married first to a Mr Coles, by whom she had a son and daughter. Her children by Sir John were Charles and John,[1] who successively inherited the baronetcy, Maynard, who married Walter, son of Sir Walter Farquhar, and Harriet, who married George, a younger son of Sir Francis Baring. She is never mentioned in the Correspondence but with admiring affection, and her husband speaks of "that playful innocence of Mind which she possessed beyond almost any Woman I ever met with." This was after her death in 1803, when Sir John returned to India. She was buried at Cheltenham, and her husband left the care of her monument as a sacred charge to Hastings. He took endless trouble over the epitaph and the stone itself, and there are among his papers two or three copies of the inscription, and a number of letters to various friends inviting their criticism.

AUGUSTUS CLEVLAND or CLEVELAND[2] was magistrate and collector of Rajmahal and Bhagalpur, and deserves an enduring fame as the first British Indian administrator to establish friendly relations with the Hill tribes. Hodges, in an enthusiastic account of his surroundings and work at Bhagalpur, describes the "Puharrys" (Paharis) and their country, the Jungleterry, mentioning that they had been a terror to all former governments, and that large tracts of fertile land were left uninhabited from fear of their raids. Cleveland went into the hills alone and unarmed, and succeeded in making friends with a deputation of chiefs that was sent to meet him. The whole race wished to see him after hearing the chiefs' report, and he heightened the good impression he had produced by giving beads to the children and sending

[1] See *infra*, pp. 403, 442.

[2] Mr Bradley Birt, in the 'Story of an Indian Upland,' says that the name is spelt Clevland in Cleveland's baptismal certificate and his petition to the Company, but otherwise generally with the second *e*. This book gives a graphic description of the Paharis, who still revere Cleveland as their national hero, under the name of "Chilmili."

presents to the women. To the chiefs he gave medals—as is done now among the Canadian Indians—thus recognising and emphasizing their authority. Having gained their confidence he had Sepoys' clothes made for a few of the men, and providing them with firelocks, had them drilled. Immediately a passion for drill spread through the hills, and each of the men first trained had his own squad, who came and entreated clothes and muskets as soon as they were efficient. In less than two years a battalion a thousand strong had been raised, for whom a camp was established three miles from Bhagalpur, where they could reside with their families, and the territory which had hitherto lain waste was made available for settlement. Cleveland's work was only partially carried on after his departure. When Bishop Heber visited Bhagalpur, he found that the Paharis, though friendly to Europeans, had renewed their old feuds with the lowlanders, who had been allowed to encroach on their territory. Cleveland's plans for introducing simple industries among his people, and supplying them with seeds and implements of husbandry, had been dropped, and the pensions intended for the Hill chiefs had been embezzled by those through whose hands they passed. Even the school which he established for his Pahari Sepoys and their sons had been given up, until the Marquis of Hastings revived it. This Governor-General also reformed the organisation of the battalion, which had become "a mere rabble, addicted to all sorts of vice and disorder," and reduced its numbers, with a view to increasing its efficiency. The native commandant, whom the Bishop met, was one of Cleveland's surviving pupils, and had been most useful in getting the school together again after its suspension. Lord Hastings took a great interest in the tribe, and under his rule their pensions were restored to the chiefs, and the rights of the Paharis to their land upheld as against the low-

land zamindars. The Bishop approved highly of these efforts, and hoped to further them by establishing what would now be called an industrial mission, teaching the Hill people weaving, pottery, and agriculture as well as Christianity.

MR PASLEY was the brother of a Dr Robert Pasley, at Madras, with whom Hastings had "a friendship of twenty years," to which the familiar letters from him in the Correspondence testify. When Hastings was transferred to Bengal, Dr Pasley writes that he expects him to be able to retire with a fortune in about three years' time. Hastings, writing to Wheler that he has a regard for the younger Pasley and compassion for his misfortunes, begs him to try and employ (on the Company's business) a ship in which he has embarked his whole fortune and all his hopes.

CALCUTTA. *15th January*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—Mr Doveton arrived last Night, and brought me Letters from Mrs Motte, C. (Captain) Cowper, and Mr Phipps. These, and particularly the first, ought to have satisfyed me; but they renewed the Painfulness of my Situation, and my Fears for your Health, for I well knew the Acuteness of your Feelings, and the Inability of your Frame to support them. I shall now wait with the most anxious Impatience for the Return of the Pilot, who Doveton tells me, may be back in 16 or 17 Days. Every Day exceeding that Period I shall place to a bad Account, and expect to hear when he arrives that he was detained to bring a more favourable Report than could have been written to me by an earlier Dispatch.

I have begun to set my House in Order, and intend to

give every Thing to the principal Charge of Francis.[1]— I have ordered an Advertisement to be made for the Sale of Allipoor and Rishera, and shall clear myself as speedily as I can of other Incumbrances.—I shall go to Allipoor to morrow (friday) and pass the Remainder of the Week there, because it will be agreeable to Lady D'oyly. When She leaves me, I believe I shall quit it for ever.— I wait only for Mr Wheler's Determination to be certain whether I shall leave Calcutta. I think I shall, and if I do, I shall instantly make Preparations for it. I shall probably set off about the 15th of February, and travel Post to Patna. I did hope to be able to let you know in this what was finally concluded; but I cannot, and my Letter will want an ostensible Object. I have a melancholy Pleasure in writing to you, and that is my real Motive.—I am well, and that I know will yield you some pleasure, tho' it is so late since I gave you the same Information.

Remember me affectionately to your amiable Friend. I place my first Reliance on her, but you cannot receive even from her that assiduous and unremitted Care which I should take of you, were I your Companion.—I scarce hope for poor Clevland's Recovery, and that is an additional Cause of Alarm, independent of my Concern for him.

I shall write again to you by a Portugueze Ship, and by Mr Pasley, who goes in her. O God bless and support my sweet Marian! Yours ever ever more than Words can describe, W. H.

[1] Dr Clement Francis.

LETTER IV.

In spite of Hastings' anxiety to sell ALLIPOOR, the whole property was still on his hands when he left India (see Letter XXVII.), having been bought in at the auction, whereas the other estate, Rishera, sold for double what he had given for it. Major Palmer's son John, Hastings' Indian agent, was living there in 1802. After Hastings had sailed, Mr William Jackson the lawyer[1] bought the Old House for 27,500 sicca rupees, Thompson and Turner combined to buy the New House for 27,000, and Mr Hanycombe an attorney bought the paddock for 7500, leaving "near 70 beggahs of land between the paddock and Belvidere." There were, however, considerable difficulties, as we learn from Thompson's letters, in effecting the change of owners. The plan — or more probably the title-deeds—had been inadvertently packed with those Hastings had taken home with him, so that the sale could not be completed, and when this difficulty was overcome, it appeared that by the *lex loci* Mrs Hastings' consent was necessary to the transfer, which caused a further delay. The seventy bigahs of land not included in the sale remained in Hastings' possession, and were given by him to his stepson Julius Imhoff when the latter settled in India. Julius built a house there,[2] apparently as a speculation, "for the use of the Court of Appeal," but it was let or sold by his executors in 1803 to Charles D'Oyly, who mentions his pleasure in the grounds which Hastings had laid out. The Belvidere estate—which Dr Busteed identifies with the Old House[3]

[1] In 1801, as Registrar and Notary Public, he certifies the copy of Julius Imhoff's will.

[2] He describes it in his will as "my House and Grounds situated behind that House or Mansion commonly known by the name of Belvidere House, and at present occupied by William Augustus Brooke" (for whom see *infra*, p. 269).

[3] Mrs Fay certainly mentions Belvidere as the New House, but Dr Busteed considers this as a mistake due to her ignorance of the locality.

—was about to be cut up into building lots in 1798. The New House, identified as the present Hastings House, Alipur, was built by Hastings himself about 1776, and the walls covered, inside and out, with the true Madras chunam, the secret of the manufacture of which has now been lost. Dr Busteed quotes a captious description from the journal of Francis's brother-in-law and secretary, Macrabie: "'Tis a pretty toy but very small tho' airy and lofty. These milk-white buildings with smooth shiny surface utterly blind one." Mrs Fay's impression of it has already been quoted.[1] The faithful Thompson and Turner regarded the house, as was only natural, with a more appreciative eye. Thompson calls it "that beautiful Model of Architecture which introduced into Bengal an Improvement till then unknown, and stands an elegant, original and lasting Monument of public Spirit, in which tho' its Author suffers a heavy Loss subsequent Immitators will have made their Fortune by." Turner, in mentioning in 1794 that Hastings' portrait by Davis (Devis)[2] has passed into his hands, says that he has decided to hang it in the hall upstairs, which he can do without breaking the walls, "which I think my Dear Sir even at this Distance, you would not forgive. I have the satisfaction to assure you that they have been paid religious Veneration, and are in all respects as perfect as the Day you left India, and still by far the best Specimens existing in Bengal of the Madras Chunam." With the house the care of the horses, birds, and other pets passed into their hands, as has been mentioned, but they were obliged to make a new garden, as Hastings' collection of exotics, which ought to have been purchased for the Company, as the nucleus of a botanical garden, was allowed, in McPherson's first spasm of economy, to be dispersed.

DAVID ANDERSON was one of Hastings' most trusted subordinates. Early in 1773 he was sent home, ap-

[1] *Supra*, p. 30.

[2] See *infra*, p. 420.

parently with despatches, and carried presents of "otta" from Hastings to the Woodmans, and from Dr Hancock to his wife. Hancock warns his "dear Phila" that she must make allowances for Anderson's humour in embellishing his stories and characters, but though a little odd in manner, he is a very worthy young man. He was sent to Cuttack in 1778 to take up the negociations with Mudaji which were broken off by Elliot's death, and though the Governor-General's expectations were disappointed, he recognised that this was due to the delay that had occurred, and the changed political conditions, not to any fault of Anderson's. In 1780, Anderson, who had accompanied him to Benares, was despatched to Sindhia's camp, when Colonel Muir had succeeded in making a treaty with him, to watch over the negociations with the Maratha state, in which Sindhia was to act as mediator. The result was the Treaty of Salbai, gained, as Hastings writes, "by the peculiar talents and wariness of Mr David Anderson."[1] After the journey to the upper provinces projected in this letter, Anderson accompanied his patron home in the *Berrington*, and becomes a regular correspondent until Hastings' death. He married soon after his return, and settled on his estate of St Germains, near Edinburgh. Mr and Mrs Hastings visited him there, and he and his family visited them at Daylesford, and they exchanged local and family news, views on politics, and farming notes. Gleig says,[2] "Among all his friends, and he had many, none were more devoted to Mr Hastings than David Anderson; among all whom he loved, and his benevolence was as extensive as it was sincere, Mr Hastings, I am inclined to say, loved David Anderson the most." In the case of a man who had so many friends, and loved them all so well, it is difficult to discriminate as far as this, but it can unhesitatingly be said that Hastings' intercourse with David Anderson was on more equal terms than with any one else, except perhaps

[1] Gleig, III. 84. [2] Ibid., 313.

Colonel Toone. These two men—almost alone of his friends—needed nothing and asked nothing from him but friendship. It is curious to notice that Anderson's Indian interests seem to have faded from him completely. He writes of Indian affairs with the diffidence of one who is altogether out of touch with them, and this only when some reference in Hastings' letters needs a reply.

SWINEY (or Sweeny) TOONE, an Irishman, was one of Hastings' aides-de-camp in the early days of his governorship of Bengal. "Since my first appointment to the chief office of this Government in 1772," says Hastings,[1] "Major Toone has constantly held some command immediately attached to my person except the interval which passed of his absence in England. The troop of horse appointed for my body guard in 1773 was raised, formed and disciplined by him, but did not immediately perform the duty assigned to it by its institution, being first employed on service against the Senneasses (*Sanyasis*, bands of marauding fanatics), . . . and immediately after in the campaign against the Rohillas under Colonel Champion. In both services it was eminently useful." Toone was invalided home about 1775, and as already explained,[2] was obliged to resign the service. While in England, however, he was employed by the Court of Directors "on an important trust," the nature of which does not appear, and he discharged it with so much credit that he was allowed to return to India without prejudice to his rank. His reason for obtaining leave to return, in 1782, was his desire to be with Hastings, for his health was by no means restored. On this journey to the upper provinces he commanded the military escort, and Hastings mentions in his honour that not a single complaint was uttered as to the conduct of the troop by the Nawab-Vizier's forces, with which it was often intermixed on the march and in camp, by the inhabitants of

[1] State Papers.

[2] See *supra*, p. 177.

Lucknow, or by the servants of the palace in that city where it was quartered, nor was a single bill presented to the Company for damage done. Toone retired and came home with Hastings in 1785, receiving his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel on account of his services. He married a most excellent wife, and had a large family, two of the sons, Francis Hastings and James Hastings, being godsons to Mr and Mrs Hastings respectively. In 1798 he offered himself as a candidate for the Court of Directors, and was successful, though, as he says, "All the Beauty of Portland Place are canvassing against me —Hard upon a Man, who loves the Sex so well." From this time forward he took upon himself the duty of representing Hastings at the India House, managing the delicate matters connected with the renewal of his annuity, and other questions on which he found it necessary to approach the Court, with a fidelity, tact, and good humour almost unexampled. There are innumerable letters scrawled in his peculiarly illegible hand to his "ever dear and honoured Mr and Mrs Hastings," dated from the India House, from his town residence in Berners Street or Mortimer Street (this seems to have been a favourite neighbourhood for old Indians), from Margate or Worthing, from Epsom, or from the estate bearing the unpropitious name of Mount Misery which he purchased near Keston in Kent. However hurried he may be, he never fails to end with messages of the deepest respect from his wife and daughters as well as himself. He was much troubled by his own ill health and that of his children, but it is never made an excuse for avoiding anything he had been asked to do, and his devotion was recognised and appreciated. "I never doubted of my reception if it had been my good Fortune to go to Daylesford House," he writes, after missing a visit there. "I should be worse than an Infidel to doubt it, after the experience of the third part of the Century." The last letter that Hastings dictated was to him, asking him

to approach the Court of Directors on the subject of the continuance to Mrs Hastings of the annuity granted to her husband.

RICHARD JOHNSON seems to have been one of the people who must have a finger in every pie. According to the 'Bengal Gazette,' he negociated Mrs Hastings' divorce from her first husband; he appears in the Correspondence in the summer of 1780, intent on reconciling Hastings and Francis, only to be stigmatized by Sir John Day as "a beardless Machiavel," serving nothing but his own interests; and when he was sent as Middleton's assistant to Lucknow, the 'Bengal Gazette' asserts that he wormed himself into the knowledge of official secrets. When Middleton quitted his post temporarily to escort his wife to Bengal, Johnson, "in actual possession of the powers of the residency," was in his glory. "Johnson abused his trust, or was charged with it," writes Hastings,[1] "and kept the Board and myself in total ignorance of his acts, though unauthorised, and of the state of the country, which was in universal revolt. For this he was recalled." After his appointment to Hyderabad, he writes to Hastings that he expects the arrival of an order from the Court of Directors for his being tried again on the charges on which he and Middleton had already been arraigned. As the affair has remained in suspense for eighteen months, he begs that if the letter arrives, it may be held over until the negociations with the Nizam, of which he is in charge, are completed. It was in consequence of these charges, brought against him by the Oudh minister Haidar Beg Khan and Major Palmer, who was sent to enquire into the state of affairs at Lucknow—and not, as Dr Busteed thinks, of any subsequent peccadilloes at Hyderabad—that he was obliged to resign his post. For a time he was supernumerary member of the Board of Revenue, but returned to England in 1789. He became a partner in the firm of Edwards, Smith, Templer,

[1] Gleig, III. 119.

Middleton, Johnson and Wedgwood, who acted as bankers for both Mr and Mrs Hastings. There are a number of letters to him from them dealing with money matters. He advanced the money for the purchase of Charles Imhoff's commission as captain, and in 1800 suddenly requested that it should be repaid, at a time when Hastings was in such difficulties as to write, "I see my own ruin staring me in the face." He offered to mortgage Daylesford to raise the money, but the matter seems to have been arranged by transferring some of Mrs Hastings' securities, so that she became the owner of the mortgage. But Johnson's demand had been caused by pecuniary difficulties of his own, and in 1807 we hear that he is returning to India. In this year, as Sir C. Lawson[1] points out, his name disappears from the firm. Before he could sail, he died at Brighton, but some of his transactions must have continued to operate to the prejudice of his partners. In 1816 there is a pathetic letter from Mr Templer, now head of the firm, which is about to close its doors. In consequence of Mr Johnson's conduct, he himself, after thirty-one years at home, must return to India[2] at sixty-one years of age, and he begs that Mr and Mrs Hastings will transfer their accounts to Messrs Coutts. This they did.

RICHARD JOSEPH SULIVAN'S name appears in the Correspondence first in 1777, when McPherson, then at home, recommends him to Hastings. In 1781 he was appointed by the Governor-General and Council their Resident at Fort St George, for the purpose of keeping them in touch with the members of the Madras Committee.[3] At the beginning of 1783 he is found in possession of special powers conferred on him for the purpose of negociating with the hapless Mohammed Ali,

[1] 'The Private Life of Warren Hastings.'

[2] He was one of the commissioners for regulating the price of grain in October, 1783. Gleig, III. 132.

[3] State Papers.

Nawab of Arcot—otherwise known as the Nabob of the Carnatic and the Nabob Wallah Jaw or Wallaja—and is constituted minister and representative of the Governor-General and Council at his durbar. Hastings had recommended him to Lord Macartney in 1781 as "deeply and minutely informed in the Nabob's affairs, of pleasing manner, and if you shall think fit to make use of his services, possessed of honourable and faithful principles," but an angel from heaven could not have satisfied Lord Macartney if it had been deputed to represent the Bengal Government. Before his arrival, a treaty had been concluded by which the Nawab handed over the larger part of the revenues of the Carnatic for the expenses of the war, on condition that his sovereign rights were guaranteed. Lord Macartney insisted that the whole of the revenues should be surrendered unconditionally to the Madras Government, without regard to the stipulations of the treaty. Richard Sulivan, apparently trying to make the best of a bad business for his client, persuaded him to agree, with the natural result of a long course of irritation on the Nawab's part, and overbearing tyranny on that of Lord Macartney. In March, 1783, Hastings, writing to Laurence Sulivan, mentions that Richard Sulivan[1]—there seems to have been no relationship between the two men—had recently been removed from his appointment, though no fault was alleged against him. As a Resident was needed at Hyderabad, Hastings proposed him for the post, and Sir Eyre Coote, then on his last visit to Calcutta, heartily agreed. The appointment was specially near Hastings' heart because he hoped by its means to bring about a reconciliation between the two Nawabs—the Nizam and Wallah Jah—and he had confided this hope to McPherson. To his deep disappointment, McPherson and Stables—who had refused to express an opinion until he had consulted McPherson—opposed the appointment, on the ground

[1] Gleig, III. 54.

of Sulivan's connection with the Nawab of Arcot, and it fell through. "David Anderson always excepted, I do not know (Sulivan's) equal," Hastings had written, and it must have tried him sorely to see the vacant post go to Richard Johnson. Their friendship was not interrupted, and in 1801 Sulivan was one of those who nominated Hastings for the membership of the Royal Society.

CALCUTTA. *21st January*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have written 3 Letters to you by Mrs Sands in the Hope of her overtaking you at the Cape. I scarce wish you to receive them, for they were written under the Influence of Sorrow, Discontent and Despondency, and something like the Consciousness of infinite and incomparable Folly in the Recollection of the abundant Pains which I had been taking to effect my own Wretchedness.—May the Event prove it the Reverse! The Resolution and its Execution were very sudden, and I look back for the Grounds of both, and scarce can trace them;—none that satisfy me: I only recollect that in my Enthusiasm to sacrifice every Consideration that regarded myself to the Preservation of your Health, I thought only of the Sacrifice, nor enquired of myself till it was too late whether it might not have been attained by easier Means and nearer our Reach, or whether those which were chosen were not as likely to encrease as to remedy the Evil.

But I have already torn one Sheet because I had half filled it with gloomy Complaints.—I will not afflict you with more, and it is unmanly.

The Events of my Life since our Separation have been few and uninteresting. I left you early on the Morning of the 10th and passed a miserable Day with

an aching Heart and Head. I saw the Atlas till half an Hour past 9, and then lost Sight of her for ever. I arrived at Calcutta in the Afternoon of the 12th, having made my last Stage in the Feelcherra. I have since had my Mind so constantly occupied that it has had little Time for Reflexion, and I have avoided sleeping in the Afternoons, so that, thank God, I pass my Nights in Quiet through Weariness. I passed the three last Days of the Week at Allipoor, and shall continue to go there for the Entertainment of my present Guests, as long as they stay with me, on Saturdays and Sundays. When they leave me, I bid Adieu to Allipoor for ever, and I have actually advertised the Sale of it in Three Lots, the Old House and Garden forming One, the new House and Outhouses the Second, and the Paddock the third. Other Schemes of Retrenchment and Economy I am forming, and they afford me a Pleasure in the Prospect which is connected with them.

On the 14th Mr Doveton returned, and brought me Letters from Mrs Motte, Captain Cowper, and Mr Phipps. He had left you but fifteen Hours later than I had; yet his Report of you, and the Letters, filled me with alarming Apprehensions. Poor Clevland! I fear his Recovery near impossible; and this is an additional Source of my Fears on your Account.—I do not expect the Return of the Pilot till the first Week in February at the soonest, and shall reckon the Delay of every Day from the first as having proceeded from a Necessity of detaining him to afford me better Tidings than could have been written earlier by him. Yet I shall then hope to see your own Handwriting, and O God grant it may give me the Comfort of hearing

that you were well, your Health unimpaired, and your Mind composed!—Let me but have Reason to believe that you will pass the Voyage exempt from Sickness, and I will forgive myself for having assented to part with you.—Assented! It was my own Act, and mine alone, and I felt a Pride in urging it, because I owed to you every Proof that I could give of my Affection and disinterested Regard for your Safety and Happiness, and what greater could I give, if these Objects were promoted by it?

I am in hourly Expectation of the Determination of the Board on a Point of very great Consequence to my Credit in the Close of my public Service. I have made an Offer of going to Lucnow for the Purpose of making an Arrangement of our Concerns in that Government, the State of which you knew when you were with me. If I go, I shall have a World of difficulties to encounter, and Hazard to my Reputation, but I know that if any Thing can retrieve the Affairs of that Country, my Presence will (—I can say this to you, and you will not think it Presumption—) and my Health, to which I must give much Attention, is less likely to suffer by a Life of Bustle and Activity than by a State of Quiet at Home. If I go, Mr Anderson will accompany me as my Assistant, Sands as the Manager of my private Affairs, and Major Toone for eventual Employment in his own Line. I shall set out about the Middle of next Month, and go by the Post Bearers as far as Patna, and perhaps to Benaris.—Possibly I may close this by telling you that I do not go at all. I have done all that I could to gain this Point, but shall be glad in my Heart to be defeated in it; for I wish it only on

public Grounds, every Consideration of private Interest strongly opposing it.

Richard Johnson is appointed our public Minister at Hyderabad, the Station originally destined for Richard Sulivan.

I daily expect Letters overland written after the Receipt of mine by the Surprize Packet in which I declared my Resolution of resigning my Office, and desired that my Successor might be nominated. What may be the Event of this Declaration I cannot foresee; but whatever it be, my Resolution is fixed and unalterable, and it will be so concluded when it is known that you are gone before me. I have fulfilled every Obligation which I owed to the Service, and done more than almost any other Man against such Inducements as I have had to restrain me would have done.—But, my Marian, do not entertain Hopes of Improvement in our Fortune. If your Love for me is, as I am sure it is, superior to every other Wish, you must be content to receive your Husband again without other Expectations, poor in Cash, but rich in Credit (at least he hopes so) and in Affection unexampled. He is infinitely more concerned about his Constitution than his Wealth, trusting to the Justice of his Country for at least a Competency, and to the Good Sense of his Marian for a Sufficiency in whatever they may have for a Subsistence.

Since I wrote the preceding Part of my Letter I have seen Mr Wheler, and he has promised his Assent to my proposed Visit to Lucnow, having declared the same in Terms in a written Minute to the Board; so that I now consider it as done past Recall. Scott will have the

Copies of what has passed in Council upon the Occasion, if you wish to see them. There is nothing in them but their Conclusion in which you can be interested.

I am well, and ride pretty constantly; but the Swelling in my Ancle which I thought had subsided returned while I was on the River, and continues. I intend to give a particular Attention to my Health, and have no Doubt with Care to escape any Attack of Sickness this Year.—I am not apprehensive of any Approach of it till the Month of July. I ought to be careful, for I shall not have an Angel sent again from Heaven for my Care, and that Reflexion, were I sick, would make the Danger twice as great.

O my Marian, what an Age is yet to pass before I can be again blessed with you, and what have I not to dread in so long an Interval!! May Heaven support and preserve you, and restore you to me in Health and in Affection all that my fondest Hopes can require, and I will be contented, nor regret the many many Days that I have lost in your Absence; and if ever I part from you again, I shall deserve to lose you and be wretched for ever. Let but a few Months pass, and I will begin to count the Time which shall yet remain, and please myself with its Diminution.

Continue, my sweet Marian, to love me, for in that Hope and Belief alone I live. Again may the God of Heaven bless and support you!—Remember me affectionately to your dear Mrs Motte. Adieu. Your ever ever affectionate W. HASTINGS.

LETTER V.

The HALSEWELL, which carried this letter, was lost on her return voyage from England in 1786.

MAJOR DAVY had been Hastings' Persian secretary. He was deputed in May, 1782, to accompany Major Palmer to Lucknow as his confidential assistant when he went to enquire into the Nawab-Vizier's unwillingness, as represented by Middleton, to carry out the Treaty of Chanar. Should sickness or any other accident prevent Palmer from reaching Lucknow, Davy was to take his place. He seems to have resigned his appointment owing to ill-health, and died on his voyage home, three days before reaching St Helena.

The CAPTAIN PRICE here mentioned is not the same as the "Captain Joe Price" of Letter XXVII.

JOHN MCPHERSON was a fascinating giant of agreeable manners, a fine flow of conversation, mediocre abilities, and no conscience. Arriving in India in 1767 as purser of his uncle's ship, he made the acquaintance of the Nawab of Arcot, and was sent by him to England as his agent. At home his intrigues led to the unwarrantable appointment of Sir John Lindsay as plenipotentiary representing the Crown, to decide all questions of peace and war with the native powers. The Madras Committee, of which Hastings was then a member, resisted this encroachment stoutly, and eventually with success, but McPherson received his reward in the shape of a writership in the Company's service, on the nomination of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton. Prudently concealing the reason for this favour, he made himself useful to Dupré, the Governor, and was rewarded by the appointment of Paymaster to the Madras Forces.[1] In his letters to Hastings about this time, he reveals himself as what his age called "the man of feeling." He quotes

[1] Beveridge, 'History.'

Rousseau and the Ossianic poems of which his cousin James McPherson was—the diverse meanings now attributed to the phrase make it allowable here—"the onlie begetter," and speaks of their common friends under the names of the Gaelic heroes. He writes with a gay irresponsibility which takes little heed of the feelings of others, and Hastings pulls him up sharply on one occasion for an expression used in speaking of Mrs Imhoff. He excuses himself on the ground that he writes with an open soul and often a careless pen, and—repeats the offence three years later, when she had for two years been married to Hastings. Hastings' secretary Belli was his *protégé*, and he rarely loses sight of him and his interests. "Remind me to my little Belli if he is alive," he writes. "If he is dead, Peace to his little Shade!" In 1776 came a sudden fall. Lord Pigot, the Governor of Madras, became aware of his past activities in the Nawab's interest, and dismissed him summarily. He returned to England with the double object of obtaining his own reinstatement and doing the Nawab further service. "There is a person here who has no despicable pen, his name Macpherson, who has succeeded Macleane in the agency of the Nabob of Arcot," writes Pechell to Hastings in 1779. "This person talks as being in your confidence." Only a little later comes a warning from Mr Woodman, whom McPherson had set down as "an honest plain man," that McPherson is damaging Hastings' cause by mixing him up with party strife, and associating him in the popular mind with the controversy between Lords Howe and Keppel. Having succeeded in getting his dismissal declared irregular and therefore void, McPherson left the Arcot business in the hands of his cousin James, usually called "Fingall McPherson" in the Correspondence, and returned to India with added glory. Though he had been pronounced guilty of "very reprehensible conduct," and ordered to receive a severe reprimand, he was sent out to fill Barwell's place in the

Bengal Council. The satisfaction with which Hastings' friends at home regarded the appointment has already been noted, but in spite of all that had passed, they did not know McPherson. Had Hastings been at the height of power and felicity, he would probably have supported him faithfully—at any rate to outward view—but finding him attacked by Government at home and Lord Macartney in India, the temptation to build up a future for himself on the falling fortunes of his friend was irresistible.[1] "A ray of inspiration very early flitted across my imagination more than once," writes Hastings sorrowfully,[2] "and showed me the naked character of Macpherson, with his borrowed robes lying by him; but I either treated the warning as an illusion, or it escaped me while some more pressing object called off my attention; or I chose rather to be deceived than to yield to doubtful suspicion." Elsewhere he speaks of him as possessing "the most imposing talents, and an elegant and unceasing flow of words," [3] but no knowledge of business. At the time the present letter was written, McPherson was "absent from the Presidency for the benefit of his health," [4] and his action when he returned is related in sufficient detail in the succeeding letters. As no new Governor-General had been appointed when Hastings returned home, McPherson succeeded to the Chair, to the extreme dismay of all Hastings' trusted subordinates. Palmer writes of the dread and distrust with which he regards him, and begs to be allowed to resign rather than work under him. The Nawab-Vizier, in terror, sent Colonel Martine to ingratiate himself with Stables, and through him with the acting Governor-General. McPherson's first thought was to inaugurate sweeping economies, in order to recommend himself to the authorities at home. His family consisted of a

[1] Gleig, III. 145. [2] Ibid., 129. [3] Ibid., 254.
[4] State Papers. He sailed in the *Belmont* for Ganjam on Jan. 10th, the same day as Mrs Hastings. Gleig, III. 142.

military secretary, a private secretary, and three aides-de-camp, he dispensed with the infantry bodyguard altogether, and reduced the mounted troop to fifty men. Of his action as Governor-General Thompson gives a characteristic picture. "To do this directly (*i.e.*, to despatch one ship instead of another), is an Act he thinks too daring, too decisive, too important; he has therefore Recourse to Intrigue, and trusts that by dexterously operating on the Hopes and Fears of Captain Kydd he shall effect his mighty Purpose, *without committing himself.* Ex pede Herculem—Behold the Ruler of the East!" The allusions to his suavity of manner are frequent. "Preserving his accustomed Smile," "with the benignity of a Saint," "McPherson, whose Tongue drops Honey upon this as upon every other Occasion," "Your name gently glided from the tongue of the Highland snake." In June, 1786, for some occult reason—perhaps to console him for his approaching supersession, perhaps to spite Hastings—he was created a baronet, but in September, as he was sitting at table at Government House, a note was brought him from Lord Cornwallis announcing his arrival to take over the supreme authority. Dispossessed, McPherson lingered for a while about the scenes of his former glory, hoping to maintain the reality, if not the semblance of power, by obtaining an influence over his supplanter, but here his gifts and graces were wasted. Lord Cornwallis entertained the worst possible opinion of his character, and would have none of him,[1] and he retired more or less gracefully. Some time after his return, we find great indignation expressed by Hastings' correspondents at the announcement of his intention of going back to India, but the threat was not a serious one—merely an attempt to intimidate the home government into giving him a pension as an inducement to remain in England. He did

[1] See 'Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis,' edited by C. Ross.

not go back, finding a more suitable, and doubtless more congenial field for his talents in London society, especially in that section of it which owned allegiance to the First Gentleman in Europe.

CALCUTTA. *23rd January*, 1784.

MY MARIAN,—I have written three Letters to you by Mrs Sands, and a fourth which I shall commit to the Charge of Captain Peiarce of the Halsewell. I shall reserve a Duplicate of the last for Major Davy, for Mr Doveton says he thinks Major Davy has a better Chance of overtaking you at the Cape than the Ships now under Dispatch. I shall send this and a Duplicate of it by the Ceres and Talbot which will sail in Company with the Halsewell, and I shall give them in Charge of the two Captains, Price and Taylor, so that in the Event of the Arrival of any One of the Three, you will receive the latest Intelligence from me; and for that Purpose only I now write, and shall communicate only such Points as it will be necessary that you should know.

I left you on the 10th and arrived in Calcutta on the 12th. On the 14th Mr Doveton arrived, and brought me Mrs Motte's Letter, not a very pleasing One, though his Departure was too early to admit of a better Report.

I have advertised the Sale of Allipoor, and am ridding myself of other Incumbrances.

I have made an Offer to the Board of my Services at Lucnow, and Mr Wheler has agreed to it provided the Vizier requests it, which he certainly will. What Mr Stables will say, I know not; perhaps nothing. Mr McPherson is, you know at Ganjam.—I consider the Measure as determined, and shall prepare to leave Calcutta about the 15th of next Month. I shall go

Post to Patna or Buxar, and the rest of the Way with a military Escort. My Stay at Lucnow will be uncertain, and my Success doubtful, though every Body expects great Things in the Effect of it. I do not.

I am perfectly well, and think I shall be the better for a Life of Care and Activity.

Lady D. (D'Oyly) is still here. On her Departure I shall bid Farewell to Allipoor, and count the Days of my Life as lost to my Existence till the blessed Moment that shall restore my Marian to me, and never while I live shall she be again separated from me. Adieu my beloved. Your ever ever affectionate

W. HASTINGS.

I will write to Mrs M. (Motte) by Major Davy.

LETTER VI.

The importance attached by Hastings in these letters to the obtaining of WHELER's assent to his plans may appear somewhat surprising in view of their perfect accord in 1781. But Wheler was one of the men who associate themselves, as it were automatically, with the stronger side. "McPherson and Stables have intimidated Wheler, whom they hate, and he them most cordially," says Hastings.[1] When the Governor-General tried to rouse him to defend the Nawab of Arcot against Lord Macartney, on the faith of the treaty he had himself assisted to frame, "Mr Wheler's conduct made me ashamed of him,"[2] so supine was his behaviour. Hastings' first intention of leaving Bengal at the same time as his wife was based on the conviction that "In the meantime the charge (of the government) though

[1] To Scott. Gleig, III. 121. [2] Gleig, III. 123.

temporary, would be as safely lodged in the hands of Mr Wheler as my own; for he has talents for business, and lacks only a confidence in himself, which the next in succession (McPherson), wanting his talents, possesses most abundantly. But a short interval compelled me to relinquish my purpose." [1] "Mr Wheler is really a man of business," he writes despairingly; [2] "Yet I cannot convince him of it, nor persuade him to trust to his own superiority. He hates them, and is implicitly guided by them, and so he will always be by those who command him, and possess, at the same time, a majority of voices." On this point of his proposed journey to Lucknow he says, "You shall know Mr Wheler's answer in the close of this. I have used every argument and incentive to gain his assent. I have talked with him myself, and thought that I had fixed him; I have used the mediation of a common friend. I have also employed appropriate means to prevail on Mr Stables, though with little expectation of effect. In short, I have laboured with as much perseverance, and employed as many instruments, to carry this point as if I had it at heart; but in my heart I shall rejoice if I am defeated, for if I am committed in it, it will be the most desperate service I ever undertook; and may ruin my reputation by its failure of success; and here I leave it." [3] Notwithstanding this perverse supineness of Wheler's, their intimate letters to one another continue friendly and even affectionate. It is as though McPherson cast a spell on Wheler which in his public character he was powerless to resist, but which had no effect on his private relations.

Sir John Hadley D'Oyly was a type of the larger number of Hastings' friends, united to him by ties of the closest intimacy and affection, but constantly more or less in need of advice, assistance, or consolation. He was now

[1] Gleig, III. 138. [2] Ibid., 145. [3] Ibid., 146.

Resident at Murshidabad, entrusted with the difficult task of restraining the extravagance and regulating the finances of the titular Nawab, Mubarak-u-Daula. He and his wife returned to England in the *Hillesborough* about the same time as Hastings, and before settling down he sought out the creditors of his deceased father and paid them in full. His letters show him as a man of many interests. He sat in Parliament for Ipswich, he made many "improvements" on his estates, and he owned a brewery near Dublin and a slate quarry in another part of Ireland. In recognition of his fidelity during the Trial, Hastings gave him a seal bearing the Persian inscription—which is often quoted in their correspondence—"This (affliction) also will pass away."[1] Sir John's profuse expenditure brought him into difficulties, and he retired to Ireland to devote himself to the brewery in the hope of improving his position, but the renewal of the war with France after the Peace of Amiens, and the disturbed state of the country, disappointed him in this expectation. After his wife's death he returned to India, taking with him his two daughters, and leaving his little son John under the care of Mr and Mrs Hastings. The elder son, Charles, who was Mrs Hastings' godson, had gone to India in 1797, and married his cousin, Marian Greer, in 1802. On arriving at Calcutta in 1804, Sir John found great difficulty in obtaining employment, since there was a strong and not unnatural prejudice against the return of retired civilians—who had made one fortune and lost it—to take the bread out of the mouths of younger men. At length he became Collector of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, then Postmaster-General—his salary increasing with the profits of the Post-Office, and finally obtained the Salt Agency of Bulwah and Chittagong. Former occupants of this post had winked at the most bare-faced embezzlement on the part of their native subordinates, and he found he had

[1] From an allusion in a letter of David Anderson's, it would appear that he also possessed one.

stirred up a hornets' nest when he refused the offer of the latter to double the commission paid to him if he would only leave matters in their hands. After years of work and enormous difficulties, he succeeded in raising the revenue of the agency by 170,000 rupees per annum. Soon after announcing this triumph, he was seized with a nervous complaint, due, so we learn, to his inordinate use of the *hooka*, and even a sojourn in Mauritius failed to cure him. On January 8th, 1818, his son Charles writes to announce his death. The letter is docketed in Hastings' writing as received on June 5th, little more than two months before his own death. In the obituary notice of Sir John which his son quotes from a Calcutta paper, the fact that he was "the attached friend of Mr Hastings" is specially mentioned. There are many of his letters in the Correspondence, some of them unsigned, and only to be recognised by his very noticeable writing. This curious fact he explains on the ground of the danger of their being intercepted and taken to France, where the Emperor Napoleon had a habit of printing the private papers thus seized—which led to sad dissensions in family and business life.

CALCUTTA. 26. *January*. 1784.

(Endorsed by Mrs Hastings, "Received the 29th July.")

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I write this by Mr Pasley, who is a Passenger on a Portugueze Ship destined to touch at the Cape, and confidently expects to be there before you leave it. I have written to you by every ship, and shall continue to write by every Opportunity, whether of Land or Sea Conveyance. Of Course my Letters will often be short, and always consist of Repetitions, as my first Object is to make you acquainted with those Points of Information in which you are most concerned; and I know that every Packet that arrives

without a Letter from me to you will be a Disappointment to you.

I have told you in all my former Letters that Mr Wheler had assented to my Proposal of going to Lucnow, and that I regarded it as a Point decided. I am now making all the necessary Preparations for it. I shall set off about the 15th but have not yet fixed the Day. I shall travel Post to Patna, or to the Banks of the Soan; but no further. The rest of the Way I shall go with a military Escort, and of Course with less Expedition. What will be the Event of this Undertaking it is impossible to foresee. It will principally depend upon the next Orders from home. If my Successor is appointed, and I am rudely removed, I shall instantly leave Lucnow, and return to Calcutta, and make the best of my Way from thence to England. I am not greatly afraid of what my Friends in the Council may do in my Absence, because I think they have not the Courage to recall or thwart me, and render themselves responsible for the Consequences. Whenever I have put our Affairs there in a good Train, which may be in Two Months, or it may require more than Six, I purpose leaving Major Palmer in Charge and returning. If this should happen in the Rains, my Wish will be to repose myself during the Remainder of that Season with Sir John D'oyly at Rangamutty, for I shall be fearful of the Air of Calcutta, and some Care of my own Person I owe to you.

I have advertised the Sale of all my Houses and Grounds, Allipoor in three Lots, the Old House, the new House, and the Paddock. I have parted with all my Mares, except four which have Colts, and shall make other Retrenchments in my Expenses.

Except the Day that I left you, I have been since free from any Complaint of Sickness. My Health is good, but too delicate, and requires much Attention and Management. Perhaps this Journey may mend it:—perhaps not. But be it good or bad I will live to see you in England, and no Consideration that the Kings or Parliaments of the Earth can offer me shall prevail upon me to exceed the Time which I have alloted to the Period of my Service; and how, my Marian, will you receive a Healthless and Pennyless Husband? Will your Heart reproach him with Precipitancy and Improvidence, or will it lay both to the Account of an Affection which could disregard Wealth and every Blessing upon Earth, if they could only be obtained by a Separation from the Object of it?—I have already yielded too much, too much to the Opinions of others in consenting to, aye and in urging your Departure; too much to the Public which will not thank me, nor know the Value of the Sacrifice, in remaining without You.

I wait with great Anxiety the Return of the Pilot.—I was not pleased with Mr Doveton's Report of you.—Always remember me kindly to Mrs Motte.—My Marian, I love you far more than my Life, for that is only valuable as you make it so, nor have I one Gratification which could tempt me to retain the Burthen of it, but for the Hope of being again united to you.

May God grant it, and bless and support you!

I am ever, my dearest and most beloved of all Women your most faithful and most affectionate Husband,

WARREN HASTINGS.

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1784.

LETTER VII.

THE PILOT always accompanied ships until they were well out of the river. Grandpré, describing the Pilot Establishment, mentions that it comprised twelve vessels, six of which were brigs, and six sloops carrying sixteen guns each and capable of being used as warships. For a small vessel entering or leaving the river, a pilot's assistant was considered sufficient safeguard, but when a large ship was in question, a master-pilot went on board, his brig preceding her. Mrs Hastings had sent back the pilot-sloop earlier than her husband expected, that it might bring Cleveland's body for burial on land.

CLEVELAND had been ordered a voyage to the Cape in the hope of re-establishing his health, according to the 'India Gazette.' The same newspaper records that his poor hill-people were "absorbed in all the extravagance of sorrow" on hearing of his death.

CHARLES CHAPMAN was another of the young civil servants who attached themselves to Hastings with an affection that bordered on idolatry. At the beginning of his service he appears to have acted for a time as private secretary, for he says some years after this, "While writing I seem to be drawn closer to you, and performing some of those little services, which in my early youth, you accepted with so much Goodness, and

I performed with so much pleasure." In 1778 Hastings employed him to explore the coast of Cochin China and penetrate as far inland as he could. At the end of 1781 he was sent to Nagpur as Agent at the Berar durbar—a difficult post, since Mudaji, forgetting his own shufflings in the past, was very angry to find himself superseded by Sindhia as mediator of the treaty with the Marathas. With regard to his present appointment as Cleveland's successor, Hastings mentions that on his voyage up the river he heard unaffected and liberal encomiums passed everywhere on poor Cleveland, and found Chapman "impressed with the most zealous disposition to copy so good an example." When Thompson and Turner had left India, Chapman succeeded to the charge of Hastings' interests there, and begs him to assure Mrs Hastings, when Julius Imhoff was going out, that "I shall watch over the Welfare of her young Man with Eyes almost as attentive and solicitous as she could do herself." Further particulars about him will be found in the Concluding Chapter.

MISS WILLIAMS was a *protégée* of Mrs Mary Barwell, Barwell's sister, who sent her out to Mrs Hastings' care with well-defined views for her future. This we learn from a letter in which she expresses gratitude for the attention shown to Miss Williams, but has thought it necessary to write fully to Mrs Hastings on her not getting a husband. Whether she thought Mrs Hastings or Miss Williams to blame does not appear, but it is possible that there was already an attachment between Chapman and the young lady, which could not be acknowledged until the appointment placed him in a position to marry. The references to the D'Oylys and to the Rocks of Colgong would suggest that Miss Williams was Mrs Hastings' companion in her shipwreck, and that on her departure she took up her residence with Lady D'Oyly.

JOHN HOLLOND was the hardly treated official who originally represented the Madras Committee at the

durbar of the Nizam, but on allowing Hastings to become aware of their provocative proceedings, was dismissed for revealing their secrets to "an external government." Hastings immediately appointed him his own Agent, and the Madras Council was at length induced to revoke his suspension. In 1781 Hastings writes to Scott[1] that Hollond (mis-spelt Holland by Gleig), wished to resign on account of ill-health, but remained at his post in the hope of concluding a treaty detaching the Nizam from the Quadruple Alliance.

Toone's BROTHER William is found in 1807 commanding the troops at Buxar. Extravagant himself, he lent money to Mrs Hastings' reckless nephew Charles Chapuset, who was one of his subordinates, and continued to do so, in spite of Mrs Hastings' returning the second bill he drew on her, though she had paid the first.[2]

GEORGE NESBITT THOMPSON, here mentioned for the first time, seems to have become Hastings' private secretary very soon after helping to rescue Mrs Hastings when her boat was wrecked near Colgong. The position to which he was now nominated was that of Junior Counsel to the Company, the Senior Counsel's name being Davies. Thompson's numerous letters, written in a particularly legible and beautiful hand, bear witness to his extreme intimacy with Mr and Mrs Hastings. Julius Imhoff, when he first went out, lived with him at Alipur, until Thompson returned home in 1789. Christopher Anstey, of Bath, the author of the 'New Bath Guide' and of various other works in verse, specimens of which he sends punctiliously to India for Mr and Mrs Hastings, was in some way related to Thompson —possibly his maternal uncle. "One who is so deservedly dear to me," he calls him.

SIR CHARLES BLUNT was one of the most unsatisfactory of the "hard cases" shipped off to India by their despairing friends and imposed on Hastings to be

[1] Gleig, II. 382. [2] See Appendix III.

provided for. Barwell recommends him in 1783 as having run through his fortune, and deserving patronage for the sake of his family of three sons and eight daughters. In spite of his age and responsibilities, he came out as a writer, but this was merely for the sake of obtaining leave to go to India, not with any intention of working his way up in the service. He was agent for providing army bullocks when Hastings left India,[1] and very shortly afterwards writes to entreat protection against the Board and Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, who threatened to deprive him of his office. He lost his agency, but was allowed to become contractor, with two others, for the supply of bullocks. Lady Blunt, who was a great friend of the Toones, did not accompany him to India. Blunt died in 1802, "I cannot say lamented except by his family," writes Charles D'Oyly. "His family" must mean some of his daughters, as "the Miss Blunts" were going out by the same ship as Marian Brisco in 1794. One of them, however, remained behind, to marry Charles Imhoff. This was Charlotte, the "sweet Charlotte" of Mrs Hastings' letters to her son.

MAJOR CONRAN was recommended to Hastings by his friend Pechell and others in 1781. He had served through the American War, in which he was wounded, and the expenses consequent on his illness obliged him to sell out. He came to India overland, carrying despatches.

MRS RAMUS was Mrs Vernet's daughter, and has been already mentioned as marrying Lady Day's brother, the match having been arranged by Mrs Hastings.[2] In July, 1781, Ramus[3] is named as one of the four commissaries appointed to take over the bullion and valuables belonging to the Dutch company on the capture of Chinsura, and also to put the principal European inhabitants on their parole, and keep the rest under close observation. This

[1] See Appendix IV. [2] See *supra*, p. 52.

[3] Misprinted Ramies in the State Papers.

appointment would naturally not be a permanent one. The marriage appears to have turned out ill, for in a Calcutta letter of 1809 we read of "Ramus's daughter" as being "worse than her mother."

JOHN BRISTOW was the civilian whose assiduous attentions to the Majority on their arrival in Bengal were rewarded with the post of Resident at Lucknow in place of Middleton. He it was who forced the young Nawab-Vizier to resign his claim to the treasure held by the Begums, and negociated the treaty which robbed him of Benares. When Monson's death restored Hastings to power, he lost little time in recalling Bristow (December, 1776), despite the protests of Francis and Clavering. The Court of Directors sent various angry letters ordering his reinstatement, but he remains in obscurity until October, 1782, when Hastings sent him back to Lucknow, as mentioned in the notes to Letter II. Bristow's further proceedings will be noticed in the course of the present Series. He married a lady who will be remembered by Dr Busteed's readers as the toast of Calcutta during 1781 and 1782, and as having attracted the anxious admiration of the Editor of the 'Bengal Gazette,' who alludes to her affectionately as "Turban Conquest, the Chinsura Belle." Mr Hicky's paper was suppressed before he could chronicle the climax of the fair Emma's triumphant career, but the marriage is thus announced in the 'India Gazette': "On Monday last (May 27th, 1782), at Chinsurah, John Bristowe, Esq., to Miss Wrangham." Dr Busteed, who has not observed the coincidence, notes elsewhere that Mrs John Bristow set the fashion in Calcutta of ladies' appearing upon the stage. She had a private theatre at her house in Chowringee, and herself took the leading parts in the plays produced.

DR BALFOUR had been surgeon to the Chanar garrison, but Hastings was in correspondence with him long before his visit to the fortress. Balfour was a vigilant guardian

of his interests, and in 1783 writes to warn him that the Resident of Benares (the younger Fowke, who had, like Bristow, been reinstated at the order of the Court of Directors),[1] was intriguing with Chait Singh with a view to procuring the restoration of the zamindari to him. He remained in the service till 1807, when he retired.

MUNNY BEGUM (Mani Begam, the Jewel Lady), was one of the widows of Mir Jafir, whom the English placed on the *masnad* as Nawab of Bengal after Plassey. Three of his sons by different wives succeeded him, Munny Begum's, Saif-u-Daula, being the second. When Saif-u-Daula died, Hastings appointed her, as the senior lady of the zenana, regent during the minority of his half-brother, Mubarak-u-Daula. This choice, though he was practically forced to it by the grave objections attaching to the other possible candidates, brought upon him an extraordinary amount of obloquy, and was freely attributed, at one time to the bribes, at another to the charms, of the lady. Utterly unacquainted with the usages of the East, Burke and his supporters conceived it impossible that a quondam dancing-girl could be raised by royal favour to a position of respectability, far less of authority, and exhausted their eloquence in depicting the injustice inflicted on Babu Begam, the mother of Mubarak-u-Daula, in not appointing her regent—all unconscious of the fact that she also had been a dancing-girl! The author of the *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin* describes Munny Begum as haughty and overbearing in character, but steadfast and faithful, never forsaking a friend. A woman of great capacity, she failed as a ruler owing to her practice of leaving the actual control of the government to her chief slave, Itbar Ali Khan, instead of sitting behind a curtain and hearing complaints herself. When she was ousted from office, she contrived to maintain her influence by means of her wealth, terrifying her stepson

[1] See *infra*, p. 316.

by threatening to "squander her riches among the poor, or leave them to strangers and Frenghees." She remained faithful to Hastings through all his troubles, and there is an affectionate letter from her in 1789, addressed "To my Beloved Daughter, the Light of mine Eye, who art Dear as my Soul, Mrs Warren Hastings, may God preserve her in Good Health!" and complaining of her silence. Lord Valentia visited Munny Begum at Murshidabad in 1804, and seeing her dimly through the pardah, describes her as short and stout, with large features and a loud voice. She had not left her own courtyard in the palace since her husband's death, forty years before, which accounts for the injurious seclusion mentioned above. In 1805, when Palmer took up the command at Barhampur, he describes the civilities he received from the Nabob and the Begums, especially Munny Begum, "who may at this time of day accept of my Devoirs without Scandal." When Lord Valentia saw her, she confessed to being sixty-eight, but must have been much older, for in 1813 Toone mentions that Munny Bigham died on January 10th, at the age of ninety-seven.

The *shoka* or *shoccah* (*shuqqa*, a letter), from the Emperor Shah Alam, conferring TITLES of honour on Hastings, arrived on September 7th, 1783, and Mrs Hastings had received hers by November 5th. Hastings is addressed as "our fortunate son, the most exalted of our exalted Umrahs,"[1] and the Emperor says, "We now esteem you as the offspring of this Royal House, and therefore have in this our shoccah honoured you with the title of our noble and fortunate son." This species of adoption must have been common, for the minister Mujid-u-Daula is spoken of as "our beloved son." The 'Morning Chronicle' for October 5th, 1784, gives Hastings' Persian titles in full as engraved upon a seal: "Nabob Governor-General Hastings Saub,

[1] State Papers.

(Sahib), Pillar of the Empire, Fortunate in War, Hero, Most Princely Offspring of the Loins of the King of the Universe, Defender of the Modammedan Faith and Asylum of the World," &c., &c. . The *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin* gives them as "Umad-ul-Mulk, Mester Hashtin Bahadar, Jaladat Jang," which it translates as "Mester Hushtin, the prop of the State and the impetuous in war." Mrs Hastings' titles, engraved on a large fine ruby, were, according to the 'Chronicle,' "Royal and Imperial Governess, Elegance of the Age, Most exalted Bilkiss, Zobaide of the Palaces, Most Heroic Princess, Ruby, Marian Hastings Sauby (Sahiba), &c., &c. . " This must be the seal which is mentioned in Letter XXIV., and her husband comments on the titles themselves, with gentle irony, in Letter XXVII. "Governess" is, of course, used as the feminine of Governor. Bilkis is the name given by Oriental legend to the Queen of Sheba. Zubeydeh was the favourite wife of Harun-er-Rashid, and her tomb is still shown at Baghdad.

EDWARD TIRETTA was an inhabitant of Calcutta, who incurred the scorn of the 'Bengal Gazette' by his adherence to Hastings, and was alleged to have received knighthood at his hands. Dr Busteed has a curious note identifying him with one of the boon companions of Casanova. In 1797 he writes to Hastings to congratulate him on the result of the Trial, and to introduce his sister-in-law, Miss Josephin[1] Carrion, who is coming to England under the care of Colonel White's widow, Hastings' cousin, to receive "an Education suitable to her Birth, and to my family." He is sure that a "sensible soul like yours" will receive "the little, young lady" with kindness, regarding her as "not a sister-in-law, but a Daughter," to Tiretta.

The CHURCH SCHEME was one much needed in Calcutta. After the destruction in 1756 of the original church (the site of which is supposed now to be occu-

[1] Not Roselyn, as misprinted by Dr Busteed.

pied by St Andrew's Presbyterian Church), no attempt was made to supply its place. Service was held, says the author of 'Hartly House,' in a ground-floor room in the Old Fort, fitted with plain pews, the Governor's little better than the rest, and with very poor accommodation for the clergyman. In 1759 John Zacharias Kiernander, one of the Danish missionaries working in South India, was invited to Calcutta by Clive and Watts, and was appointed chaplain of Fort William.[1] He interested himself in providing education for poor European and country-born children, and laboured with success among the Topasses (half-caste Portuguese), assisted by two converts from Romanism who had followed him from Tranquebar. For the congregation thus gathered he built what was called the New Missionary Church, the first stone of which was laid in 1767, and which was completed in 1771. His own name for it was Beth-Tephillah, the House of Prayer. He himself gave £8000 towards the building, and his second wife (he had married a rich widow), parted with her jewels to endow the school connected with it. The cost of the church exceeded his estimate, his wife died, and his lavish expenditure brought him into difficulties. He was totally blind for three or four years, and was obliged to be helped into the pulpit, but was eventually relieved by an operation performed by the surgeon of an Indiaman. Trying to maintain his work by embarking upon a printing business, he came into violent collision with Mr Hicky of the 'Bengal Gazette,' who libelled him passionately and persistently, until he was forced to have recourse to the law. Hicky's mouth was stopped, but he was unable to pay the fines imposed on him, and Kiernander's financial position became worse and worse. In 1787 the church was seized by the sheriff on behalf of his creditors. Charles Grant advanced 10,000 rupees to rescue it, and finally bought the building with the assistance of two of his friends.

[1] Anglo-India.

Known as the Old Mission Church, it remained in the hands of trustees until 1870, when the patronage was vested in the Church Missionary Society.

The Old Church provided for the needs of the "black Christians," but a feeling had long been spreading among the Europeans that they ought to have a church of their own, and that the existing state of things was disgraceful. The war prevented any appeal for funds while it lasted, but the scheme must have been making its way quietly, for on December 18th, 1783, the 'India Gazette' announces that a meeting of subscribers to the proposal for building a church was held in the chapel in the Old Fort. Hay was appointed secretary to the committee, among the members of which were Hastings, Wheler, McPherson, Stables, and the two chaplains—Johnson and Blanshard. The committee was to meet at seven every Monday evening, and there was to be a quarterly meeting of subscribers. The "Old Magazine Yard" was given as a site, presumably by the Company,[1] and Hastings gave two thousand sicca rupees to head the subscription list. It was agreed that the plans should be prepared as soon as the committee had 20,000 rupees in hand, and the work of building begun when they had 30,000. The money must have come in well, for the foundation was laid by Wheler (in Hastings' absence up the country), on April 6th, 1784, after a public breakfast for the gentlemen of the settlement at the Old Court House. In June there is the announcement of a lottery for the benefit of the building fund, and in February of the following year Hastings presents an additional piece of ground to the church immediately before his departure. *Asiaticus*, in his 'Ecclesiastical and Historical Sketches of Bengal,' mentions that St Stephen's, Walbrook, was the model for the building. Grandpré admires it immensely, describing it as superb and regular, with Doric pillars

[1] *Asiaticus* says that the site was the Old Burying-ground, with an addition given by Rajah Nobkissen.

and cornice, and an ornamented architrave. The lady novelist already quoted is chiefly impressed by the fact that, being erected on the European model, it was to possess galleries and bells. The settlement had hitherto boasted only a single bell, which was used for funerals. *Asiaticus* gives some particulars of the materials used. With true Scotch thriftiness Charles Grant proposed the employment of the hewn blue stones and masses of blue marble to be found among the ruins of Gaur, but this suggestion was evidently overruled. Fifteen and a half lakhs of bricks were used, the cut stone was brought from the Chanar quarries and the moulded stones prepared at Benares, while the agate for the inside plastering came from Bhagalpur. Dr Busteed notes that the church (the present St John's Cathedral), was opened for service on June 24th, 1787, the sermon being preached by William Johnson, the senior chaplain, and the collection amounting to 3000 sicca rupees.

It will be noted that Major Davy, to whom this letter and Munny Begum's gift of ivory furniture for Mrs Hastings were entrusted, must have passed on his charge faithfully to another messenger when he perceived that he would not live to reach England.

CALCUTTA, 31*st January*, 1784.
Closed the 6*th February*.

(Endorsed by Mrs Hastings, "Received September 8th.")

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have received your Letter by the Pilot, who brought it to me the Night before last. Poor Clevland! Had his Death happened unconnected with Circumstances of infinitely greater Concern to me, I should have felt it as others have done, for he is greatly lamented and universally. I have other Griefs, and Fears exceeding even those Griefs, and I less regret his Loss than that he died on the Atlas. He ought not for his

own Sake to have gone in his desperate Condition, nor ought I for yours have suffered it. But this is but a small Part of the Follies which I have committed, deliberately and with a Violence to my own Will and Happiness, and to my own Judgement.—Your Motive for sending back the Sloop was consistent with the generous and unequalled Sensibility of my dear Marian. This is her peculiar Virtue, and too often her Misery, —and as often mine. Yet I wish that the Vessell could have attended you three Days further; for Mr Doveton tells me that in that Run you would fall in with lighter Breezes, and those blowing from the Eastward, which would greatly abate the Ship's Motion; And you would possibly be relieved from the Sickness and Pains which you suffered when you wrote to me. I might then have known that these were past, and have entertained the consolatory Hope that a little Repose with a few Days of tranquil Weather, and the Air above Stairs, would season you for the worst that you had to meet in the Voyage. I know not now what to think. I read your Letter in such a State of Mind as I should have been in had it told me that it was the last that I was ever to receive from you. I cannot without the most painful Apprehension reflect on the long Agitation of Mind which you have undergone, what you must have suffered from the Instant of our Separation, Clevland's approaching End, his Death so soon following, the Complication of Disorders incident to a Sea Sickness, and especially the Want of Rest and Food, and the Sickness of Mrs Motte depriving you of the Consolation and Relief which her Presence would have afforded you, and you have no other Resource. These

Evils would be of little Consequence to a strong Constitution, but your tender Frame is not equal to them. Were I with you, you would suffer little from the Complaints which have no Connection with my Absence, and I know that I could prescribe their instant Relief; besides that Support which my Attention, and I may add my Caresses, which never yet failed of their Effect, would have afforded to your Spirits. I am angry at my Friends who to appease my Fears assure me of the Benefit which you must receive from the Sea Air; as if the Disorders of the Body were occasioned only by external Causes, or could derive their Cure from mere medicinal Remedies. I am much stronger than you, and my Mind more capable of throwing off its Afflictions, and reconciling itself to them: Yet on the Day that I left you I gradually contracted so severe a Head Ache, not from any Motion of the Boat, for we had scarce any, that I became almost distracted with it before the Evening, though I had no Symptom of Indisposition before I left you.—How much more severely must the Sensibility of your Heart (have) affected your Health! I indeed have had a continual Succession of Occupations to take off the Pressure of my Loss, and prevent my Mind from brooding over its Griefs. You have not that Resource, and the Solitude to which you are doomed even by the Condition which requires every Mode of Relief, with an Associate in the same and almost equal Distress, must aggravate it.

All this I foresaw and predicted it in little Starts of Petulancy from the Instant of forming the Resolution which I now most bitterly repent. But all our prudent Friends urged the Propriety of it, and foreboded such

dreadful Consequences from your remaining in the Country, that I who ever made it a fixed Rule to sacrifice my own Ease and Happiness to yours, and who could not support the Idea of being reproached with being the Cause of the fatal Consequences which were apprehended from your Continuance in a Climate so unfavourable to your Constitution, I yielded. You too, my Marian, once or twice alluded to some unhappy Instances, with a Reflexion that the Subjects of them had stayed too long.[1] A suggestion like this could not fail to make a deep Impression on my Mind, already susceptible to the slightest Cause of Alarm when your Health was concerned, and proceeding from you was probably more than any other Consideration that which determined me. Yet I never in my Heart approved it, and still think that Expedients might have been adopted that would have preserved your Health from any dangerous Attack by guarding it against the Influence of the only Season which was very hurtful to it, without removing us from (*sic*) a Distance so frightful from each other, and if we did not meet, it would have been a Consolation that we had it in our Power whenever any Cause of uncommon Urgency required it, and we should have had a continued and early Notice of whatever might lead to such a Call. O God! what a Change was effected in the State of my Existence, within the Compass of a few Minutes! And what were my Reflexions while I passed from the Ship to my Pinnace! My Imagination presented you before me as I held you in my Arms but a few Moments past, gazing with Fondness, and with Despair, on all the Wealth that my Soul ever sought

[1] See *infra*, p. 375.

to amass; I still felt the Moisture of your sweet Lips, and the warm Pressure of your last Embrace, and my Heart told me that I had lost you for ever. I taxed myself with Indifference to your Happiness and my own, and was stupified with Astonishment at the Labor which I had with so persevering an Industry taken to destroy both. I had bestowed a large portion of my Time on the Means of arranging it; I had used Contrivances to overcome some Difficulties which opposed it; I had parted with a large Portion of my Fortune to accomplish it; and having conducted you to the Borders of Ocean, and seen you irrevocably departed, I was returning with the Contemplation of the complete Success which had attended so many Exertions, and with a Heart full of Execrations, which had no Object but myself, for having made them.

I scarce know why I write this, unless it be to gratify my own present Feelings. It may give you Pain to read so gloomy a State of my Mind; but it will be a Pain of that Kind which will produce its own Relief by its Conformity to what may have passed within your own Breast. Yet am I sure . . . ? . . . But I will stop the Course of my Reflexions, and apply myself to some other Employment in which they, nor you, have no Part. . . .

I return to my dear Marian, and shall borrow many an abrupt and solitary Interval to indulge myself in this Semblance of Conversation with her;—but how faint the Resemblance! I experience indeed a momentary Illusion, but it instantly disappears and shews me through the Void all the Delights of that Entertainment whose Image I seek, and which my Fancy cannot recover, the beloved Face, the animated and vivid Expression of Features, the Look of Benevolence unspeakable, the sweet Music of

her Tongue, and a thousand imperceptible Graces that embellished her Words, and gave them the Power of Impression exceeding the strongest Effects of the Understanding. Your Letter presents none of these Attractions; yet it contains your Words and conveys your Thoughts; and I had rather brood over the melancholy Passions excited by it than be a Sharer in the most pleasing Entertainment that Nature or Art could afford me. I have been again reading your Letter, with Mrs Motte's and the others that came with it. I am not easy; yet I think I see less Cause in them for Apprehension than I did. And I will hope for the best.—I will hope that I shall again see my Marian, and see her as much more amiable[1] than she was as perfect Health alone can make her; and I will count off the Days of our Separation and please myself with seeing their Numbers diminish: —but this is an Employment that I shall not begin upon till I once more hear from you, and read in your own Handwriting that fair Prospect of its Conclusion.

I am interrupted, and will change the Subject to others less interesting.—I have numbered all my Letters, and beg that you will arrange them as you receive them, to see whether any miscarry. Mrs Sands has the three first Numbers.—Captain Peiarce of the Halsewell has No. 4; — Captain Price of the Ceres No. 5; and C. (Captain) Taylor of the Talbot the Duplicate of this.— I have delivered No. 6 to Mr Pasley, who is a passenger on the Rey de Portugal.—These are all directed to you at the Cape, if they should have the good Luck to reach you there. Mr Pasley is confident of it.[2] If One of the

[1] The word had still the sense of *lovely* as well as *lovable*.

[2] See *infra*, p. 278.

Letters reaches you, it will give you as much Information as all the rest: Yet I should be grieved if any were lost. Indeed the Apprehension of it is a great Check to me when I write, as I wish to say a thousand Things which might be acceptable to my Marian, but which I do not choose that others should hear.—This Major Davy will take into his Charge, and if you stop at the Cape, he will have a Chance of delivering it at St Helena, as his Ship passes the Cape.—I have obtained the succession to Clevland's Station for Chapman, and he is going to be married—wonder to whom—to Miss Williams.—The Ceremony is to be performed on next Wednesday, and the D'oyleys stay 3 Days longer than their appointed Time for that Purpose.—I have left Allipoor for ever.—It is advertised for Sale in three Lots.—Richard Johnson is appointed our public Minister at Hydrabad, Mr Hollond's former Station.—Major Toone and his Brother under him have Charge of the Corps of Militia at Murshedabad; and Mr Thompson who is too sick to accompany me is nominated to be the Company's Advocate in the Room of Mr Lawrence who is dead. I have still Sir Charles Blunt and Major Conran dead weights on my hands, and Mrs Ramus teizing me for her stupid Husband.—I know you are interested in these Points, and therefore I relate them.

Last night, the 4th of February, Chapman was married to Miss Williams, who is said to be much pleased with her Choice. She never mentioned his Name to me, which I ascribe to a Diffidence natural on such a Subject, though I am sorry for it, as no one knows Chapman's merits so well as I do, and she is of a Disposition which is so much influenced by the Credit

of personal Character that my Opinion of the Resolution she has taken would have been pleasing to her. They went off last Night, he happy as a Prince, and if she does not confirm his Satisfaction, which I believe she will, I shall wish her sunk between the Rocks of Colgong. — Lady D'Oyly and her family left me this Morning, the 5th. — They have filled up my vacant House agreeably, though they imposed a Restraint upon me for a few Days, which I should have been better pleased to have devoted to my own solitary Reflexions, and should have been probably the worse for it.

I repeat the substance of my former Letters because I know not which may first come to your Hands.

Mr McPherson is still at Ganjam, not recovered.

On the 20th of last Month I delivered a Minute to the Board proposing my visit to Lucnow, as I expected that the Nabob would require it, and it was a Measure which would require some Preparation, and would not admit of Delay. Mr Wheler said that he would agree to it whenever the Nabob's Invitation arrived, and Mr Stables in his coarse Manner objected, because he said he doubted whether the Governor could be lawfully absent, and he expected me to be shortly dismissed from my Office. These were not his Words, but the Sense was implied in them: "New Arrangements were shortly expected, he said, from England."—And let them come: Most joyfully should I receive and submit to them.— But to go on. Considering the Point in Effect, though not in Form determined I have made all the Necessary Preparations for my Journey, having dispatched almost all my Things, and the two Corps of my Body Guard marched about a Week ago.—The Nabob of Owd was

on the 19th of last Month on a Hunting Party 220 Miles from Lucnow, having made that Excursion to avoid the Indignities offered him by Mr Bristow. He was expected back in about 12 Days. Of Course I shall not receive his Reply to my public Letter before the 10th of this Month. This will occasion some Delay; but I believe I shall not make my Departure later than the 20th of this Month. I shall go by the Post Bearers as far as Patna, and from thence by easy Stages, and well attended.—I shall take Dr Balfour with me, as an Escort to my Health. I never before thought of using such Precautions;[1] but I now require them, and I will live for the Chance of once more possessing my beloved Marian.

What Stay I shall make at Lucnow I cannot conjecture. It will depend on a Number of Contingencies; the State of Affairs there; Embarrassments or open Hostility from Calcutta, though I do not much expect them; the Appointment of my Successor from England; possibly his near Approach or Arrival; or other Orders from home. These, or any of these may quicken my Return; but I think it most probable that I shall be suffered to remain in the quiet Prosecution of my Plans at Lucnow, and that these will furnish me with abundant Matter to detain me to the next Rains; and in that Case I shall come down at my Ease in your favourite Budgerow,[2] and pass the Months of August and September, or at least the latter, with Sir John D'oyly at

[1] "Nor has any provision been assigned me of a domestic surgeon, nor a domestic chaplain. Neither my constitution nor my religious principles have been a charge to the Company." Hastings to Laurence Sulivan, Gleig, II. 328.

[2] See *infra*, p. 320.

Ranjamutty.—I go on a bold Adventure, from a divided and hostile Council to a Scene of Difficulties unsurmountable but by very powerful Exertions; to a Country wasted by Famine, and threatened with an invading Enemy; to a Government loosened by a twelvemonth's Distraction, its Wealth exhausted, and its Revenue dissipated; I go without a fixed Idea of the Instruments which I am to employ, or the Materials on which I am to act; with great Expectations entertained by others, but very moderate of my own; and my Superiors at home laboring to thwart, and if they can, determined to remove me;—and all this as well known to the Indian World as our own.—Add to all the foregoing a Mind unequal to its former strength, and a Constitution very much impaired.—Yet I go with confidence, and should go with a cheerful Heart, but for a strange Sensation of removing still further from my Marian, though it is the Time not Distance of Place that I ought to measure.

Thompson tells me that you carried with you Copies of Munny Begum's Letter, and of mine to the Court of Directors written in her Behalf; and Davy says, you have the Letters from the King and his Ministers with your Titles.—I therefore do not send them.

I promised a Duplicate of my Letter No. 4; but it failed in the copying Press, and from the Scraps of the Copy which are legible, I shall not regret it, if you do not receive the Original.

Tiretta's Lottery is drawn, and the Prize has fallen to himself.—In the Enumeration of Articles of News I must not forget to inform you, my good Marian, that the Church Scheme which you had so much at Heart goes on most prosperously, and I expect the Foundation

to be laid in less than Two Months. The Body will be a Square of 70 Feet, and it will be decorated with a handsome Steeple.

So much Time has elapsed, and will be past, at the Time of this Ship's Dispatch, that it will be impossible for my Letter to reach you at St Helena; and I should therefore prefer to send it by the Packet, but that Major Davy has desired with so much Earnestness to be the Bearer of it to England, that I cannot refuse him; and he promises to deliver it on the Day of his Arrival in London; so that you will receive it a Day or Two sooner than by the regular Channel, and I do not like to tell him that there is the Risk of his dying by the Way to cause it to miscarry.

I have now said all that I recollect of Importance for you to know. Possibly I may have Occasion to send another Letter after this before the Ship is under Weigh.

Remember to send me two or three Letters over Land. They may reach me in Time, and if they should not, Care will be taken of them here.

My Heart is filled with Sentiments and Emotions which I cannot write; but nothing now which you may not infer from those of your own. I never cease to think of you, and with a Tenderness which no Words can describe. I too severely feel that you form a Part of my Existence. I remember when the Cares and Fatigues of the Day made no Impression on my Spirits, because I looked to the Comforts which were to follow the Close of them, and which never failed to efface them. Do you, my sweet Marian, recollect with what Pleasure I always returned to you after a Morning of Fatigue, how peevishly I have sometimes resented your Absence if you disappointed me of your Company at

Dinner, and how often during the Course of it I have quitted my Company to enjoy a momentary Interval of your delightful Conversation? And can I now lose you for 18 long Months without Impatience, without Anguish? Indeed I cruelly feel it. I miss you in every Instant and Incident of my Life, and every Thing seems to wear a dead Stillness around me. I come home as to a solitude. I see a Crowd in my House, and at my Table, but not the Looks of smiling Welcome which used to make my Home a Delight to me, no Marian to infuse into my Heart the Fullness of Content, and make me pleased with every Body, and with every Thing about me.—Even in my Dreams I have lost you.—This is not all, but I must not expose to writing the fond Secrets of my Breast which should be most sacredly reserved for yours alone.—I am unhappy, and shall be so, nor do I wish to be otherwise, till I am again in Possession of you.—I shudder to think what may befall me in the long Period which I allot for our Meeting, and what if it be already precluded for ever! I would suppress these horrid suggestions, but they will rise up in my Mind, and will I fear occupy it till I hear from you.—These I expect to give my Imagination full Employment in the Leisure of my impending Journey.

I have received from Munny Begum Two Chairs, 2 Scritores[1] and 5 dressing Boxes, which I have given to the Charge of Major Davy.

I must not forget to tell you that it was this Day resolved in Council, unanimously and heartily, to erect a Monument to the Memory of Mr Clevland at Baugulpoor.

[1] Escritoires.

Adieu, my beloved. O where are you at this Instant? May the God of Goodness bless support and preserve you!

Your faithful and most most affectionate Husband

WARREN HASTINGS.

6 *February.*

LETTER VIII.

This letter is printed as it appears in the MS., with all the contractions which Hastings used so frequently, with the view of illustrating his rapid method of writing.

BUSSORA and Aleppo were the two most important stations for forwarding letters overland, now that the Suez route was closed. At Aleppo the Consul, Mr Abbot, and at Basra Mr James Digges la Touche saw to the despatch of the packets. The cost of a special messenger, such as Scott, in his zeal for the safety and speed of his correspondence, delighted to send, was enormous. In the account of moneys disbursed which he sends in at the end of 1784 is an item of £5300 for this purpose alone. By the easier Egyptian route, when that was open, a single journey cost £600, the messenger requiring a hundred guineas in cash on starting, credit for fifty guineas at Brussels and two hundred at Venice, and being empowered to receive the rest from Baldwyn, the Company's agent at Cairo. No wonder that Hastings writes to his too zealous representative, "Direct your letters to Mr Latouche at Bussora. Send no gentlemen emissaries. They arrive late, and become a perpetual charge upon me."[1]

CALCUTTA. *7th February* 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have written to you 3 Lrs. by Mrs Sands, No. 4 by Cn. Peiarce of the Halsewell, No. 5 by Cn. Price of the Ceres, Duplt. by C. Taylor of the Talbot, and No. 6 by Mr Pasley. These, or

[1] Gleig, III. 35.

some of them I hope will reach you at ye Cape. Mjr. Davy has Charge of No. 7. It is long. He goes on ye Ld. Macartney whose Packet will be closed the Day after to morrow.—All my Lrs. long and short, contain the same Particulars.—On the 12th I returned to Calcutta. On ye 14th Mr Doveton arrd. w. a Lr. from Mrs Motte; and on ye 29th I rec'd yours by the Pilot, the Contents of wch. affected me much, and will rest with a contl. Pressure on my Mind till I can hear from you, or of you, again.—I am prepared for a Visit to Lucnow. I am in daily Expectation of the N'b's Lr. requesting it. My Things are gone, and I shall follow, at ye latest, by the 20th.—Post to Patna; by short Marches, and wth. a mily. Escort, the rest of the Way. Dr Balfour accompanies me.—I have advertised ye Sale of Allipoor and Rishera.—Rd. Johnson is appd. Minister at Hydrabad; Chapman to Baugulpoor, and married on ye 4th to Miss Williams, her own uninfluenced Choice.—I am, in Health, as when we parted, and if I leave Lucnow as early as I hope I may, I propose to pass the end of the Rains at Rangamutty; certainly not in Calcutta. I will live to see you again, if you live. I have no Fears but for you, and these are great. The Neptune, wch. will carry this with public Dispatches to Bussora will wait there for a returning Packet, and possibly for the Reply to this. Take ye Advantage of it. Write to me the Moment you land, and by such other follg. Opportunities as shall occur to the latest Period from which there is a Chance of your Lrs. reaching me, but write only by Land Conveyances, none by Sea will reach me. I am fixed in my Resolution to follow you by the End of December. Nothing but Death, or bodily Restraint

Mrs Hastings.

Painted by John Jeffany

shall have ye Power to detain me.—Indeed I have staid too long, had I not the Calls wch. I have to depart, for my Constitution is not capable of those Exertions which I have been accustomed to make, nor likely to bear more than the Term of Service wch. I have prescribed to it. I have no more to write that I can trust to so doubtful a Conveyance, but that I live only in my Love for you, and in my Hopes of being reunited to you, never to part again. Adieu. May the God of Heaven bless, support and protect you! Amen.

Your faithful and ever most affectionate

W. H.

(Endorsed by Mrs Hastings, "Received on the Evening of my Arrival in London, which was the 28th July.")

LETTER IX.

The PICTURE of his wife which was opposite Hastings as he lay in bed was probably that painted in Calcutta by *Zoffany*, and reproduced here by the kind permission of Miss Winter. The original painting has undergone many vicissitudes. When Hastings left India, he could not take all his heavy luggage with him in the *Berrington*, and the rest was entrusted to Thompson's care to be shipped home. Thompson reports that this portrait and that of Sir Eyre Coote have been returned from the *Mansfield* as too large for shipment, and that Mr *Zoffany* has undertaken to reduce them into smaller packages. A little later he is able to announce that the *Cornwallis* has taken "Mrs Hastings' picture, which I doubt not will be considered a very sublime performance. *Zophany* does not generally excel in the Description of female Beauty—but here his subject has given him new Powers. Both you and Mrs Hastings should set to Gainsborough.

For God's Sake do so, and if the Picture is a good one have some Mezzotinto's scraped from it. They will be 1000 times more valuable to your Friends, and creditable to you than the many bad Pictures which are now extant of you." Unfortunately this advice was not followed. The painting reached England in due time, but "packed so negligently that it arrived almost spoiled," says Hastings, and the lower portion still shows signs of its injuries. Sir Charles Lawson says that Mrs Hastings did not think it did her justice, and caused it to be hung in a remote part of Daylesford House. Something of the same fate still clings to it, and as it was impossible to remove it, it has been photographed in its place. The Siddons-like gaze, to which Sir C. Lawson alludes, is probably due to the painter's having been more influenced by Reynolds than by his subject.

The EPITAPH composed by Hastings for Cleveland's monument is thus given by Lord Valentia:—

"To the Memory of

AUGUSTUS CLEVELAND, Esq.,

LATE COLLECTOR OF THE DISTRICTS OF BHAUGULPORE AND RAJAMAHALL,
WHO, WITHOUT BLOODSHED OR THE TERROR OF AUTHORITY,
EMPLOYING ONLY THE MEANS OF CONCILIATION, CONFIDENCE AND BENEVOLENCE,
ATTEMPTED AND ACCOMPLISHED
THE ENTIRE SUBMISSION OF THE LAWLESS AND SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF THE JUNGLETERRY OF RAJAMAHALL,
WHO HAD LONG INFESTED THE NEIGHBOURING LANDS BY THEIR PREDATORY INCURSIONS,
INSPIRED THEM WITH A TASTE FOR THE ARTS OF CIVILISED LIFE,
AND ATTACHED THEM TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, BY A CONQUEST OVER THEIR MINDS;
THE MOST PERMANENT AS THE MOST RATIONAL OF DOMINION.
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COUNCIL OF BENGAL,
IN HONOUR OF HIS CHARACTER, AND FOR AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS,
HAVE ORDERED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 13TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1784,
AGED 29."

Mr Bradley Birt says that the monument, which was erected in front of Cleveland's house, was sent out by the Court of Directors from home, but this is an error.[1] Bishop Heber writes, "Mr Cleveland's monument is in the form of a Hindoo mut, in a pretty situation, on a green hill." This seems, however, to relate to a second cenotaph raised, as he says, "at the joint expense of the highland chiefs and lowland zemindars," which Mr Bradley Birt describes as a Hindu pyramid, surrounded by a wide arched gallery, in which a lamp, attended by a priest, is still kept burning. It stands at the other end of the station.

Sir William Jones, the famous lawyer and linguist, is first mentioned in a letter of Laurence Sulivan's in 1778, which states that there is some thought of sending out Mr Jones to replace Mr Justice Lemaistre. On Impey's recall, however, he was knighted and sent out as Chief Justice, arriving in Calcutta some time before his predecessor was able to depart. His new environment suited him exactly, as affording a wide field for the prosecution of his Oriental studies, and Hastings and he found many interests in common. Together they founded the Bengal Asiatick Society, and their letters show the zest with which they exchanged "finds" in the shape of specimens of Eastern literature. Sir William regarded the natives with the reverential interest of the newcomer, and Thompson mentions a conversation in which he "mounted his Hindoo Pegasus," and expressed his belief that the Hindus were the Gymnosophists of the ancients, and needed only mild laws, not harsh measures, to restrain their naturally philosophical instincts. He suffered much from the climate, and when Hastings saw him at Bhagalpur in December of this year, he was a perfect skeleton. Two months on the river, including a trip to Gya with Lady Jones, who was also much indisposed, restored him to comparative health, though his

[1] See *infra*, p. 309.

wrists and ankles were still weak, but "Where, say the Persians, is a rose without a thorn?" he asks resignedly. Returning to Calcutta, he records that he found he could preserve his health only by "a resolution of never seeing the sun or suffering him to see me."

MR CORNEILLE, the Governor of St Helena, was an old acquaintance of Hastings. In 1777, when he was supposed to be on the point of leaving India, the Hon. John Stewart, in a letter full of friendly chaff, advises him to recommend himself to Mrs Corneille by mentioning his (Stewart's) name, rather than trust to his own youth and beauty merely. Immediately on Hastings' return home in 1785, he writes to desire Thompson to send a good horse to Mr Corneille, and do any other commission he might ask him; "He is a worthy and most hospitable man."

Hastings' hope that the preceding letter would reach London before his wife's arrival there was justified, as will be seen by her endorsement on it.

CALCUTTA, *11th February* 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received September 8th.")

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I have had a trifling Indisposition, and inform you of it, lest you should hear of it through some other Channel, magnified to a Matter of serious Alarm. I awoke with it on the morning of the 9th. The Glands of my Neck were swelled, and I had a slight Languor with a feverish Heat, which did not hinder me from breakfasting in public, and attending to Business till One, when I went to bed, and have nursed myself since very successfully. I am now much better, though not quite well. My greatest Suffering arose from the Contemplation of the Picture before me as I lay on my Bed, and the Reflection of the vast

Distance which separated me from my Marian. She knew not whether I was sick or well; nor, if my Complaint encreased, could her Fortitude be put to another severe Trial, or I awake to the Sight of her blessed Spirit sent to relieve me. In these Reflexions I more than once turned my Face towards the Spot where the beautiful Apparition formerly stood before me when I was in a State which but for so powerful an Aid might, and I believe, would have proved fatal to me.—But my Eyes met not their desired Object, and my Imagination but faintly represented it.—My Marian was near 3000 Miles distant from me, and possibly stood more in Need of my Presence than I of hers. I will not repeat all the Workings of my Mind; but will only tell you that in every Situation of my Life I am continually reminded of my Loss. I feel the want of you, and am in Fear for what may befall, or what may have actually befallen you.

Did I tell you in my last that the Board had agreed to erect a Monument at Baugulpoor in Honour of poor Clevland's Memory? I enclose what I propose for his Epitaph, if approved by my Colleagues, to whom I have not yet shewn it.

Three Days ago I wrote a short Letter to you, No. 8, by the Neptune Sloop, destined to Bussora, where she was (to) land a public Packet, in which your Letter is enclosed, directed to Major Scott, to be forwarded by Land to London. I have Hopes that it will arrive in England before you. It will give you little Information, but I write by every Opportunity lest any of my Letters should fail, or be late in their Arrival.

I send you a Scrap of Persian Poetry[1] written by a

[1] The scrap is not in the MS.

living Friend of Sir William Jones. I will be a good Lesson for you and Mrs Motte, and it has a few Touches of good Poetry; but not One of Nature. I have received many of your Letters, my Marian, but never mistook one of them for a Bottle of Rose Water, nor the Cossid who brought it for a Fawn of Khoten.

I have kept my Letter unfinished to the latest Period prescribed by Mr Doveton, that you may know the latest State of my Health, and have the Satisfaction to assure you that I have at this Instant, a quarter past One, no sensible Ailing but a little, and very little, Weakness.

It has just occurred to me to request that you will write to me by the first St Helena Ship, and by every Ship bound to that Island, if more than one should go, directing your Letters to the Care of Mr Corneille, the Governor, to be kept till my Arrival. You may reckon to the End of March 1785 for the Chance of my being there to receive them.—Major Scott will let you know when the Ship sails.—It will be a Means of giving me the latest Information concerning you, and I shall require it.

Adieu, my beloved.

Your W. H.

LETTER X.

Hastings did not succeed in bringing about his journey without something of a *coup de main*. There is among his papers a letter dated February 8th, apparently the copy of one addressed to Wheler, which mentions that in expectation of the arrival of the Nawab-Vizier's letter, and in order to save time, he encloses drafts of the credentials he desires, which are similar to those of

1781, but more limited in character. As soon as they were signed, he started. The house at Suksagar appears to have been handed over by this time to the faithful CROFTES, who hurries thither to welcome him.

The NAWAB-VIZIER'S delight in the prospect of Hastings' visit was largely due to the fact that, as a preliminary, the tyrant Bristow was withdrawn. Asaf-u-Daula had given, as a letter from Wheler puts it, the *Teeps* (notes of hand) of the Lucknow merchants [1] as security for the money owing from him, and he welcomed the letters handed him by Palmer with tears of joy.

ALMASS ALLY CAWN was one of Asaf-u-Daula's *amils*, or collectors of the revenue. Bristow and he were continually at feud, owing to Bristow's interference in his district, and when Almas Ali Khan resigned his post as a protest and retired to his estate, Bristow declared that he intended to rebel, and attack the Company's artillery and stores at Cawnpore. Palmer, who reports this in December, 1783, mentions also that troops are being concentrated to attack him. The danger of conflict was happily averted, as described by Hastings, and on his departure from Lucknow he had the satisfaction of seeing Almas Ali Khan and the other *amils* established in their posts for a period of five years. Their address to Asaf-u-Daula on the new settlement expresses the highest contentment with it, and with "the bounty of the Governor-General," but contains a clear warning that should "the English gentlemen" again usurp their authority they will retire into private life.[2]

LARKINS succeeded Croftes as Accountant-General. Before this, as an official in the department, he had charge of the moneys received by Hastings for the Company—such as gifts from native princes—and was accordingly called at the Trial to give evidence on the

[1] "Bankers of known credit and responsibility," State Papers.

[2] State Papers.

charges relating to presents. A lack of method in keeping his accounts enabled the Managers to draw conclusions unfavourable to Hastings,[1] and they proceeded to heighten the colour by pointing out that Larkins was "a man of acknowledged integrity, high in the confidence of Lord Cornwallis, and in great esteem with the Directors and the Board of Controul." Lord Thurlow had little difficulty in showing that as "a man of business, personally attached to Mr Hastings," Larkins would have acted very differently had he believed that the sums which formed the subject of the charge were regarded by Hastings as his property, and the Managers were thus hoist with their own petard. Larkins, who was devoted to Hastings, had the charge of his money matters in India after his departure. Further particulars about him will be found in the notes to Letter XXVII. and in the Concluding Chapter.

Off NYA SERAI. *19th February*, 1784.

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—My last Letter was sent to Major Davy on the 11th, and received by him.—My Sickness, though in no Stage of it portending any Thing like Danger, has proved of a very obstinate Kind. Its worst Symptoms were a Want of Appetite, and a deadly Languor. I was advised to leave Calcutta, where I was worried without Mercy, and where my House has ever worn the Gloom of Sickness since you left it; and accordingly, the Nabob's Letter of Invitation arriving on the 14th and my Credentials with the other necessary Papers signed on the 17th in Council, where I met my Colleagues for the last Time, I quitted my House and the Shore that Evening, and am now in my Way to Sooksaugur, which I expect to reach by Noon.

[1] Debates.

I would not write yesterday, because I was more oppressed with Languor during the greater part of the Day than the Day before, but my Dinner though taken "upon Principle," relieved me, and I am now so much better that I am almost well, and breathe an Air so fresh and pure as to promise a speedy and complete Cure.—Poor Croftes, with the Gout in his Head, is in Defiance of it, and of my Entreaties, hurrying after me, to make my Reception at his House most welcome and salutary, and I shall stay there till (Dr) Francis says that I may proceed with perfect Safety. I am now in my Pinnace, and have just passed your Budgerow lying in Nya Serai Creek, whence it will follow me to Sooksaugur, and I shall proceed in it to Nuddeea, which will add a Day or Two of Repose to the Time requisite for my complete Recovery; and from Nuddeea I shall go on Post to Afzal Baug.—There I shall stay but a few Hours, for Moorshedabad is worse as a *baiting* Place than Calcutta. I suppose that I shall leave Sooksaugur the 22nd.

Scott will shew you what has passed since my last. The Sum is that Mr Wheler has hesitatingly acquiesced in my going, and Mr Stables, as expected, opposed it, and that the Nabob, all Gratitude for his Deliverance, has written that besides the Securities which were demanded and given, he for my personal Satisfaction and Security pledges to me his whole Country for the Performance of his Engagements, and swears to act implicitly as I shall direct him.

Do you tell Scott that Almass Ally Cawn, whom Mr Bristow has represented as a Traitor, and to have formed the Design of attacking the Party left at Cawnpoor to

guard the Artillery Park, on the Relief of that Station, having received a Letter of Encouragement from me, instantly repaired to Lucnow, where he now is as quiet and submissive as any Man of the Nabob's Dominions. Bristow has left Lucnow.

If I find the Weather hot, or the Fatigue of travelling Post too great, I intend to lie by during the Heat of the Day, and Dr Balfour will travel with me for my further Security. You will see by all that I have written how careful I am of the Safety of your Husband. I am resolved that he shall see you again. The Night before last you appeared before me, and it is strange, for the first Time, in my Sleep. You had returned to me from Sea, and looked pale and dejected with Sickness.—I feel, my Marian, a Degree of Pain in the Thought that I am now moving daily from you; and what a Length of Time, how filled with Events that will add to the Measure of it, is yet to pass before I can even begin to count off the Days which remain of our Separation! O God preserve us both in Life and Health till the Close of that Period arrives, and give us Years of Happiness in Compensation for those which we have suffered in Absence from each other! — You left the wrong Copy of your Will which was endorsed "to be taken with you." I have given it to Croftes, and my own I have left with Larkins.

I am compelled to leave off, as I may be else too late for the Ship. I never cease to think of you, nor my Soul to bless you: And may God bless you, my beloved. Amen.

Your WARREN HASTINGS.

LETTER XI.

Hastings had determined, as a letter in the Correspondence tells us, to remain at Suksagar until he was quite recovered, but the good air and pleasant surroundings seem to have made him well almost immediately. The journey by budgerow was only a short one, and at Murshidabad the weary stream of suitors would torment him again. TRACKING was towing, the budgerow being dragged along by her crew from the bank, as is now done on Chinese rivers.

NUDDEEA. *23rd February*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I wrote to you on the 19th from Sooksaugur and dispatched my Letter to go by the Fox. I began to mend on that Day, and the next I was perfectly well, and have continued so, encreasing in Strength to this Day. Thus far I have quietly tracked in my Budgerow; and this Evening at 5 I shall land, and proceed without stopping to Afzel Baug, where I hope to breakfast by Seven to morrow Morning. Dr Balfour is with me.

I have found out a Method to see and converse with you whenever I sleep, if I chuse it, and I have had your Company every Night for these 4 Nights past; but you do not always wear the Looks of Kindness which I am sure you always will wear if I ever again see you in Substance. O my Marian, Words cannot express the Sense of what I have lost since you left me, and in my Soul I believe that it is this alone which has sickened me. I love you infinitely more than my Life, and think of you unceasingly. Adieu. I will write again from the City. W. H.

LETTER XII.

The INTELLIGENCE which caused its recipient so much perturbation is shown by the Correspondence to have been a rumour, alleged to have come from Bombay, and forwarded, so Wheler and Stables say, by a gentleman of respectable character at Fort St George, to the effect that Scott had handed in Hastings' resignation of his post (as Macleane had done in 1776), that Lord Macartney was to become Governor-General, Francis second Member of Council, with the right of succeeding to the Chair, and General Richard Smith Commander-in-Chief. On February 27th Wheler and Stables write to contradict it.

LORD MACARTNEY (George, afterwards Earl Macartney), was a man of varied experience when he came to India. He had acted as envoy to Russia, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Governor of Grenada, and when that island was captured by the French, he was taken to Paris as a prisoner of war. When he was made Governor of Madras, Hastings' friends, especially Mr Pechell and General Caillaud, considered the appointment an excellent one. They "assured me," says Hastings, "that you desired my confidence and advice; that you sought to make the line of my conduct the rule of your own; and they enjoined me to begin a free and unreserved communication of sentiments with you."[1] The result was disastrous. "I set aside all reserve, and began a correspondence with his Lordship on a footing of unbounded confidence. His Lordship confirmed me in this disposition, and invited me to continue in it. Read in the enclosures the fruits of my candour, and the evidence of his treachery and dishonour. . . . At this very time, when he professed himself my friend, and solicited my advice, he made use of my letters as criminal

[1] To Lord Macartney, Gleig, III. 61.

charges against me. What a man!"[1] Hastings was spared the mortification of seeing Lord Macartney his successor, though it appears that the offer was actually made him, and he visited Bengal during McPherson's brief tenure of the Chair. He headed the first British Mission to China in 1793, and was afterwards employed in various diplomatic posts. The last days of his public life were spent as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

The NABOB and the BEGUMS are of course Mubarak-u-Daula, titular Nawab of Bengal, his mother Babu Begum, and his stepmother, Munny Begum. Babu Begum is described by the author of the *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin* as affable and modest, and not uplifted by her elevation in rank. Lord Valentia found her very talkative, and full of complaints as to the decayed condition of her family, and the treatment it had received from the English. The Nawab himself was weak and extravagant, and in 1781 Hastings stopped at Murshidabad on his way to Benares in order to enquire into the state of his finances with the aid of Sir John D'Oyly, the Resident. After cautioning the young ruler to study frugality and economy in the regulation of his expenses, he arranged a plan for his relief, and drew up an excellent paper of advice for him,[2] dealing with his income and debts, expenditure in presents, the necessary repairs to his palace and the treatment of his servants—which seems to have been treated much as good advice generally is.

GENERAL RICHARD SMITH was the typical returned Anglo-Indian of his day. According to Grand, he was the original of Sir Matthew Mite in Foote's play of "The Nabob," whose character Macaulay sums up thus: —"An Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous, and tyrannical, ashamed of the humbler friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on pandars and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most

[1] To Laurence Sulivan, ibid., 59. [2] State Papers.

costly hothouse flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs and jaghires."[1] He is rarely mentioned without some expression of special horror, yet no definite tale of outrage in India is associated with his name. He was returning to Bengal in 1769, at the same time as Dr Hancock, who begs his wife to call and congratulate Mrs Smith on her husband's safe arrival. "The Omission might be of Consequence to me, as he will be a man of great Power. You perfectly know his Vanity and my Necessities." Shuja-u-Daula mentions, in a letter included in the State Papers, that a friendship subsisted between them in 1773, which makes it probable that Oudh was the scene of his exploits. Possessed of power, as described by Hancock, at a time when the morality of the English in India was at its lowest ebb, and their rapacity at the flood, he contrived to acquire an immense fortune, and returned to England to enjoy it. Grand remarks that though his origin was low, his mind and talents were powerful, but his air of arrogant superiority excited ridicule. He entered into an arrangement with Sir Thomas Rumbold and Sir Francis Sykes for the systematic purchase of seats in Parliament and places under government, but the bribery involved brought them into trouble, and Sykes was the only one who secured any solid advantage. Smith is mentioned in the *Rolliad* as one of the members of the "Bengal Squad" at St James's, but his desire to return to India seems to show that his fortune had been impaired by his lavish expenditure. It has already been noticed that he took the lead in the Parliamentary proceedings for censuring Hastings and Impey. His close connection with Francis, the political purist, throws an ironical side-light upon the character of the latter.

Which of Mrs Hastings' many GOD-DAUGHTERS is here intended can only be conjectured. Dr Busteed suggests almost the only identification of which it can

[1] Essay on Lord Clive.

be confidently said that it is out of the question—Marian Impey, who had sailed for home with her parents nearly three months before. The child may have been Marian Brisco, or possibly Marian Greer, who was afterwards to marry Charles D'Oyly.

(In the MS. this letter is wrongly inserted after the next.)

AFZOOLBAUG. *24th February.* 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received 6 September.")

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I landed at Nuddeea at 5 yesterday Evening, and arrived here between 6 and 7 this Morning, without suffering either Fatigue or any Symptom of ill Health.—Yet I had Cause, if my Mind was susceptible of Agitation from sudden Provocations. While I was preparing to land I received a Parcel of Letters, which I took with me into my Palekeen,[1] and the first Subject of Amusement which they presented me was a private Letter from Messrs. Wheler and Stables communicating the enclosed Intelligence. This was a fine Encouragement on the Commencement of my Journey to prosecute it to the Length of 800 Miles.—It occupied my Thoughts during the greatest Part of the Night, but (thank God) without spoiling my Appetite for Breakfast. On a full Examination of it I do believe it to be a Forgery, and if it is one, it was aimed at my present Commission, though I know not how such a design could have originated, as this certainly did, at Madrass. It is not possible for the Parliament to have passed such important and unpopular Acts so early as September, for they were not in Effect assembled. Neither is it possible for the News of it to have passed from England to Bombay, making a Zigzag to St

[1] This is always Hastings' spelling.

Helena, in 3 Months and a half.—As impossible is it that they should have got it at Tranquebar from Bombay in 22 Days. Besides what Budget have I given to Major Scott? I believe it to have been fabricated in the Shop of Lord Macartney.—I mention these Conclusions, not for your Conviction, for you will know the Truth with Certainty long before this can reach you; but to shew you that it is on good Grounds that I persevere, in spite of the strong Inducement which such a Fact, if it were One, would be to me to run back again to be in Time to take my Passage on the last Ship of the Season.

I shall prosecute my Journey this Evening, taking the Nabob and Begums on my Way, and I will rest a Day, perhaps two, at Baugulpoor, in the Certainty of receiving Letters there confirming the News, if it is true, or establishing what is true of it, if it has any Foundation.

I would give One half of my Life for the Certainty of beginning the other Half with you to morrow. But I would not wish even for the immediate Possession even of such a Blessing at the Purchase of such a Mortification as to be thrust out of my Seat by such Fellows as Lord Macartney, Mr Francis and General Richard Smith.

I am amazingly well, but I have tired myself with talking and writing.

Adieu again, my beloved.

Your W. HASTINGS.

Compliments to dear Bibby Motte. I wish I had gone with you. Your Goddaughter is a very fine, laughing girl.

LETTER XIII.

(Wrongly numbered XII. in the MS.)

This letter and the preceding are both numbered XII., and in the MS. this one is placed first, though both the date and the place of writing show that it comes later.

MOHAMMED RIZZA CAWN (Riza Khan), was the Mohammedan noble appointed by the Calcutta Council as Naib-Subah, or deputy under the Nawab-Nazim of Bengal, then a minor, before Clive's second term of office in India. When Hastings arrived at Calcutta as Governor in 1772, almost the first news he received was the notice that the Court of Directors had determined to prosecute Mohammed Riza Khan and Rajah Shitab Rai, the Naib-Subah of Behar, on charges of embezzlement and malversation. The instigator of these proceedings was the infamous Nandkumar, but he did not reap the reward he expected, the succession to Mohammed Riza Khan's office, for Hastings, knowing his character well, appointed Munny Begum as regent.[1] The trial of the two officials was lengthy, and Shitab Rai, though honourably acquitted, had been so much injured in health by the climate of Calcutta that he returned to Behar only to die. His companion in misery was more fortunate, for all the malice of Nandkumar could not succeed in proving his accusations, and after Mohammed Riza Khan's acquittal, he was restored to the office of Naib-Subah by the Majority, who thought they were thus inflicting a blow on Hastings. It is one of the most extraordinary features of a discreditable business that Hasting should be considered responsible for a prosecution which he set on foot only in obedience to stringent orders issued by the Directors a year before he arrived in Bengal, and that although his earnest determination to see fair play resulted in the acquittal of the accused,

[1] See *supra*, p. 228.

yet Shitab Rai's death should be laid at his door. The author of the *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin*, who is strongly prejudiced against Mohammed Riza Khan, declares that at first he attached himself to Munny Begum, but that finding her too strong-minded to be a convenient tool, he took the side of her rival, Babu Begum. Munny Begum showed no vindictiveness, and petitioned for his release when he was arrested, but when the question of his reappointment arose, she wrote to Hastings to beg him not to allow it.

CAPTAIN SCOTT was Jonathan, brother of Major Scott. He succeeded Major Davy as Persian secretary, on Palmer's recommendation, and before starting on this journey Hastings had written to John Scott, "Your brother Jonathan shall be one of my few and chosen companions, and will be of great use to me."[1] Jonathan Scott went home with Hastings in 1785, leaving the army on account of his health, and devoted himself to producing translations from the Oriental languages. In 1802 Thompson writes, "I dined with Jonathan Scott at Shrewsbury — a Man whom I have always loved for the Singleness of his Heart and the Simplicity of his Manners. His Business seems to be the Education of his Daughter, the only *original Work* with which his Labors have ever presented him. . . . There is not a single Soul with whom he can communicate on the Subjects which have so long employed his Thoughts." Dr White, the Professor of Arabic and Hebrew at Oxford, whom Thompson visited on the same journey, expressed his wish to see "this good little Man" established as Professor of Persian, with a Mohammedan assistant. At length he obtained a post at Haileybury, the preparatory school for Hertford College, and he was afterwards appointed the Company's translator.

THE ARAB, so often mentioned in company with Soliman, was Hastings' own Arab horse, which seems

[1] Gleig, III. 149.

to have had no particular name. He brought it to England with him, and writes to Thompson "My Arab arrived in excellent condition, and is wonderfully admired. I ride him in spite of his beauty and long tail, though both valid objections; for this is a land of ostentation, and therefore every body detests it in others."[1] In 1805 he writes sadly, "My poor old Arabian died at 6 o'clock yesterday. I had only fed him with bread for a long time."

CAPTAIN FRITH had evidently been at one time in Hastings' family. He writes in 1785 of "your good, your dear, and amiable Mrs Hastings," and signs himself "Your truly grateful and very faithful servant — I will add humble friend." He was left behind at Lucknow in command of a portion of the Nawab-Vizier's forces. In 1790 he and his regiment—a "small corps of horse, the finest ever seen in the British service"—escorted Lord Cornwallis to Madras for the second campaign against Tipu Sultan. Charges were brought against him, in which it was alleged that his men had refused to face the enemy, but he demanded an enquiry, and was justified by a court which was strongly hostile to him. In 1795 he took the lead, with Popham, in the agitation of the Bengal European officers for the redress of their grievances, and probably suffered for this breach of discipline, since in 1807 his son writes from Agra to say that he has died in very poor circumstances.

For the OCCUPATION of Hastings' journey, see Letter XIV.

BAUGULPOOR. *28th February*, 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received the 6 September.")

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—My last, No. XI. (XII.), was written from Afzoolbaug. In the Evening I visited the Nabob, the two Begums and Mohammed Rizza Cawn, and proceeded on my journey; for even the Hospitality

[1] Gleig, III. 243.

of Afzoolbaug afforded no Compensation for the noisy Multitude which swarmed about it. The Dust was incomparably thick, and involved us during more than the first Stage. We breakfasted the next Morning in Tents most comfortably pitched and furnished with Tea Apparatus by the Nabob and Soonder Sing at Furrukhabad. We proceeded through a bad sandy Road, a strong Wind and burning Sun attending us a Part of the Way; dined at Rajmahl, went on in the Evening, with little Rain all Night; arrived at Cahlgong the next Morning, which was the 26th.—We were promised a Breakfast here, but were fortunately through some Mistake disappointed, and meeting with Carriages which had been laid for the Purpose, we set off about between 6 and 7 for Baugulpoor. I could not pass this awful Place without looking round for the Rocks, and my Eyes continually and involuntarily turned to them, with some Risque of oversetting the Buggy, till they were out of Sight, and the Remembrance of them accompanied me, though I trembled all the Way with the Cold, having made no Provision but for the Sun which did not appear.

C. (Captain) Scott was my Companion, Major Toone and Dr Balfour following in Palekeens. We two arrived about 9, and found Mr and Mrs Chapman still sitting at Breakfast, of which we partook most heartily. They appeared and were happy to receive us, and as Captain Sands who has the Charge of my Tents, and is in Effect my Quarter Master-general, had left Baugulpoor but the Day before, and Captain Frith only the 20th with the Troop[1] much fatigued, I was glad to allow them Time to arrive at their Destination, and have a Day's Rest

[1] The bodyguard.

there before we overtook them, and by no Means displeased to obtain 3 Days of Repose in a Place where I knew I was most heartily welcome.—Our Nights have been very cold, for which I was not guarded, the Season in Calcutta having been far advanced when I left it; but I slept sound every Night but the first after my Landing at Nuddeea, and except a burnt Face, and a small Degree of Heat occasioned by such an unusual Length of Fatigue, and which left me after the first Night's Rest, I have suffered no Inconvenience or ill Effect from my Journey. I am on the contrary as well as I have been for many Years, and am amazed at it; for when I landed at Sooksaugur on the 19th my Breath failed me, and my Knees trembled with the Walk to Croftes's Bungalo.—To you I owe a great Portion of this Change, for you, my Marian, furnished a full Occupation for my Mind during the whole Course of my Journey, and my Palekeen was as a Bed to me, while I enjoyed all the Benefits of fresh Air and easy Exercise, without Labor of Body or Ennui of the Mind. — This Mystery shall be explained to you when I arrive at my Encampment, if I shall be by that Time prepared to unfold it.

I forgot to tell you that Munny Begum expressed her Regret of your Departure in Terms which seemed too natural to have proceeded from mere Civility, and I was pleased to hear her say that she grieved on my Account as much as for her own Loss in your Departure and the Necessity which occasioned it.

Mr and Mrs Chapman appear perfectly contented with each other; she particularly so.

Our Camp is at Moneea on the Bank of the Soan. My Troop will hardly reach it before to morrow, and I expect

to be there on the Evening of the 1st—so that I shall have lost no Time.—Sulliman and the Arab are with Captain Frith, who has lost his fine Horse Bob, and I hear that the other Horses are in bad Plight; not mine, I hope.

Letters daily crowd upon me with Information that the Tranquebar News which I sent you from Afzoolbaug was the Fabrication of some idle Brain at Madrass. I am persuaded that it was the Fruit, not of Idleness, but of a base Design, and it was well timed, for I received it on the very Instant that I began my Journey.

Will you read all this trivial Detail, and feel an Interest in it? I know, my delightful Marian, that you will: I know it by the Pleasure which I take in writing it. One Part of it at least will be pleasing to you, which is, that I have recovered my Health and Strength, and both to a Degree in which I have not possessed either since the Month of July 1782.—Indeed I may now tell you that I was not well from the 10th of last Month till the Day that I left Sooksaugur, which was the 21st, nor am I ashamed of my Weakness when I pronounce my Indisposition to have been the Effects of a Mind agitated beyond its Powers of Sufferance by the severe Loss which I sustained in your Departure. I cannot yet bear to think where or in what State you now are; but O God of Goodness bless my dear, my most beloved Wife, and restore her to me in Health, in Happiness and in Affection, all that my Heart can wish her, and never may we part again! Amen.

My beloved, again Adieu. W. H.

Always remember me kindly to Mrs Motte.

LETTER XIV.

LADY JONES was Anna Maria, daughter of Dr Shipley, Bishop of St Asaph. She was married in 1783, and sailed immediately with her husband for India. She suffered very much from the climate, though her vivacious letters show that her high spirits remained unabated. In 1793 she was compelled to return home, and "my Sir William," as she styles him, deprived of his chief comfort, died the following year.

MR BROOKE was the chief of the Patna factory. He owed the post to Wheler, who had also given him his first appointment to India. Bishop Heber mentions that he was entertained at Benares in 1824 by Mr William Augustus Brooke, who had been fifty-six years in India, and was the oldest of the Company's resident servants. There must have been few indeed whose experience could bridge such a length of time.

LABADDA is explained in the dictionaries as "a kind of cloak or great coat," which agrees very well with the sense here, but not so well with Colonel Hannay's "labadda of twelve fatted deer."[1] Turner's report of his Tibet journey, which Hastings forwarded to the Council, and which is printed in the State Papers, is dated Patna, March 2nd. Among other things sent for the Tashi Lama by the Governor-General, he had presented "a string of pearls and coral," a small clock and other curiosities. The labadda was probably the "vest lined with lamb-skins" which he mentions receiving in return from the Tashi Lama's parents, together with two pieces of satin for the Governor-General.

The "Occupation of my Journey," the result of which was sent to Mrs Hastings with this letter, was a long poem, 'Rooroo and Promodbora—a Hindoo Tale, borrowed from Mr Wilkins's Translation of the Mahâ-

[1] See *supra*, p. 70.

bhaurut (Mahabharata), and sent from Patna to England in the year 1784.' This is the title as it appears in the "volume bound in crimson morocco and gold" still treasured by Miss Winter[1]—the Collection mentioned in this letter. Among the British Museum papers is another copy, with the heading worded a little differently. Into the book now in Miss Winter's possession Hastings had evidently copied his former poems, and Mrs Hastings, not sharing his admiration of her handwriting, left it to him to do the same with this one. The episode borrowed from Wilkins deals with the death of Promodbora from the bite of a serpent, and the despair of her bridegroom, Rooroo, to whom she is eventually restored by celestial interposition. In the epilogue Hastings applies the description to his own feelings when bereft of his wife.

PATNA. 1*st March*, 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received the 7th October.")

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I have written four Letters since I left Calcutta. I suspect that I numbered the last 12 instead of 13. It was written on the 28th of last Month from Baugulpoor. I will recapitulate the principal Subjects of my past Letters, as it may possibly happen that this may reach you first. On the 9th of February I was attacked with a troublesome Indisposition which hung upon me with a slow Fever and deadly Languor to the 19th.—On the 14th I received the Letter of Invitation from the Nabob Vizier, and on the same Morning delivered to the Secretary a Minute renewing my Offer of accepting it. Mr Wheler agreed. Mr Stables objected.—On the 17th I met them in Council, prevailed on them to sign my

[1] Sir C. Lawson.

Credentials, and the other necessary Papers; took my Leave, and at Six of the same Evening left Calcutta. On the Stairs I met Sir William Jones and his Lady, who kindly came from the Country to see and take their Leave of me. I went on Board my Pinnace, very low, but happy to be relieved from the Tumults and Importunity of Calcutta, for no One had Mercy on me, and my Gates, though shut, let People through like a Sieve. I am persuaded that my Sickness would have lasted, and become more serious, had I staid in Calcutta. I was far from better the next Day. On the 19th I arrived at Sooksaugur, greatly mended. Croftes with the gout all over him would join me there. On the Evening of the 21st I returned to my Pinnace, proceeded, and on the Evening of the 23rd at 5 I landed at Nuddeea, and began my Journey, reading as I set off the villainous News which had been fabricated at Madrass and sent me by Messrs. Wheler and Stables, of my Removal from the Government and Lord Macartney's succession.—I breakfasted the next Day at Afzoolbaug, proceeded in the Evening and on the Morning of the 26th I arrived at Baugulpoor.—I rested there 3 days. On the 28th at 5 in the Evening I took my Leave of my Two good Friends, and yesterday Morning (for this is the 2nd) I arrived with Mr Brooke at his House at Bankipoor, which in the Date of my Letter I call Patna. To morrow I shall breakfast and dine at Colonel Eyre's at Dinapoor, and join my Tents in the Evening on the other Side of the Soan.

Though I have travelled with great Expedition, I have suffered neither Fatigue, nor any Inconvenience, either from the Sun of the Day, or the piercing Cold

of the Night, for which I had made no Provision, the hot Weather having set in when I left Calcutta. On the Contrary my Health and Strength exceed every Degree of either that I have known for the last three Years.—Here I have met my Baggage, Servants and the Companions of my future Journey. Having been my own Servant so long, it is a great Comfort to find my own People again about me, and Turner who has joined me here from Tibbet has brought me with other Presents from the Lama, &c., a Labadda, a furred Cap and a Pair of Boots which would keep me warm in Siberia. Among other Things is a Box of genuine Musk in Powder, which I shall send by the Post to Dr Francis, to be sent to you by the Earl of Oxford.

O my sweet Marian, what would I give to be able to convey to you all that has passed in my Mind during my long Journey! You occupied every Step of it, and filled my Heart with an Affection which others may have felt, but which never warmed the Breast of any Man living in a Degree exceeding the Warmth of mine. Many a severe Pang too have I suffered in the Gloominess which sometimes seized my Imagination; Often has my Throat swelled, and the Tears have filled my Eyes, while your Image floated in the Vision of my Fancy; and yet though my Hours have been Hours of Affliction, I know not how to account for it, but they have yielded a Sensation so like to Happiness that I would not part with my Reflexions for all the Blessings which the World could yield without you.—This is an Inconsistency which your Heart will understand by the Similitude of its own Feelings.—At least I believe so.—Much more I could say, but I cannot trust Sentiments

so sacred to the uncertain Conveyance of a Letter.—I love you to the Extremity of Passion, and live only in the Hope of regaining the Possession of my adored Marian; I would not live, if that Hope had entirely forsaken me; and yet how many Chances are against me;—but I will not think of them.

I have the Pleasure to send you with this a Part of the Occupation of my Journey. It was begun while I lay on my Bed sick in Calcutta, but the greater Part was composed between Calcutta and Baugulpoor. I do not believe that the Wealth of the World could have bribed my Genius to produce such a Composition, had you not formed the principal Subject of it, and my Imagination not been assisted by the Hope of its becoming a future Source of Entertainment to you. If your own Feelings meet, and acknowledge those which I have described, give it a Place in the Collection of the former Effects of your Inspiration. But if you read it with a composed Mind, and admire it only as a Production of mere poetical Merit (for so much I am sure of from the Partiality of your Judgement), burn it; for it is good for nothing.—My Hopes are more sanguine. I expect to see it written in the Book, and in the fair *Scrawl* of my dear Marian's own Hand; and if it should prove the last of the Volume, it will complete an Assemblage, of which there are few Examples, of so many poetical Attempts (God knows, whether good, or bad) produced from the Strength of a Mind heated by Love alone, without the least Inspiration of natural Genius, and without a Sentiment in the whole Collection that exceeded the Truth, and few that equalled the Feelings which gave birth to them.

Find out some means to let me know that you have received this; for I would not have it fall into other Hands for the World, and should be grieved that you missed it.

May God bless and protect you, my Heart's beloved! Amen. Amen. WARREN HASTINGS.

LETTER XV.

MAJOR EATON was now in command of the Sepoy battalion and the station at Buxar. He had evidently sent his chariot to meet the Governor-General as a mark of civility.

ALLY IBRAHIM CAWN was the excellent Mussulman whom Hastings had appointed Chief Magistrate of Benares at the end of 1781. He describes him in his letter to the Council as "a man who has long been personally known to myself, and, I believe, to many individuals of our Government, and whose character for moderation, disinterestedness, and good sense will bear the tests of the strictest enquiry," and the Council, in their reply, say that "the universal good character of Ally Ibrahim Cawn . . . justifies every confidence in him."[1]

It will be remembered that the family of BENERAM PUNDIT lived at Benares.

BUXAR. *8th March*, 1784.

The Cold is still almost piercing in the Mornings.

(Endorsed, "Received November 28th, 1785," (sic).)

MY BELOVED MARIAN, — Hearing that the Warren Hastings was likely to be detained, and desirous of taking my Chance of conveying by her a second Copy of

[1] State Papers.

the Paper which I sent to you in my Dispatch from Patna, No. 14, I sent away one by the Post from yesterday's Encampment to Thompson, to be put by him into the Packet. The Letter which I wrote to accompany it I in the Hurry of closing the Packet left out; but it was short, and of no Consequence. Possibly this may arrive in Time to go by the same Dispatch. The Paper itself will show in what Manner my Mind was employed in the otherwise tedious Hours of my Journey; and I believe that I owe to this Occupation of it that I suffered no Fatigue or other Inconvenience from so continued an Exercise. How should I when my Thoughts were all the Time engrossed by the only Object that I can dwell upon with Delight, for a Delight it is, though mixed with many very painful Reflexions. It would hardly be understood by another, but you will know the Truth of it, when I mention that I feel a higher Gratification in brooding over the Subject of the greatest Unhappiness that has befallen me for Years past than on such as in common Estimation would be most pleasing to the Mind. I must not let my Thoughts wander, for I am at this Instant surrounded by Strangers, and others are gathering about me to whom I shall be compelled to give Attention, and I must not lose this Post, lest I should lose the Ship.

I am in perfect Health. Since I crossed the Soan, I have made the last Parts of 3 Marches on Horseback. This Morning I used M. (Major) Eton's Chariot out of Civility. Suliman and the Arab are with me, both in excellent Order, and I use them in Turns. I ride about 8 Miles in a Morning, and find great Benefit in it. In a Word I flatter myself that this Journey from which

I dreaded the worst Effects has effectually restored my Constitution. You would be astonished to see me. Ah! Marian, *what a Pity!*[1] . . . Poor Sands is not so stout as I am, but we will make him so.

I have been joined by Ally Ibrahim Cawn and Beneram Pundit, whom you know that I reckon among my first Friends. To the first I am indebted for having raised my Character and made it known to every Quarter of India by his wise Administration of the City of Benaris. —Poor Clevland! Every Tongue through Bengal and Bahar is loud in his Praises and in Expressions of deep Regret for his Loss.—I hope to reach Benaris in 5 Days more, and probably this is the last Letter that you can receive from me by the Ships of this Season.—It will afford you the Satisfaction of knowing that I am well, and I must add for Confirmation of it, in better Health than I have known for some Years past. What a Change! I crawled from the Shore to Croftes's Bungalo at Sooksaugur, and my Strength and Breath failed me, and my Knees shook under me. At this Moment I think myself as stout as any one of the Party. I ought to conclude here, for I can say nothing more acceptable, except that I love you more than my Life, or even than my Hopes of Life hereafter.

Adieu, my Heart's beloved! May the God of Heaven bless and protect you! Amen.

WARREN HASTINGS.

Compliments to Bibby Motte. I have always a little Love for her. It would be called a great One, were not yours too near it, to lessen it by the Comparison.

[1] *I.e.*, What a pity that she could not see him.

NOTE.

The eight letters which should have followed the preceding one, covering the period between March 8th and August 13th, 1784, are all missing, and there is no trace of their contents in the Correspondence or the Copies of Private Letters, or in Gleig's Biography.

CHAPTER III.

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1784.

Affairs of Benares, Oudh and Delhi.

OWING to the disappearance of eight letters of this series,[1] we find Hastings, at the opening of the present chapter, engrossed in an entirely new set of interests. Happily the course of events can in some degree be traced by means of his letters to the Council and other documents printed in the State Papers, but many of the connecting links are lost. On crossing the boundary of the Presidency he found himself at once in a district sorely afflicted with famine. The failure of the rains, and consequently of the crops, for three years in succession had caused terrible scarcity, as mentioned in Letter XXIV., from the Karamnasa as far as the north of the Panjab. The people of Bengal had suffered very little, both because the rains there had been fairly regular, and because Hastings had taken stringent measures to prevent the artificial enhancing of the price of grain. But in the territories under the rule of the native princes the state of affairs was terrible, and Hastings says that from Buxar to Benares he was followed by the clamours of the discontented inhabitants. The *Naib*, or administrator of the province during the minority of the

[1] It is possible that none of these reached Mrs Hastings, as they seem all to have been despatched by unusual routes, the sailing-season having passed. See *infra*, p. 296.

Zamindar, acknowledged to the Governor-General that his principle was to exact the revenues rigidly, regardless of the failure of the rains, so that the few cultivators who had succeeded in raising a crop saw the whole produce swept from them to make up the deficiencies of their neighbours. With such terror had the people learnt to regard any representative of government that Hastings found every town and village deserted as he approached, though he had sent the Naib before him to promise protection to the inhabitants. Learning his kindly intentions, they returned to pursue him with complaints, and to profit by the daily distribution of grain which was carried out at his expense.[1] Arrived in Benares, he found a pleasing contrast in the peace and contentment prevailing in the city, due to the regulations he had devised and the administration of Ali Ibrahim Khan, and he was encouraged to set to work on a scheme for the reform of the whole civil system of the zamindari, including the tenure of land, the assessment of revenue, and the appointment of officials.

After a stay of five days in Benares, which he gained by making forced marches, while the escort followed more slowly, Hastings continued his journey, and arrived at Lucknow on March 27th. Here he found the Nawab-Vizier and his ministers all eagerness to meet his views, but Bristow, even in departing, had done what he could to render the task of reconstruction difficult. He had carried off all the accounts of his office, leaving Wombwell, the accountant, without any details, either of expenditure or money received. Among his assistants, whose salary was in arrears, he had divided a sum of three lakhs, but with so much partiality that while his favourites received more than was due to them, those whom he disliked had nothing. To crown all, he had taken away with him the very carpets and curtains

[1] *Seïr-ul-Mutaqharin.*

belonging to the house lent him by the Nawab-Vizier. Instead of devoting himself at once to the work for which he had come, Hastings was obliged to wait while the separate accounts were collected from the officials who had handed them in, but he was able on April 21st to despatch bills for thirteen lakhs to Calcutta, in part payment of the Nawab-Vizier's debt — provided largely by Almas Ali Khan, who had returned to the rescue of his master now that his enemy Bristow was removed. Five lakhs more was expected in a few days from the Rohilla chief, Faiz Ullah Khan, and other sums as the collectors could furnish them, but Hastings forbore to urge the ministers to haste, in view of the state of the country. He durst not speak confidently of the future, for fear of another bad season, but believed that otherwise there were the fairest hopes of a final settlement.

While the Governor-General was thus employed in providing for the welfare of Benares and Oudh, another and even larger task presented itself to him. When he visited the Upper Provinces in 1781, he had entertained a hope of extending his journey as far as Delhi, and obtaining an interview with the Emperor Shah Alam,[1] but circumstances had prevented its realisation. The state of things in the Mogul capital could not well have been worse than it was. As regarded the government of his territories, the unhappy potentate was entirely in the hands of his principal minister, while his action in external affairs was controlled by the Marathas. Najif Khan, who had ruled him for many years, died in 1782, and Hastings thought the opportunity favourable for stepping in "to relieve the Shah from the thraldom of his ministers, and to establish his authority at least in his own domains." Three or four different parties were contending for Najif Khan's vacant place, and Hastings was of opinion that "a small exertion of

[1] Instructions to Major Browne in State Papers.

our force might have turned the scale in favour of the Shah, and it might have been done without any expense to ourselves." But the Council feared to take the responsibility, and he was obliged to content himself with appointing Major Browne as his own personal Agent at the Court of Delhi, with detailed secret instructions, of which the Council were actually, though not technically, cognizant. Now, in April, 1784, he writes to them that affairs are much changed. "Many successive revolutions have since taken place. One competitor has sunk after another. Some have fallen by the sword, and others have retired with their armies to their own jaghirs, till at length the administration at the capital has fallen into the hands of Afrasiab Cawn. In these various revolutions the Shah himself has had little share. Each successive minister has acted under his name and assumed his authority."

This Afrasiab Khan, "Bukshi (*Bakhshi*, paymaster, hence commander-in-chief), of Indostan," who had brought about the murder of his immediate predecessor, Mirza Shafi, had established his dominion over the Emperor even more firmly than Najif Khan had done. Imperial edicts, or *shokas*, inspired by him, proclaimed him as the possessor of the entire powers of the state, and the one faithful servant that remained to the imperial house, Mujid-u-Daula, was reduced to impotence. At this time Afrasiab Khan was anxious to consolidate his power by allying himself with the English, and with characteristic duplicity sought to effect his purpose by arousing in Hastings' mind doubts as to the honesty of Sindhia. Liberally supporting his assertions by means of forged documents, he declared that Sindhia aspired to dominate the remaining Mogul territories, using them as a *pied à terre* from which to invade Oudh, bring about the restoration of the Rohilla chiefs and of Chait Singh, and impose a "double indemnity" on Bengal in the shape of the Maratha *chauth* and the tribute formerly payable to

the Emperor. In these nefarious designs Afrasiab Khan declared that he must join, failing the alliance he desired with the English. Major Browne was inclined to credit his story, but Hastings, in his letter to the Council of April 22nd,[1] traverses point by point the evidence which has been so carefully concocted. In place of duplicity and falsehood, Sindhia had always shown the greatest sincerity in his dealings with the English, and his conduct towards the Rana of Gohad, which had been specially blamed, was due to the notorious unfaithfulness of that ruler. The letters alleged to have been written by Sindhia's authority were couched in terms that threw suspicion upon their genuineness, and were produced by people whose interest it was to sow dissension between him and the English. There was no appearance of truth in the accusations of conspiracy brought against the Rohilla chiefs, but a strong presumption to the contrary in the fact that one of Faiz Ullah's sons was actually in Lucknow, where he might be seized as a hostage upon the first alarm. Lastly, while Afrasiab Khan had accused Sindhia of inducing Tipu to prolong the Carnatic War, Hastings was able to announce that peace was actually signed. In conclusion, the Governor-General desired leave to reserve his judgment, promising to give his earnest attention to the politics of Delhi and the intentions of Sindhia while he was at Lucknow.

This calm consideration was interrupted by an extraordinary and romantic incident. The eldest son of the Emperor, Prince Jiwan Bakht, contrived to escape from practical imprisonment at Delhi, and eluding the watchfulness of Afrasiab Khan, fled to Lucknow, where he cast himself on the protection of Hastings, entreating his help in throwing off the domination of the upstart minister, and restoring his father to the reality of power. The Prince had shown so much adroitness in effecting his escape, and his appearance and disposition were so

[1] State Papers.

engaging, that Hastings, always ready to form a favourable opinion of a newcomer, was taken by storm. The maintenance of the Mogul dominions as a barrier against the encroachments of the Sikhs—whose outposts were within four days of Delhi—was an important item in his policy, and the doubts which he had felt as to the prudence of ensuring their integrity by force of arms vanished in the presence of this unexpected ally. With Sindhia staunch, and the heir to the imperial throne bound to the English by chains of gratitude for the past and policy for the future, Delhi might be made the centre of a buffer state which should guarantee the safety of Oudh. Most unfortunately, the letters in which he pressed his views upon the Council, like those in which he described the Prince and his arrival to Mrs Hastings, have disappeared, and in writing to Scott, he makes only disconnected allusions to the subject, leaving Jonathan Scott, whom he had placed in attendance on the Prince, to write a full account.[1]

Happily the Correspondence supplies the lack in some measure, containing, as it does, a number of curious translations of Persian letters showing the course of the negociations between Hastings, the Prince, and his father —behind whom stands Afrasiab Khan. The first shows the extreme difficulty in which the Governor-General found himself, between the youth who was hurrying to throw himself on his mercy, and the peremptory command that he should be sent back to Delhi.

"To the Prince Jewan Buckht Jehandar Shaw. The Imperial Shokeh conferring Honor, mentioning that your Royal Highness has left Dehly without leave from the Presence or his Majesty's Permission, and that my Duty consists in this (that immediately on the arrival of the Shokeh if your Royal Highness should be in these parts or should come to me, I should instantly send you to the Presence, or if in case your Highness should go to Scindia,

[1] Gleig, III. 185.

as friendship subsists between him and me I should use my earnest endeavours to prevail on him to send you to the Presence), having made its glorious descent,[1] has informed me of the directions of the glorious Presence. I have just learned that your Imperial Highness is advancing on the Road leading to this Place, therefore I represent that though respect and submission to your Highness must impress the dutiful Breasts of all mankind, but are particularly imprinted on the Heart of this undoubted Servant, yet regard to the fate-directing orders of the commanding Presence is incumbent and inevitable. In this case your Imperial Highness will impartially conceive that with such orders from His Majesty, this loyal Servant cannot shew his respect and submission to your Highness, and that a failure in them on his Part will cause him unfeigned anxiety and concern. Therefore he hopes that your Royal Highness will not make him ashamed and perplexed, and that you will esteem him ready in every Service and command becoming a loyal subject, for his duty and obedience to the family of your Highness are undoubted. A Copy of the Imperial Shoka is sent enclosed in this address for your Highness's perusal. More would exceed respect."

In the next letter, "To Shaw Aulum," the difficulty is dexterously shelved for the moment. After remarking that "Just at the period marked by Prosperity, the royal Shokeh conferring honour . . . having made its glorious descent, raised my honour and reputation to the highest Heavens," and recapitulating the orders it contained, Hastings goes on:—

"Rightful Guide and Director. In my desire of approbation and obedience to the world-commanding orders, I am confident and intent with my Heart and Life and even esteem Submission as my most acceptable religious duty, yet as the Almighty has so exalted and distinguished the glorious Family of Timur that the Hand of a Servant

[1] *I.e.*, the *shoka*.

dare not reach to one of it with disrespect—I dare not commit such an action; but I will not in any way court or attend Him. I came here entirely to visit the Nabob Vizier, therefore it is most probable that his Highness will not turn this Way, but if he should, Disobedience to the orders of your Majesty can never happen from this servant, because he esteems obedience to them as superior to all other concerns. More would exceed respect."

The next move in the game falls to the Amir-ul-Amra, Afrasiab Khan himself, whose letter contains the dark warning, "If (which God forbid), any one should act improperly, he will from his vain Imaginations and wretched Visions, sift the dust of shame upon his own head." Letters follow from the Prince, who alludes to himself as "this feeble ant," and addresses Hastings as "You my brother dear as life," and from the Emperor—whose utterances were of course dictated by Afrasiab Khan. Shah Alam calls Hastings "Our deserving son . . . the Strength of the Arm of Empire and the Prop of the State . . . Pillar of the Pillars of the State," and encloses a draft of the treaty which Afrasiab Khan was anxious to conclude, in the preamble to which Hastings is described as "the life-devoted servant Ameer-ul-Momalic Ummad ul Dowlah Governor Bahauder," and is invited to sign it, "taking God to witness, and swearing on the Evangelists, and calling on Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary as sureties." In opposition to this comes the Prince's endeavour to engage him in support of the Emperor against Afrasiab Khan, but he was disinclined to accept either proposal. On May 6th he goes out with the Nawab-Vizier to meet the Prince on the road leading to the city, and finds him in a state almost of destitution. "He was met about eighteen miles distant from town," says the paraphrase of Hastings' letter to the Court of Directors in the 'Lady's Magazine.' "The Nabob and Mr Hastings made their homage to him on their knees. He was in great distress for the want of almost

every necessary of life . . . not above real want. Generous efforts were made to remedy or alleviate them; but he scorned them all, while his father continued in the wretched state which he had represented him. The presents of a pecuniary nature tendered to him, he earnestly begged might be remitted to Delhi. He would not share in any luxury whatever, while his royal father remained in his present necessitous condition." "I first met the Prince on the plain of Mohaun," says Hastings to the Council,[1] "without state, without attendance, with scarce a tent for his covering or a change of raiment, but that with which the recent effect of hospitality had furnished him, and with the expression of a mind evidently struggling between the pride of inherent dignity and the conscious sense of present indignance and dependence. . . . I found him gentle, lively, possessed of a high sense of honor, of a sound judgment, an uncommonly quick penetration, and a well-cultivated understanding, with a spirit of resignation and an equality of temper almost exceeding any within the reach of my own knowledge or recollection."

Already moved as much by a genuine personal interest as by policy, the Governor-General took part the next day in a procession of welcome which lasted from sunrise till nearly eight o'clock. The greatest honour was shown to the fugitive, the Nawab-Vizier sitting on the *Khowass*, or seat behind the howdah occupied by his guest, while Hastings followed the royal elephant on horseback. It was this act of courtesy which, in Bishop Heber's day, had been exaggerated by the natives into the assertion that he rode among the Prince's attendants as one of them, carrying a fan of peacock's feathers. The Prince insisted on staying near the Governor-General, and Hastings gave up to him the house which had been prepared for himself, and removed to one forming part of the palace of the Nawab-Vizier, where

[1] State Papers.

he was lodged "most magnificently and most uncomfortably." The next day he visited the Prince, who received him in his private apartment, and made him a frank declaration of his affairs. He was prepared either to return to his father, if the English would guarantee his safety, or to ask permission to take passage for England—presumably to appeal for help to the King himself. Hastings laid the matter before his colleagues on the Council, and returned a temporising answer to the letter of the Emperor and Afrasiab Khan, telling the former that "the exalting assurances of your Majesty . . . raised the head of our self-approbation to the summit of joy."

Meanwhile, the unhappy Emperor had contrived to inform Major Browne, in a private interview, of his satisfaction that his son was out of Delhi, and safe, and the same intelligence is conveyed in a secret note enclosed in a pathetic letter from the Prince's aunt or grandmother, the Begum Sahebeh Mhal.[1] "May the Splendour of the Forehead of Empire and Dominion, the Light of the Eye of Royalty and Power, fortunate son of illustrious Birth, Mahomed Jehander Shaw, happy and favored under the Protection of the holy Eternal, be successful in all his Desires here and hereafter!" she begins, and assures the "Light of my Eyes" that his father's true sentiments are to be found only in the hurried scrap she encloses. All other letters purporting to come from him are written under compulsion from Afrasiab Khan. She sends her thanks and blessings to Hastings for his kindness, and he despatches a respectful reply.

Finding his situation as a dependant upon the bounty of the Nawab-Vizier, his father's feudatory, very irksome, the Prince began to think of retiring to Benares, and

[1] She is called in another letter "the widow of Mahummud Shaw," but most of the male members of the imperial house seem to have been named Mohammed.

Hastings was inclined to encourage the proposal. "Here he cannot remain," he writes to Wheler from Lucknow, "for the Nabob and he would become Strangers in a Week, and in a Month open Enemies." While it was still under consideration, Major Browne arrived from Delhi, bringing letters and *khilats* from the Emperor for Hastings and Asaf-u-Daula, who together "advanced beyond the city to receive them, in compliance with the forms of respect prescribed and established for such occasions." The letter of thanks sent by Hastings for the honour conferred upon him is curious:—

"The firmaun full of condescension with a Khelaat conferring distinction on this faithful servant, which from the Court of Bounty and favor, guarded by Angels, made its splendid descent like divine Revelation, raised the head of distinction and honor of this servant confirmed in obedience to the highest heaven. Having hastened to meet these royal favors, and thrown upon the head of Loyalty and shoulders of Submission the Portion of honor and distinction, he as far as in his Power, but not adequate to such inestimable Bounties, performed the rules of Prostration and Ceremonies of Obeisance."

Finding that his draft treaty was not signed, Afrasiab Khan seems to have thought it advisable to make a demonstration in another direction, and alarm the English by showing a readiness to enter into the threatened alliance with Sindhia. To do this, it was necessary that the Emperor should remove to Acbarabad (Agra). Mujid-u-Daula, objecting to the proposal, was thrown into prison and his property confiscated. He appealed to Hastings for help, on the ground that he had always been known as a favourer of the English, and Hastings remonstrated with the Emperor. It was at this time that he felt most strongly the temptation, to which he refers in Letter XXIV., to "conduct the Prince with a military Force to his Father, and . . . effect both his Establishment, and the King's Deliverance from the

Control under which he now labors." He points out vigorously in his letters the danger to the Company's dominions that would be involved in the rise of a new adventurer, such as Afrasiab Khan, if the House of Timur were destroyed, emphasizes the weak and passive spirit of the Emperor, always under the dominion of whisperers and incendiaries, and suggests that if he must be controlled, the control may as well be in English hands. He does not wish to send armies to free the royal house from the rule of Afrasiab Khan, but merely to visit Delhi with an escort strong enough to allow him to dictate terms. The scheme was so like that which culminated in the Benares alarm of 1781 that it seems strange he should have been prepared to venture upon it, for had it failed, his position, so far beyond the borders even of Oudh, would have been hopeless, but the prospect of establishing a strong state, as a check both upon the Marathas and the Sikhs, seemed to him worth the risk, independent of the interest inspired in him by the character of Jiwan Bakht. His intentions were, however, frustrated by the anxious and cautious letters of June 8th which he received from his less imaginative colleagues, who repeat earnestly the desire they had previously expressed that the Shahzada may be sent back to his father without delay. Far from using British troops to conduct him back in triumph, the Governor-General is fervently exhorted not to commit the Company even so far as to allow him to reside in any of their territories.[1]

A possible means of saving the situation was suggested by the arrival of Sindhia's minister, Bhow Buxy (Bhau Bakhshi), at Lucknow. Hastings rode out to meet him, as the ambassador of a friendly power, and long and complicated negociations ensued. Hastings relates, in describing his daily engagements, that the Nawab-Vizier always breakfasted with him, and that he often visited

[1] State Papers, and Hastings to Scott, Gleig, III. 185.

him in the evenings, while the Prince desired his presence much oftener than he could afford to give it. Besides Bhow Buxy, he was in constant communication with Asaf-u-Daula's two ministers, the Nawab of Farrukhabad, two ministers of the Emperor, and other visitors of inferior note, while he was perpetually being dragged away from his work to take part in ceremonials at a distance from the city. However, the plan mentioned in Letter XXIV. took shape at last. The respectful correspondence with the Emperor continues. When Hastings receives from him "the orders binding as fate," he "makes the forehead of Prostration shining by touching the Ground." On the reception of another letter, he writes, "Of the Commands of the Glorious Presence which were delivered to Major Browne I have been informed in every particular, and have respectfully laid them on my head and Eyes." At the same time he advances a step towards his plan by asking that the Prince's family may be sent to him.

A little later he outlines the conditions on which the Prince will return. He must have a jaghir allotted to him, a place of strength in which his family may be safe, and a guard for his person—preferably a guard of British troops—when he attends his father. In return for these concessions, Hastings and Asaf-u-Daula guarantee that he will befriend and protect Afrasiab Khan, and support him in possession of his command, offices, and assignments. The stipulation must have been bitter both to the Prince and his English friend, but it was inevitable. Sindhia had always regarded the affairs of Delhi as his prescriptive property, and if Afrasiab Khan found himself in danger he would throw himself into Sindhia's arms. It was Sindhia upon whom Hastings now relied to conduct the Prince back and support him, but he was anxious to enlist him against Afrasiab Khan rather than in his favour. The result was a carefully arranged system of counterbalancing weights, Afrasiab Khan on one side

ruling the Emperor, and through him commanding the forces of the state, and on the other the Prince, with his jaghir and fortress to which to retire if he found Delhi unsafe, bound by ties of affection to Hastings and of interest to Sindhia, who was again united to the English by bonds of mutual advantage. At first sight it would appear that there was a weak spot in the scheme in the shape of a danger that Sindhia might unite with Afrasiab Khan to destroy the House of Timur and divide its dominions, but apart from his confidence in Sindhia's character, Hastings knew that he had a blood-feud against the tyrannical minister, whose tool Mahomet Beg Hummdanny (Hamadani), had murdered Sindhia's friend, the former minister, Mirza Shafi. With infinite patience the Governor-General laboured at his scheme, doing his utmost to safeguard the young man who had so strongly excited his interest, without extending Sindhia's power to a dangerous degree, or justifying the fears of his colleagues by "committing the Company, either as to their arms or treasure." "Thus far I have done what I never yet did, negociated without the Means either of exciting Hope, or of Intimidation," he writes to Wheler. The task was still unfinished when the time came for him to quit Lucknow.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR EDWARD HUGHES, the Admiral commanding on the East India Station, was an old friend of Hastings. Writing to him shortly before his wedding, he says, "My best wishes attend Mrs Imhoff," and after it he sends her his respects. There are many letters from him in the Correspondence, generally containing intelligence as to the arrival or forwarding of packets. His fondness for the society of the Nawab of Arcot, as already noted,[1]

[1] See *supra*, p. 171.

gained for him from the 'Bengal Gazette' the nickname of "Sir Edward Durbar," but it enabled him at different times to send valuable information to Bengal. He co-operated with Coote during the Carnatic War in a plodding and painstaking way, gaining various minor successes, but not, apparently, achieving anything commensurate with the force he possessed. He captured Negapatam (with the aid of Munro's troops), and Trincomalai from the Dutch, fought an indecisive action with the French fleet under Suffrein off the Coromandel Coast in February, 1782, taking the transport *Lauriston* and releasing a number of English merchantmen which had been captured, and another off Cuddalore in June, 1783.

MR DE BUSSY was the famous Marquis de Bussy, whom Coote had taken prisoner at the battle of Wandiwash in 1760. He was sent out again, at a very advanced age, in 1782, to take command of the 3000 French troops acting with Haidar, but he had lost his old fire, and acted rather as a drag upon them than a stimulus. When Coote made his last voyage to Madras, he was, says Lord Thurlow,[1] "wishing most anxiously to retain life long enough to take Mr Bussy a second time." When the news of the treaty of Versailles arrived after Coote's death, the arrangements for the cessation of hostilities in India were made with Bussy, and the most amicable relations followed.[2]

RICHARD HART BODDAM (misspelt Bodham by Gleig), was chief first of the Surat factory, and then of Bombay. As an old friend, Hastings employed him constantly in forwarding letters. Their tastes were similar, and Boddam sends Hastings a number of facts collected by his interpreter, Malet, with the view of elucidating Orme's account of the Marathas. Bussora was considered to be from fifty-eight to sixty-three days' journey from England.

[1] Debates. [2] State Papers.

NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALHED was a friend of Sheridan's, and his rival for the hand of Miss Linley.[1] Reaching India as a writer in 1772, he became noted for his linguistic attainments, but was obliged to retire after only a short period of service. He married Helena Ribaut, daughter of a former Governor of Chinsura. In 1784 it is announced that he is coming back with recovered health, and that his extraordinary abilities and past services are to be rewarded by the first vacant seat on the Board of Revenue. He was appointed the Nawab-Vizier's agent in England, and while at home, assisted Hastings in preparing his defence, not altogether with success. "The Benares charge," says Lord Thurlow,[2] "was entrusted to Mr Halhed, a gentleman of splendid abilities, and great information, but of too high a genius to attend minutely to the strict accuracy of his facts, and certainly better calculated to explain a prophecy, if Mr Hastings had wanted him for such a purpose, than for a laborious investigation of the Company's records." His letters show him to have possessed an extraordinarily inflated style, and the mystical strain in his character is evidenced by his fervid support of the mad fanatic Brothers.

The LABOR of which Hastings complains was of course the restoration of the Prince. "How unhappily am I situated," he laments to Wheler, "with so much expected and claimed from me, and without power or trust!" His depression was increased by the fact that he discovered in himself "a procrastinating state of mind, caused by a most deadly languor."

LT.-COLONEL ARTHUR AHMUTY or ACHMUTY was in command at Bankipur in 1781 and at Chanar in 1784. Grand served under him in his early days, and mentions in illustration of the simplicity of his character that when taking part in a field-day, he refused to allow his men to break and disperse as he was

[1] D. N. B. [2] Debates.

ordered, declaring that Ahmuty's had never run away yet, and he would not teach them to do so, persisting unmoved in this resolution. He died at Dinapur in 1793.

The Prince's ELOPEMENT refers merely to his escape from Delhi, not to his entanglement with the woman mentioned just before.

The NEWS PAPER PARAGRAPH referred to has been cut out and attached to the MS., and reads as follows:—

"A report has been industriously circulated with a view of prejudicing the cause of Mr Hastings in the opinion of his respectable constituents, that some of his friends mean to move a resolution on Friday next, for settling upon him the late Lord Clive's jaghur (sic), which is now on the point of expiring. This jaghur is £30,000 a year, a sum so enormous that it never could or did enter into the head of any friend of Mr Hastings to bring forward so extravagant or so barefaced a proposition to the consideration of a General Court; but the fact is that in conversation, and conversation only, some very respectable and independent Proprietors have observed, that the falling in of Lord Clive's jaghur this year might give the East India Company a favorable opportunity of rewarding the services of Mr Hastings, by settling upon him, when he quits India, a fifth or a sixth part of the amount of it annually for his life, supposing it should appear as it is generally understood, that his fortune is very inadequate to his station. This, however, could form no part of the business of the General Court on Friday, which is expressly summoned to consider the late advices from Bengal, at the request of Nine Proprietors: 'On special affairs,' being an insertion of the Court of Directors."

The ROYAL CHARLOTTE was the vessel in which Captain Phipps was returning to Madras, having left St Helena in June. It is uncertain whether this was the vessel of the same name, commanded by Captain

Joseph Price,[1] which was taken up by the Bengal Council in 1778, when preparations were being made for war with France.

PATTAMARS were despatch-boats. The word meant originally express messengers, but it is soon transferred to vessels, which were employed either to carry news swiftly,[2] or to patrol a dangerous area.[3]

The paragraph respecting the friends of RICHARD JOHNSON is considered by Dr Busteed "very suggestive of the secrecy and caution which were characteristic of Hastings." It is difficult to believe that the most incautious of men would not have felt prudence advisable in view of the reported intrigues of two men on whom he had lavished benefits, and who had both disappointed him, while Johnson was writing him affectionate letters at this moment.

COLONEL ANTHONY POLIER was a Swiss engineer officer, belonging to the Company's army, but attached to the service of the Nawab-Vizier. When engaged in surveying work and the construction of the fortifications of Faizabad under Shuja-u-Daula in 1774, he took part in the capture of Agra from the Jāts by that prince and Najif Khan, for which he was afterwards severely censured by the Majority. He shared Hastings' taste for Eastern literature, as is shown by a letter of his written in 1786, in which he promises to bring the plan and elevation of Cleveland's monument to England with him, and speaks of "a Moracka of fine Oriental writings." He was killed in 1794.

Hastings' ATTORNEYS in England were his brother-in-law Woodman, Sir Francis Sykes, and William Waller. Between the two latter a bitter hostility existed. They would now be called trustees, as their duty was to receive the sums he sent home, pay what he owed, and invest the remainder. They complain continually at this time of the difficulty of raising money. Hastings had re-

[1] See *infra*, p. 349. [2] Yule and Burnell. [3] Forbes.

quested them to have £2000 ready by the end of June, "to answer Mrs Hastings' immediate occasions on her arrival in England," but they write that although his mortgages bring in £3000 a year the principal cannot be touched. With the usual lack of understanding as to his financial position, they recommend him to send home a remittance of diamonds, sufficient to pay all outstanding demands, and leave him £8000 or £10,000 to provide for his own expenses on his return.

The SEAL for Mrs Hastings must be the ruby already mentioned. Hay says on March 22nd, "Colonel Morgan arrived here early this Morning, and I carried to Thompson the Seal which you gave into the Colonel's Charge, containing, I think, Mrs Hastings's Titles, but this is also too late to go by the Oxford."

LUCNOW. *13th August*, 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received April 18th, 1785.")

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I write because the Time is long since I wrote last, but am uncertain whether I shall meet with a ready Conveyance for my Letter.—On the 10th I received a Letter from our good Friend, Sir Edward, in which he informed me that he had received a Packet from me designed for the Eurydice, which (the Eurydice not sailing) he had entrusted to Mr de Bussy to be dispatched in a Frigate which was to leave Pondicherry about the End of July, enclosing it in a Packet of his own directed to the E. (English) Embassador at Paris.—By that Channel you may receive Two Letters from me dated about the 13th June, and numbered 21 and 22.—Mr Boddam has acknowledged the Receipt of Two others, dated the 15th and 17th May, and numbered 19 and 20, at Bombay, and had dispatched them both separately to Bussora on the 28th

June. He supposed that they might reach Bussora by the 31st of July, and I hope you will get them by the Middle of October.—My last was written the 4th July, No. 23, and dispatched to Mr Boddam, to take the Chance of his first Dispatches, whether by Land or Sea. It contained nothing material, but that I was well to the Period at which it was written.—This is the History of my 4 last Letters.

I was going to add, but omitted it, that I write this on the Promise given me by Sir Edward Hughes that either the Greyhound Sloop, or some other, should be ready to carry my next Letters.

I wish to say a thousand Things to you which cannot be written. My Mind is continually racked by Suggestions not warranted by any reasonable Grounds of Apprehension. The only Complaint which has affected me in any Degree since my Residence at this Place is a nightly Oppression, which of Course raises horrid Sensations, and Images of Terror, which form the Substance of my Dreams made up with the one Subject which is ever present both to my waking and sleeping Thoughts; and their Impression constantly repeated, without any Change that might relieve it, has cast a Gloom upon my Mind which my Reason, though it sees the natural Cause, cannot shake off. — Other Causes have contributed. I cannot but think that C. (Captain) Cooper would have sought the Track of the outer bound Ships, if he had such Intelligence to send by them as would be welcome to me. — Scott writes that the Ministers would write to me in his Majesty's Name to put off my Departure to another Year; and Halhed tells me that it is the Expectation of all my Friends that I

shall stay.—My whole Life has been a Sacrifice of my private Ease and Interests to my public Duty, and to more, to public Opinion; and this Requisition may come to me in such a Form as to have the Force of an Obligation. In that Event I shall bid everlasting Farewell to all my Hopes, for the Period which Nature has fixed for the Duration of my Service is already past, and the Attempt to prolong it to another Season must end me; or which would be worse, send me home laden with Infirmities; besides other Hazards.—But if I am simply enjoined or requested to stay, I will pay no Regard to it. I am thwarted in everything that I undertake by the Members of the Council, who do nothing themselves to compensate for what they disable me from performing. I could not stay another Year linked with such Associates without the certain Loss of Reputation, and the Risk of worse. I would not for the Wealth of a Kingdom again pass through the same Scene as I have acted in during the Course (yet unfinished) of this Year. A Labor has been exacted from me which required that I should possess all the Powers of my Station, and I am peremptorily and absolutely interdicted the Use of any One of them. In Default of these I am reduced to the Necessity of employing the Weight of my private Character, and popular Interest, with the Hazard of losing both in the Attempt, by the Failure of it.—What the Event will be, I will not conjecture. I am not apt to despond, and as I never suffer my own Interests to mix with my public Business, I have hitherto surmounted all my past Difficulties and therefore do not despond of the present.

I have nearly seen completed the Business for which

I expressly came to Lucnow, and have fixed upon the 27th of this Month for my Departure. My Boats will wait for me at the nearest Station of the Ganges, about 50 Miles off, called Doondia-cáry.[1]—I shall march this short Distance by four Stages; for the Nabob has insisted on accompanying me as far as Illahabad; and I shall be (to vary the Term to a more correct Expression) the Prince's *Attendant* to Benaris. Curiosity will detain me one Day at Illahabad, and the Hospitality of Colonel Ahmuty another at Chunar.

My Residence at Benaris will be uncertain. I shall have some Business there relating to the District itself; and I must wait some Time at least, if necessary, for the Event of the Negociations which I have employed for the Prince's Return to his Father's Court. If that can be effected, I shall part with him at Benaris. If not, I shall either leave him there, or I fear, for such is his constant Declaration, be obliged to take him with me to Calcutta.

In One Respect, I am most fortunate. After a most dreadful Continuance of the dry Weather, and Apprehensions daily growing of a total Failure of the seasonable Rains, they at length set in on the 10th of the last Month, falling heavily, and without Intermission, during Nineteen Days.—The River swelled to such a Degree as to lay every Street of the City under Water, and as suddenly shrunk back to its narrow Channel on the Rain's ceasing. It has begun again, and seems likely to last. At all Events, what has already fallen is sufficient to ensure a plentiful Harvest, and the Expectations of all are most sanguine.—I have already described the

[1] Daundia Khera.

Face and State of the Country. I can convey no Idea of the Sufferings of Individuals. The Roads and Streets have been for some Months covered with emaciated Wretches who have flocked from all Quarters to the Capital for Subsistence. Multitudes of these have perished notwithstanding the Bounty which attracted them, and their Number is encreasing, for the favourable Appearance of the Season can promise but a future and remote Relief. It pains me to go abroad to hear the Cries, and see such Spectacles of human Misery. Yet these are chiefly the aged, infirm, blind, sick and indolent, whose Loss, though Humanity may regret it, can be best borne by the Community: And at Dehly Major Browne assures me that the Numbers that die in the Streets exceed those at Lucnow by 100 to One. This Calamity is not the Effect of One Season. The three last Years have all failed, and almost universally from the Border of Bengal, which had also its Share, to the Lands which extend beyond Lahore. Yet under such adverse Circumstances has my hard Fortune imposed on me the Obligation of clearing off the Debt contracted by the Nabob Vizier with the Company, though the Accumulation of Years of Plenty; And I am sanguine in my Hopes of accomplishing it. The Nabob behaves well, and affects to repose, as I verily believe he does, an implicit Confidence in me. It will be a curious Circumstance to be related in the History of this Country, if nothing happens in the short Interval which is left of my Visit, to contradict it, that the Nabob Vizier and myself marched together many Days with our Baggage, Troops and Camps intermixed, lived together in the same City 5 Months, and near four of that Period

within the same Walls, and I may say, in the same House, with our separate Guards, Families and Domestics; and that in all that Time not the least Disagreement or Symptom of ill Humour has passed between us, or the slightest Quarrel between our Dependants. Yet there have not been wanting Occasions which might, with a Disposition less gentle or less reasonable than his, have lessened his good Humour towards me, though I have always behaved to him with the utmost Kindness and Attention. He seems sensible of it; he is far from deficient in Understanding, his Manners are in an extraordinary Degree polite, and I do not know a better tempered or a better humored Man. Since my Arrival the most profound Tranquillity has prevailed throughout his Dominions, though the most turbulent spirit has ever raged among his *Z*emidars.[1] I shall hope to leave him with a confirmed Authority, and an encreasing Revenue, and a well regulated Government,—provided no future Bristow be sent to disturb it: And it will be dangerous to disturb it.

I fear the Prince will remain a dead Weight on my Hands. The Means which I have employed to free myself from him are such as I would not have used but from absolute Necessity, and are against every Rule of Policy by which I have ever regulated my Conduct. The Members of the Board have "exhorted" me (this is their Term) to use every possible Exertion to effect his Return with "Safety and Honor" to his Father, and yet refuse me the Means, forbidding me to use any military Authority, and denying me the Power of treating. In this Perplexity I have made Trial of my

[1] Hastings always omits the *n* in this word also.

personal Influence, and committed the chief Execution of my Plans to a foreign Hand, to Mâdajee Sindia, the Maratta Chief, who has promised to accomplish them to the utmost of my Wishes. It will afford a most curious Anecdote of my political Life, if he does; but I have no other Resource. I have stronger Evidences of his Fidelity than Grounds of Distrust; I do but commit to another the Charge of doing what I cannot do myself; and if he deceives or fails me, I am but where I should be had I not made the Trial.—This is the Difficulty to which I allude in the 3rd Page of this Letter. I have been strongly tempted at a desperate Hazard to conduct the Prince with a military Force to his Father, and am morally certain that I could effect both his Establishment, and the King's Deliverance from the Control under which he now labors, with little Difficulty; but the Possibility of my not being able to accomplish it before it could be known and counter-orders received from Calcutta, and the certain Assurance that as soon as known they would put a Stop to it, deterred me. Otherwise I could have ventured it, and set them at Defiance. I have missed an Opportunity of closing my Government with an Act that would have reflected a lasting Honor on my Reputation in India, and been generally applauded at Home; but it might have entangled me in Consequences that would oppose the first Wish of my Heart; and all Things considered, I believe that my Disappointment may prove more favourable to my own Happiness than any Event that I could have derived from fuller Powers; nor will my Conscience reproach me with the Want either of Inclination or Exertion. The Prince's

Character has suffered nothing by a nearer Acquaintance, except by the Detection of One Blot in it; and that is a dreadful One; an Attachment to an old Woman that he has picked up here by Accident, and on whom he squanders the superfluous Cash which he was once eager to save for the Relief of his Father's Distresses.—I will send you a curious History which he himself has written and given me of his late Elopement; and when you read it, I think your Pride will feel for what mine must suffer from the false Estimation in which he held my Consequence, when he exposed himself to such Dangers in his Reliance on my Power to restore the Freedom and Prosperity of his House.

Among the many Causes of Uneasiness which I suffer in my present Situation, there are Two which I can only mention to you, because to others I might expose myself to the Ridicule of giving myself too much Consequence. It is possible that the mistaken Zeal of my Friends may prompt them to solicit for me the Grant of Honors or a Pension which I may be compelled to reject. You are already pretty well acquainted with my Sentiments upon both these Points.—I should be sorry to be reduced to the Necessity of doing what may be deemed by others Presumption; but as I am content to remain in the humble Sphere in which I was born, I have a Right to refuse whatever shall place me in an improper Comparison with others, to whom I do not allow an Equality with me. These Reflexions have been thus renewed by an Extract sent me, I forget by whom, of a News Paper Paragraph, which I will enclose in this. My Friends may proclaim my Moderation, but they mistake in asserting that I shall

think my *Services rewarded* by *the Settlement of a fifth or a Sixth* Part of the Sum of Lord Clive's Jagheer for Life, or by ANY Settlement that shall terminate with my Life.—If any such Provision shall be made for me, or any Title given me that shall place me on a Level with his Lordship of Madrass,[1] even your Influence, my Marian, shall not prevail upon me to accept of either.

I am not pleased with Scott's going into Parliament, and less with his annexing to it the Plan of securing his Seat for myself. I reserve to myself the Priviledge of chusing my own Mode of Life, and shall certainly not prefer One which shall exact from me the Sacrifice of my Ease and Health, and at the same Time place me in a Condition unsuited to my Talents.—Another Year in India will disqualify me to leave it, by the Want of Means to pay my Passage.

I continue free from Sickness; but since the Beginning of this Month I have labored under a severe Languor, which though much abated I cannot shake off. It is the annual Return of the Influence of this Season on my Constitution, and has lost much of its Force. — On the 20th of last Month I was suddenly seized with a Fever which held me during that Day and Night, and then went off without a Return.—This too seems to have been anniversary, for I had last Year an Attack very like it about the same Time, which lasted a few Days. — My Constitution has certainly acquired much Strength, and I attribute it to the Change of Climate. I can now assure you that the Fever which I had in 1782 never totally quitted me

[1] Lord Macartney.

till I undertook the Journey to this Place. I date my Recovery from my Arrival at Afzoolbaug.—But I am morally certain that I should not have found this Change in Calcutta.

I cannot suppress some very uneasy Reflexions which often pass in my Mind upon the Change which my Health has undergone since my Residence at Chunar in 1781, for it then commenced, though I perceived it not till my Return to Bengal in the February following. How often have you heard me declare in the most resolute Terms, that I never would be seen by you under the disgusting Circumstances of a State of Sickness! Yet the last Sixteen Months that we passed together were a Period of continued Illness, or of a Habit laboring under the Effects of Illness. In all that long Interval you were never from me; and where was my Resolution? Major Toone has often told me how much he was shocked at my Appearance when he first saw me after his Return to Bengal; and yet I was then thought, and thought myself, to be well recovered. You had been the close and hourly Spectator of all the Changes which I had passed through, my Bosom Associate at a Time in which you ought to have been removed to a Distance from me, and what was worse, in daily Consultation with my Physicians. It is true that I am indebted to my first Illness for such a Proof of your Affection as is almost without Example,[1] nor in the whole Course, or during the Consequences of it, have I ever perceived any Alteration in that Tenderness which I before experienced, and which constituted the great and only Blessing of

[1] Her hasty journey from Bhagalpur in flood-time.

my Life. Yet I almost regret that you did not leave me earlier, and in the many solitary Moments in which my Thoughts dwell on the Remembrance of those which I have passed with you, without the Mixture of other Subjects (for you are never absent from my Recollection), I cannot conquer the Apprehension that having seen me so long under Circumstances so unfavorable, and these too the last, and of Course such as must ever accompany your Remembrance of me, the Delicacy of your Affection may suffer, if it has not already suffered, some Diminution.—Were I present with you, my constant Attentions, and the Evidences which my Love would produce every Hour, and every Instant, of its Reality, would prevent that Effect on a Heart so generous as yours: But what have I now to support my Interests in it during so long a Separation? You will remember many Instances of unguarded Levity, Petulancy, and that Kind of Indolence which wears the Appearance of Indifference; and I much fear that these will be more ready to obtrude themselves in your Recollection than those Instances of my Behavior which might excite your kinder Remembrance of me. I could run over a long Catalogue of Offences with which my Conscience has often reproached me; and every trivial Incident which could bear that Construction, and which escaped my Notice at the Time in which it happened, now appears with a black Dye before me.—It is not so in my Remembrance of your Behavior, which I look back upon with Love, Respect and Admiration; and wonder how I could suffer whole Hours (but never Days—there I must do myself Justice) to pass without seeing you, when you were but a few

Steps removed from me. Yet, my sweet Marian, remember with what Delight you have known me frequently quit the Scene of Business and run up to your Apartment for the Sake of deriving a few moments of Relief from the Looks, the Smiles and the sweet Voice of my beloved. — These Reflexions are perhaps ungenerous; but if I write to you, I must write from the Temper of those Thoughts which float uppermost in my Mind; and even while I write them they subside. — Consider what a Length of Time has elapsed since our Separation, and that except One Letter written four Days after it, you have been to me as if you had no Existence. It is now more than Seven Months since I saw the last Sails of the Atlas as they melted into nothing; and another must pass before even by the most favorable Calculation I can hope to hear from you by the Royal Charlotte which I have supposed will bring your Letters from St Helena. These may dissipate all my Apprehensions, but till then I expect them but to gain daily Strength.—I have written to Bombay, supposing it possible, though not very probable, that Phipps may return that Way on the Royal Admiral, the last Ship destined for St Helena, and I have desired him to send your Letters from thence by Pattamars. I think it not impossible that I may hear of your Arrival in England as soon as from St Helena, if you perform your Promise of sending a Dispatch by Land as soon as you arrive. May God grant it, and that I may hear that you were arrived and in Health! I will suppose every Thing else that I can wish, and wait patiently the Remainder of the Interval which is to keep you from me, cutting off the

Days as they pass, and pleasing myself with noting their gradual Diminution.

I have resolved to carry Sands home with me, and David Anderson, whom I prevented from returning to England at the Time that I undertook my present Commission. These are my two great Agents. Sands manages all my Expenses, and with such Care and Economy that I shall be a Gainer, instead of losing, as I did by my last Expedition, above a Lack and a Half of Rupees. Mr Anderson is no less useful in my public Concerns.—Both are sincerely attached to me, and I believe the same of my other Companions, though certainly not all in the same Degree. I believe that in general their Characters reflect no Discredit on mine, and they all seem to make it a Point to preserve a good Understanding with the People around them, I mean the Native Inhabitants. Let Mrs Sands know that her Husband is well, and that he has never been sick since he was of the Party, though not very stout in Appearance.

I hope you will have safely received my Letters No. 14 and 15, with their Enclosures,[1] for I often repeat the latter for a Gratification in which Pride has no Share, and please myself with the Belief that you will read them with Pleasure from a similar Cause. I should be sorry that they fell into other Hands, as much as that they missed yours. I have much improved them; but shall keep the improved Copy till I see you.

I have been privately told that the Friends of Richard Johnson are among my worst Enemies in England. He is a sad Fellow, if this is true. Be on your Guard both with him and Middleton.

[1] *I.e.*, the two copies of his poem.

I fear I shall not receive Answers to any but to a few of my first Letters, if to those. But how dreadful will be my Situation if I should find myself compelled to stay in India beyond my Time (which God forbid) and you should continue to expect my Return!

Colonel Polier, who resides at Lucnow has undertaken to construct poor Clevland's Monument, and Colonel Ahmuty to furnish the Stones from Chunar. It will be well executed. I believe I have sent you a Copy of the Epitaph.

25th August. I now hasten to the Close of my Letter.—I have surmounted all the Obstacles of my Departure, and shall adhere to the Day, which is that after to morrow. I have since I began my Letter received other Letters from Major Scott, though not of so late a Date as the former, in which he presses my Stay, and informs me that my Attorneys have disagreed about the Disposition of my Money entrusted to them, so as to render Part of it insecure.—It is strange that he should join Two such Subjects in the same Dispatch, and that knowing that my Expenses accumulate by my Stay, he should urge it to the Hazard of my Ruin:—And for what? Have those whose Authority he quotes declared their Wish to that Effect? No. The Vote of the Proprietors past under a different State of Affairs, and was grounded on Acts done by me with my present Colleagues (who by the by had no Share in them, and Two not in India when they were performed). These men are now my greatest Enemies. They do nothing themselves, and are a Clog upon me.—Besides, I have declared my Resolution in Form; I have deferred the Execution of it for a Year, with

such Sacrifices as few Men would have made, for the Sake of preserving the national Faith and my own with the Nabob of Owd.—I have no Pretext now left, and how could I stay longer, without subjecting myself to Derision? It would be said that I threatened what I meant not to perform, and assume a Self-importance which no One else allows me in staying on the Plea that my Services are necessary. This should be asserted by others, not by me.—One Thing however may yet detain me; but it is not very probable. The Nabob and his Ministers will require some Security that I shall not leave them at the Mercy of my Colleagues; and it is my Intention to declare my Resolution of going on Condition that the Members of the Board will solemnly promise to abide by the Arrangements which I have made. They cannot refuse it, because these are consonant to their original Agreement, nor can they break them without the Loss of many Lacks to the Company.—I suppose too that they will not chuse to hinder my going from Affection.—If after all they shall refuse to give me this Satisfaction, I will stay, though Death should await me.

The Season continues most favourable, and I go away in Confidence that all will terminate to my utmost Wishes and Credit.—In the mean While I trust to Time for the Determination of my own Destiny.

The Languor which I complained of has left me, and I am again very well. I am sure of being better when I begin to travel, though I am not quite at my Ease between the Two Great Partners of my Journey;[1] and it will cost me some Trouble to persuade the Nabob from accompanying me as far as Benaris.

[1] The Prince and the Nawab-Vizier.

I grieve that I did not transfer the Charge of my Affairs in England from the Hands of my Attorneys to yours. I will do it yet by the first Ship that sails from Bengal, if at that Time I shall not have resolved, beyond all Chance of receding, to return home myself.

My Marian, I am miserable. Though I know it to have been impossible that you should have written to me, yet my Disappointment has tortured me with Sensations (for I cannot call them Reflexions of the Mind) similar to those which could arise from the worst Suggestion of Evil. It seems as if I had totally lost you, or (God forgive me) that you had totally forgotten me. I see you nightly; but such is the sickness of my Imagination, that you constantly appear to turn from me with Indifference; nor can my Reason overcome the Gloom which these Phantoms leave on my Mind;—for it is the Effect of bodily Distemper, independent of the Understanding. How hard! My Dreams vex me with unreal Evils, and the real Happiness of my past Life appears as a Dream, as a Dream past long since, and the Traces almost effaced.

Adieu, my beloved! When shall I hear from you; and how do I know but that every Day that passes till then will be but so many saved from a Life of irretrievable Misery! May the God of Heaven bless, protect and comfort you! You too will have had your Sufferings, and those perhaps as severe as my own.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs Motte. Once more adieu. WARREN HASTINGS.

I will send you the Impression of a most beautiful Seal which I have had cut with your Titles.

26th August. The Nabob is resolved in Opposition to all that I can argue against it to go with me to Benaris; so that I shall be no less embarrassed there than here.

27th.—I write this from my first half-Stage, having left Lucnow this Morning. I shall pass the Day with Colonel Polier, and proceed to my Encampment in the Evening.

I can only send you a blotted Copy of the Prince's Narrative, but it is correct, and very legible. I hope it will amuse you.

LETTER XXV.

This letter and the next are only to be found in Gleig's Biography, carefully deprived of all individual touches such as eccentricity in spelling and in the use of capital letters. What is worse, it is impossible to rely on Gleig as a transcriber. So many mistakes are to be found in his rendering when comparison is possible, that in any doubtful case the presumption is strong that he has misread his subject's writing.

Of the return journey now begun, Hastings writes to Wheler on August 27th, "I unwillingly carry the Prince with me, for I dread his being left on my Hands; and more unwillingly the Nabob-Vizier, who accompanies me by Violence. . . . The Rains have fallen most abundantly, and promise a more plentiful Harvest than this Country has known for many Years past. It would delight you to see the Fields covered with a Luxuriant Verdure, that Two Months ago were all a barren dry Sand. The Nabob, his Ministers, and his whole Family, are united in one Determination to clear off the Company's Debt in the Course of the Year, and have all

made cheerful Sacrifices of portions of their own Jagheers and Allowances to ensure it. And all that has been done, has been done with the best Humor, and in the most gracious Manner." The dark side of this bright prospect is seen near the beginning of the following letter, where Asaf-u-Daula's evil companions are shown regaining their influence over him even before he parts from the Governor-General.

The Two OTHER FAVOURITES are of course "the Arab" and Soliman. "The Horse" would be "the grey Buggy Horse" mentioned afterwards by Thompson.

The Nawab-Vizier's MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER were the famous Begums, who had turned to Hastings for help against the exactions of Bristow, and whom he had since taken pains to conciliate. Their jaghirs had been restored to them, in obedience to the order of the Court of Directors,[1] and they marked their sense of the favour, and of Hastings' courtesy towards them, by making "a voluntary concession of a large portion of their respective shares" for the purpose of helping Asaf-u-Daula to pay off his debt to the Company.

The misfortunes of Hastings' BUDGEROW, which was known at Calcutta as "the budgerow of budgerows,"[2] aroused widespread sympathy among his friends. Colonel Ironside writes to tell him that he has sent off two of his most faithful servants in a light *pulwar* (landing-boat), to look for it. The *dandis* were the rowers, of whom the *sarang* was the head. The *frosh* (farrash), originally a carpet-sweeper, acted as a male housemaid on shore, and as cabin steward on board.

SIR THOMAS MILLS was a *protégé* of Lord Mansfield, who had recommended him to Hastings. He is recommended also by James McPherson, who remarks artlessly that "the expences of this scene, on which he exhibited with much hospitality and attention to his friends, have become too great for his finances." He

[1] State Papers. [2] 'Hartly House.'

has made an abrupt and unexpected departure from England, leaving a most amiable wife and a family of children, who are happily provided for independent of his embarrassments. A post was found for this hospitable spendthrift, which is considered "a very profitable employ" by the angry Mrs Mary Barwell, who brands him as a "worthless and contemptible character," because a relative of hers, whom she confesses to be "not agreeable in his Manners," is still without employment. Sir Thomas left Calcutta at the end of 1785, and an undated letter from Major Scott shows that he did so under a cloud, after a *fracas* with Phipps, and that he accused Hastings of prejudicing him with Lord Mansfield by telling him the circumstances. It appears that he had been approached by the Managers of Hastings' impeachment as a possible witness, and was trying to pick a quarrel with Scott to excuse himself for betraying his patron.

MR JOHN SCOTT must have belonged to a different family from Major Scott. It is probable that he was an assistant of the Resident of Benares, as Hastings mentions[1] that he has ordered one of these officials to reside at Mirzapur, to watch over the decaying trade of the place. Mr Scott writes later on that he is still trying to improve the manufactures of the neighbourhood, and mentions that the indigo industry, which he founded, is now in a very promising way, and the product as good as the Spanish.

The PACKET by the *Surprise* contained letters from Major Scott giving a full account of the introduction of Fox's India Bill on November 19th, 1783, his endeavour, through an application from Sheridan to Halhed, to secure the neutrality of Hastings' supporters, the triumphant passage of the Bill through the Commons and its signal defeat in the Lords, the resignation of the Coalition Ministry, and the purpose of Pitt and Thurlow

[1] State Papers.

to appeal to the country. The later letters described the General Election which consolidated Pitt's power, and asserted the benevolent intentions of his party with regard to India, while entreating Hastings to remain in Bengal at any cost. Hastings' friends in India did not share his pessimistic outlook any more than did Scott, for Palmer writes, on hearing of the change of Ministry, "Would to God that Mrs Hastings had heard at St Helena of the late Transactions in England. I think that such welcome News would have brought her to Bengal again with a stock of spirits to secure her Health until you should determine to quit India together and for ever."

The unfortunate introduction of the Prince to the two ladies at Chanar suggests the experience of the Afghan potentate who remarked to the Viceroy of his day, "So you only let your ugly women be seen!" MRS SHOWERS was an old and intimate friend of Mrs Hastings. They were born in the same year, 1747. Her letters suggest that she was a foreigner, as does her peculiar Christian name, Melian.[1] From her correspondence with Hastings in 1816 we learn that she was first married to a Mr Dare. They were shipwrecked, and Dare drowned, apparently off the Coromandel Coast, and Mrs Hastings, then Mme. Imhoff, took Mrs Dare under her protection, while Hastings stood godfather to her infant son. (In 1777 Captain Farmer of the *Seahorse*, writing to Hastings, sends his compliments to "Mrs Imhoff and Mrs Dair," among others.) With her usual fondness for match-making, Mrs Hastings arranged a marriage between the young widow and a Captain Showers. Three sons were born of the marriage, one of whom was also named Hastings, which must have caused confusion in the family. The union was unhappy, and the husband and wife separated, after "shocking recriminations," which seem to have been conducted

[1] The name is, however, hereditary in several Irish families.

regardless of listeners, since Toone says that he heard them. Colonel Showers had a pension, but refused his wife any share in it, since she had left him of her own accord. She subsisted on what her sons could send her, until one of them, an officer of great promise, was killed in an attack on a Gurka stronghold in the Nepaul War. Hence her sorrowful letters, alternately lamenting "my Angle Dear Departed Son, Captain Charles Lionel Showers," denouncing the unkindness of her husband, who has refused all communication with her, and begging that the Court of Directors may be importuned to grant her a pension. Hastings sent her money for her immediate necessities, and wrote to Toone about the pension. Toone had little hope of success, but he laid the case before the Directors, and they granted her £70 a year, to begin from the day of her son's death. There are later letters of extreme gratitude from Mrs Showers and from her son Hastings Dare, who was in command of a battalion in India.

SCHROWL is Gleig's perversion of the word which he writes more correctly "Sukrowl" or "Suckrowl" a little later. Secrole (Sikraul), the British settlement close to Benares, is intended.

FRANCIS FOWKE was the son of James Fowke, who conspired with Nandkumar to bring a charge of accepting bribes against Hastings. The younger man was appointed Resident at Benares by the Majority, removed by Hastings and Barwell on Monson's death, restored by order of the Court of Directors, again withdrawn by Hastings in 1781,[1] and again restored under stringent orders from home. His father asks leave to visit his son and daughter at Benares in February, 1784, but Hastings refuses it, as such a favour granted to him would be considered to show that Chait Singh, whose cause he had espoused, was to be restored to power. MARKHAM had held the younger Fowke's office from January, 1781, to March, 1783.[2]

[1] See *supra*, p. 118. [2] Gleig, III. 80.

SOOREY (properly *surahi*), is an earthen water-vessel.

MARKHAM'S words in his letter from St Helena are, "Mrs Hastings' health is I think much improved by her passage, and she has more flesh upon her than I ever remember since I had the honour of her acquaintance." The news which caused Hastings such unbounded delight in the letter from his wife brought by Phipps is thus commented upon in a letter from Stephen Sulivan, dated October 7th, and marked *Secret*:—"The pleasure with which I first heard that Mrs Hastings, after having so much to struggle with on board the Atlas, had arrived safe and in perfect health at St Helena, could only have been exceeded by the glow of Satisfaction which I have since felt in the prospect of an event which I trust will be the completion of your domestic Felicity. From my very heart and Soul I congratulate you upon it, and most ardently pray, that the same blessing which I have lately experienced in a *Son* may be yours. . . . This Addition was wanting to render your private Sensations as refined a Source of Contentment to you, as you have derived long ago in your Public Capacity, from the strictest honor, the most patriotic Zeal, and an Integrity superior to Temptation. I anticipate (and God grant that you may realise them), the Transports of some future day, when in those beautiful lines of Virgil, the Father, 'delibans oscula fatur,' &c." The news must, as Hastings says, have very soon become widely known, for Palmer, Frith, and other intimate friends, also write to congratulate him. For the disappointment of this hope, see Letter XXIX.

CASHMEEREEMALL was a famous banker and merchant of Lucknow, doubtless one of those who had given security for the Nawab-Vizier's debt to the Company in view of Hastings' visit to the city.[1] Hastings had written to Scott on January 18th, before starting on his journey,[2] "Cashmeeramull, the banker, is come to Calcutta, and yesterday made me his first visit. He is a

[1] See *supra*, p. 253. [2] Gleig, III. 148.

sensible and well informed man. He painted the distracted condition of Oude in the same colours that they appear in from every representation of them, and urged the necessity of my proceeding thither in person. . . . My own presence, and nothing else, would quiet the minds of the people, or give confidence to the acts done by my instructions."

SHAWL HANDKERCHIEFS are often mentioned in Dr Hancock's letters as among the gifts he sent home. There is no means of determining their nature exactly, but as Hastings evidently considers them inferior to the genuine shawls, it may be suggested that they were the fringed squares of silk or China crape, printed (not worked) in shawl patterns, which may sometimes be found among the hoarded treasures of our grandmothers.

(Gleig, III. pp. 195-211.)

BENARES, *24th September*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—My last letter was closed the 27th of last month, the day on which I left Lucknow. I had a very unpleasant and tedious journey, though but of fifty miles, to Doondea-kéry where my boats lay; for it began to rain as soon as I began my march, and continued almost without remission to the 2nd of this month. The plains were overflowed, and every hollow way became an impassable river; insomuch that many people, and some of my own, were drowned in attempting to pass the depths, which but a fortnight before were dry ground. I myself was obliged to cross one new born river on a raft which sunk below the surface with my single weight, and a few hours after wrecked my buggy, which is yet lying in the channel where it fell. The horse, with my two other favourites, were swum over, and safely landed in my own presence. The Nabob was

with great difficulty persuaded to return to Lucknow, on the 2nd, having resolved to accompany me, not from affection, to Benares. We parted in great good humour, and I do verily believe that his feelings and sentiments do justice to the kindness which I have shown him. Yet he is in vile hands, and it was to carry a paltry point for his unworthy favourites that he was so earnest to go with me, beyond the personal influence of his ministers. These men have urged him to some alarming acts since his return, but without consequence; nor have I much apprehension for his future behaviour. He well knows that if he loses my support, he will be a ruined man, and I have left Major Palmer, on whom I can securely depend, to remind him occasionally both of his obligations and engagements; and I shall stay at this place one month, partly for the purpose of guarding against any mischief that may be practised; and, if necessary, which God forbid, to return to Lucknow for the last resource; I can be there in a journey of two days; but I do not suspect that it will be necessary. The Nabob solemnly promised that he would not break a single thread of my arrangements, and these, if undisturbed, will discharge all his debts to the Company in the course of a year, and leave him a free and independent man. His uncle, his mother, and grandmother, the most respected of his family, are all in my interest, and look upon me as the guardian of their house; nor do I believe that I have left an enemy in all the Nabob's dominions, except among the most worthless, whose influence I have been the means of repressing. But to return to my travels; in these the prince accompanied me, or to speak with more propriety, I attended him.

On the 3rd, we reached the Ganges, and on the 5th, in an evil hour, put off, or rather attempted it, against a strong wind, beating us on a lee shore. My beautiful budgerow became almost in an instant a complete ruin. I reluctantly detail the particulars. The rudder had been broken on the way, which the sarang concealed from my knowledge, and instead of repairing the damage, had loosely patched and covered it from view. The budgerow was of course unmanageable; she was driving fast towards the bank, the dandees[1] being unable either to keep her off, or turn her, and a rapid stream hurrying her down at a most furious rate. I ran up to the poop to see what was the matter, and no sooner was my back turned, than the frosh opened every window which I had left fastened on the left side, which was presented to the shore, which the blockhead had no sooner accomplished than the stump of a tree, which my evil genius had planted for the purpose, shaved them all from their hinges in less than ten seconds, with a crash that I am sure you must have felt, and will remember, if you can remember where you were, and what were your thoughts, at the time, which answers to two o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of September, in the longitude of Doondea-kéry. At the same instant I saw the rudder gone, and the old sarang in a state of stupefaction. It was a long time before he recovered his senses enough to tell me that it was impossible to move without a new rudder. I could not wait for so tedious an operation, nor bear to look at the destruction around me; and having given vent for a reasonable length of time, to a something too intemperate anger, I began coolly to reflect that I had

[1] "Daudees," Gleig.

been attended with a long train of fortunate events; that it was the lot of humanity to receive a mixture of good and evil in the cup of life, and that it was well that my portion of the bitter had been administered to me in a substance which could only give a temporary affliction. The damage of a budgerow was not a subject of internal or lasting grief, and I said it was well if it were no worse. To avoid worse, I resolved to fly from the spot to which my ill fortune had attached itself, and leave it to complete the mischief which was yet in store for me. Accordingly, having given the necessary orders for the care of the budgerow, I took to the feelchehra, Mr Sulivan and Major Toone, who with Sir Thomas Mills chanced to be with me, accompanying me. Sir Thomas was sick and stayed. I called upon the prince, made my excuses to him for leaving him, telling him my melancholy story, and took my leave. The next afternoon at three o'clock, we arrived at Mirsepoor,[1] landed and found Mr John Scott there, and at dinner. We stayed that night with him, and renewing our voyage the next morning by daylight, we reached Chunar before eight. We were accommodated by Colonel Achmuty in the new house built by Colonel Blair in the fort, and continued his guests till our companions joined us. In the mean time I was alarmed with the report of a fresh calamity. The pinnace,[2] which your sarang (for I have not yet turned him away) had stuck upon every sand between Calcutta and Allahabad, was not arrived when I left Doondea-kéry; and two gentlemen assured me that they had passed it near Mannicpoor[3] (see the chart) upon

[1] Mirzapur. [2] Absurdly printed "pinnaw" by Gleig.
[3] Manikpur, Gleig "Manniepoor."

a shoal where, as the water had fallen considerably, she was likely to lie till the next rains. I had no remedy but patience, and never bore misfortune with so much philosophy. If you have ever seen me otherwise, it was because you had a share in my vexations, and because I feel more for yours than for my own. In the mean time I indulged in a long interval of repose and comfort, and had arrived in time to intercept a packet filled with all my letters from England by the Surprise. These would probably have passed me, had no accident obliged me to deviate from the quiet track of my voyage; and from these I learned the complete overthrow of the men who had been aiming so much mischief through me at the Company, and the establishment as complete of my own reputation. On the 11th I had the pleasure to see my pinnace arrive in safety, and the prince, who had met with some accidents with his own, in possession of it. I conducted him that evening in great parade to the fort, where a small mistake was committed in letting him see Mrs Achmuty and Mrs Showers. It was her fault, and I was not on my guard. I privately apologized for it, desiring him not to form his idea of English beauty from these models, assuring him that we had better. I carried him the next morning in the feelchehra to your gaut, and from thence conducted him in safety to Mahdewdass's garden, where I left him as happy as a prince ought to be proverbially. I am quartered partly at Markham's house[1] on the plain of Schrowl, where I pass the day, and partly at a bungalow of Fowke's, in which I sleep. Thus ends this chapter of my travels, which may be properly named

[1] Probably the house still associated with Hastings' name, and known as the Yellow Bungalow.

the chapter of accidents. I should tell you that the budgerow is now at Chunar, and I have the promise of seeing her again very shortly in a state of complete repair.

It will be of consequence to you to know that, though I have been much exposed to both extremities of heat and wet, I have not suffered from either, having invariably preserved my health in every occasion of exertion, and never complaining but when I have been at rest. My complaints, such as they are, evidently proceed from the weather, and are languor, lassitude, and inactivity. I eat sparingly; I never sup, and am generally abed by ten. I breakfast at six; I bathe with cold water daily, and while I was at Lucknow twice a day, using sooreys cooled with ice. Though my mind has laboured under a constant and severe load, yet the business which has occupied it has been light, with no variety to draw my attention different ways, and with little vexation. To these may be added, that unless every body was in a conspiracy to deceive me, all ranks of people were pleased, not because I did good, but that I did no ill. With such advantages I ought perhaps to be better. I am indeed infinitely better than I was at this season the last year, for then I was miserably bad; but the best health that I gain or can hope to gain in India, is but a palliative acquired with continual sacrifices and unmanly attentions. I want a multitude of aids to cure me thoroughly, all which may be included in two comprehensive but comfortable terms, a hard frost and my own fireside.

I cannot ascertain the time that I may remain here; the business of the place need not detain me ten days. But I must wait a little longer to watch the course of

the business which I have lately quitted; and I must allow a longer time to dispose of the illustrious youth who has in so extraordinary a manner thrown his fortunes into my hands. I cannot abandon a person of such eminence who, on the credit of my will and ability to serve him, has voluntarily encountered so many difficulties to get to me; and I feel for the honour of my nation, which is concerned in it; but my hands are tied, and I can only work with poor expedients and borrowed aids. But my fortune is in its flood, and as the current of popular opinion floats with it, these together may bring about my decent acquittal of this charge more effectually than anything that I can do to accomplish it. Unfortunately his character gains, instead of losing, by acquaintance. His faults are trivial, and all grow out of his good qualities, and the best of these is his temper, which is incomparably cheerful and accommodating to every situation that he is placed in. Was he mean, or arrogant, or petulant, or unfeeling, or a fool, or vicious, I could easily let him shift for himself. As he is the reverse of all this, I must either contrive to restore him, "with credit and safety" (these are the terms of the Board's instructions), to his father, or leave him here, or be loaded with him to Calcutta. The first is scarcely to be effected but by means which I may not use, and the last I cannot allow even in supposition; and I have many great objections to his remaining at Benares, which I regard as the place of my own peculiar patronage, and I am afraid that his presence and influence (for he has sad people about him) will hurt the police of the city, which has gained me great and extended reputation. God knows how it will terminate. The expectation is

not a great encroachment on my time, for I am not very anxious to change the dry and open plain of Sukrowl for the deadly steams of Calcutta at this season of the year; nor, was I in Calcutta at this time, should I be of much service. Yet it is probable that I shall think of moving about the middle of October. I think to make another short visit to Chunar, partly to gratify the hospitable inclination of the good old colonel,[1] and partly my own curiosity, as I was unable to go abroad while I was last there on account of the excessive heat of the weather. We have had a late repetition of heavy rains, and hope we shall have no more disagreeable heat.

Sir Thomas Mills, whom I left sick at the time of the crash of my budgerow, has been since in great danger. He is now on the recovery, and mends fast, but it will be long before his constitution can have got the better of the shock which it has received.

The above has been written with a view to its being copied by another hand, as I mean to send the whole letter in duplicate, not for the value of what precedes this, for if you can interest yourself in the detail of the little events and casualties of my life, there is no one else to whom they would not be disgusting. I now proceed to the purport for which the letter was intended, and for which, as it is of consequence that you should be fully apprized of my intentions upon the subject of it, I shall make a duplicate of it.

On the 8th instant I received the packet of the Surprise, with letters dated down to the 24th of April. By these I received the first knowledge of the dissolution of Parliament, and the confirmation of the power

[1] Ahmuty.

of the administration which then existed. Some intimation was also imperfectly given me of an intention to begin the new sessions with a Bill for the regulation of the superior government of India, with assurances that my credit stood very high both with the Company, the Ministers, and the public, and that new and distinct powers were to be added to my office. Scott, in all his letters, mixes, with a natural apprehension for my health, and a feeling for what I must suffer in a protracted separation from you, both his own wishes, and those which he assures me are the wishes of the public, for my continuance another year in India. He will doubtless have told you what he has written, and you will also know the more recent expectations of others upon this point, and these may deceive you with wrong conclusions respecting my own resolution upon them. Hitherto nothing has passed which either has, or ought to have made any change in my original plan. On the contrary, I am more confirmed in my determination of leaving India in January next, by every argument which has been urged against it. Major Scott tells me that people are greatly alarmed at the expectation of my going away, and that some person of high authority said to him, "Good God, what shall we do if Hastings should throw up the government!" I am provoked at such exclamations, and almost displeased with Scott for being the dupe of them. If it is expected that I should remain, why am I not told so by authority, and trusted with the powers necessary to my station, and the expectations which they build upon me, that I may remain for some useful purpose? To me it is apparent, from every observation that I have made, that it is not the

wish either of the present or any other administration that I should remain but as a cypher to keep the office open for the gift of their own patronage. I am not pleased to be made so pitiful an instrument, and had I no other reason, this alone should determine me to disappoint those who treat me so unworthily. That I may not appear too hasty in forming this conclusion, I will tell you why I do it. When Mr Fox introduced his Bill, he began with declaring, for the satisfaction of my friends, that no injury was intended against me; yet he immediately went on to a string of invective and abuse of my conduct as the only groundwork on which he could support his own question, or prove the necessity of wresting the authority from the Company, which he attempted to show was insufficient to control that which had been delegated to me. Mr Pitt with great ability defended the rights of the Company, but weakened his own argument, by maintaining a profound silence with regard to every argument of his adversary which bore any relation to me. Had he replied to those, he must have said something in my vindication, and unless that vindication had been as strong as the charges which had been urged against me, his cause would have suffered in the debate. But if he had taken this line, he would have put it out of his own power at a future time to remove me, for with what grace could he attempt such an act against one to whose merits he had himself borne such ample testimony? His private declarations made to Major Scott in his closet are mere words, which cannot be quoted as binding on his future decisions, and may be forgotten, or explained to any arbitrary meaning, and were perhaps only intended

as compliments of encouragement from Mr Pitt, who wanted materials, to Major Scott, who could best furnish them, for the support of a great and critical question. He is now at liberty to act by me as he pleases, to reappoint me with proper powers to my office, or to extend his own interests by conferring it on another better able to repay the obligation. It was well known, when the Surprise was yet in England, that I had fixed the period for my departure, and that period must have been as well known. If it was expected that I should defer it, I ought to have been apprized of it by the only packet that could apprize me of it in time. I shall not probably receive any subsequent despatches of a much later date before the month of November, and by that time I shall have made all my preparations, at least all that require expense, for my return. I have already spent a little fortune in changing my first purpose of returning to England when you did, for one charge would have sufficed for both, both for the voyage, and for our future household. I cannot afford to lay out another sum and allow the purpose of it to be defeated. Perhaps it was intended to wait till something more decisive should have passed in Parliament. That cannot have happened, for it is not possible, before the month of July, or at the soonest very late in June, and at that season of the year, allowance being also made for the time requisite to prepare the consequent despatches, no advices could be sent to Bengal which could arrive there before next February. And who will say that I ought to await their arrival, in the uncertain and surely unreasonable expectation of their containing the motives for my longer stay? Or on what pretext

can I wait? I have declared my peremptory resolution to depart, and have called upon the Court of Directors to obtain the nomination of my successor. The execution of this declaration was indeed announced for the last year, but protracted on account of the distracted state of the province of Oude, and my sense of the obligation which it imposed upon me to continue for the means of retrieving it. I am now pledged, or committed, to use a more fashionable word, to give up my place; and if I do not, I must assign some reason for not doing it. I must either change my purpose, in obedience to authority, or assume an air of contemptible self-importance, and say on my own authority that my services cannot be spared.

If I was to be asked in what manner I could be authorized to remain, I would answer thus:—

The Court of Directors are authorized to send out what orders they please to the Governor-general and Council, which the Governor-general and Council are bound to obey. They may order the Council to yield me the lead, with the responsibility, in all points in which I shall think it of importance sufficient to assume both, and they shall differ from me. Let the Directors issue such an order, and require me, in virtue of it, to remain; let their superiors, if such be their wish, intimate it to the Directors; and let it be personally signified to each of my colleagues that such a conduct is expected from them, with a similar intimation to myself. I am far from presuming to expect such a deference to be paid to me. I only show the mode which might be adopted by those who think, or affect to think, more highly of me than I myself do. And with such a mode

of application I should deem myself bound, against every consideration of domestic comfort, of life, and of fortune, though I were now to sacrifice them for ever, to remain. The mode is obvious. If it is practised, I must and will remain; if not, I will not, though all my friends should unite in soliciting it, unless you too joined them, which I hope and believe is impossible. Something like what I have written above, but not so full and explanatory, I have written in my former letters, if (? not) in more than one. You will now know by this with certainty whether you are, or are not to expect me, by the knowledge which you will possess of the orders which have been written to Bengal within the period necessary for my being in India to receive them.

For my determination, and the grounds of it, as I have stated both, I shall refer Major Scott to you, because I think it a subject in which you are most concerned; and because I wish to accustom you to a familiar acquaintance with such as have a near relation to my reputation, even though they were not, as this is, connected with our common happiness. I could assign other motives of equal weight in the scale of common sense for my adhering to my present purpose, such as my declining health, the loss of domestic happiness, the probability of rendering this everlasting by a longer residence in a climate become so noxious to me, my inability to conduct the necessary measures of this Government, with associates who are bound in an opposition to me, and will not act on their own authority; the certainty of incurring censure for the effects of such an opposition, both for what is, and

what is not done, for who will distinguish? and the hazard of some fatal disaster, perhaps of utter ruin, in consequence of the same want of union, which is a want of government. Add that my income is not equal to all my present expenses; that I shall have hardly a competency, let me arrive in England at whatever time; and that, as I must go at some time, or yield to the course of nature, I cannot go at a time of more quiet or public ease than the present; that it seems now necessary to compel my superiors to put an end to a state of suspension which has now lasted thirteen years, if anything will; and that it is yet possible for me to arrive in time to yield my assistance, if I may be thought of consequence enough to be consulted, in framing some plan for the government of our possessions in India, which may render them more profitable and lasting; or in preventing some plan that may accelerate their ruin. It is hard to see the good that I could do, and am not permitted to do it; and harder to be made accountable for the acts of others, and to be regarded as the only manager of affairs, when I have no more than a single vote with others who are determined to say no to all that I propose.

So much for my public concerns. Read as much of this to Major Scott as you think necessary for his knowledge, and store it all in remembrance for your own. What a letter have I written; and who that read it without the direction would suspect it to be written by a fond husband to his beloved wife? Perhaps my other letters, if intercepted, would appear to bear too much of the real character of their writer, and atone more than they ought for the contrary deficiency of this. But the

subject and occasion required it. The first part was intended for a duplicate by another hand, and all that follows to this page for communication. I have now carried forward the history of my life from the 10th of January to this time, comprising the following parts or divisions: 1st, My residence in Calcutta to the 17th of February; 2nd, My journey to Lucknow, ending the 27th of March; 3rd, My residence at Lucknow, a long chapter, closed the 27th of August; 4th, Journey to Benares, 12th of September; Lastly remain to follow: 5th, My residence at Benares; 6th, My return to Calcutta; 7th, Preparations for my voyage; and 8th, The voyage. What variations, fortune, or the will of God may have yet in store, I dare not attempt to conjecture. I fear a multitude of unseen obstructions, for the great and interesting events of my life have hitherto been ever regulated by an influence overruling and defeating my determinations, making these the instruments of its own decrees. But, excepting my separation from you, I have no great cause to murmur; but the contrary. In one instance of disappointment, which I thought at the time a cruel one, I now believe that I was most fortunate. You will probably recollect to what I allude. I will flatter myself that the worst is past, and the best yet to come at the period to which my hopes originally fixed it. I have yet no news of the Royal Charlotte, the ship expected from St Helena.

1st of October.—I am indeed a fortunate man, and am tempted to adopt the term even to superstition; and no wonder, for the belief has seized others long since, and universally. The last sentence of the preceding paragraph was the beginning effort of a con-

tinuation of my letter, and would probably have been followed by some very foolish reflections, which were prevented by some abrupt, I know not what interruption. Last night, at about nine o'clock, Major Sands brought me the news of Phipps's arrival at Calcutta, and may God bless them both for it! a short but blessed letter from you, dated the 15th of May, the day of your departure from St Helena, and written on board the Atlas. It tells me only that you were safe on board and well, but it tells enough, and it is written in the language of cheerfulness and of affection. I have also letters from Mr Corneille, Markham, and Phipps himself, which all assure me that you had received benefit from the voyage, and looked better, Markham says, than he had ever seen you. I am satisfied; I have no fears for what was to follow. My dread proceeded from the reiterated affliction which you had suffered from the first ceremonious parting with your friends in Calcutta, and with Calcutta, to the departure of the pilot, and from the violence of the sea-sickness, with poor Cleveland's death in addition, acting on a frame too delicate for such accumulated agitations. All my past doubts, and the fixed gloom which has so long overspread my imagination, are dissipated, like the darkness before the equinoctial sun rising on the plains of Suckrowl—(do, my Marian, allow me to talk nonsense), and have given place to the confident hope that every dreaded obstruction will follow them, and that I am once more destined to happiness. I am already happy; for as God is my witness that I prefer your happiness to my own, I feel the measure of my present joy full, with the information which I have recently received. Captain Phipps writes

that he had your orders to deliver your packet to me with his own hand, and he is coming with it. I have written to accelerate his coming by relays of bearers from two or three stages beyond Patna; but as the roads have been unusually overflowed by the rains and the swelling of the river, he may not be here this week yet. But I have food enough for my heart to feast on for more than a week to come. Now gravely attend to what follows, and judge whether I have not reason to be superstitious. The despatches which Phipps is bringing were closed, and delivered on the 15th of May, and were the first which you have written. My first letters, which were written for conveyance by land, and probably the first that you will have received written after my departure from Calcutta, were also despatched on the 15th of May. The same coincidence of dates has likewise appeared in that of your arrival at St Helena, and the departure of the Surprise from England, both on the 28th of April. I shall compare your journal with my own for more similarities.

At what a time will you have arrived in England! If nothing has happened between the Surprise's departure and your landing, to change the public opinion of your husband (and I think it not likely that it should have been changed), you will find his name standing in high and universal credit, and what a welcome will it be to you? I have now but one wish remaining—(yes, one more), viz., to be able to leave the stage of active life while my fortune is in the zenith of its prosperity, and while I have a constitution yet repairable.

I must repress myself, for if I write all that the fulness

of my heart is ready to dictate, I shall never come to an end, and I have this to copy. How it is to go, I know not. I shall trust one to Mr Boddam, and the other to Mr Hay in Calcutta, to be despatched as each shall find means. Adieu, my beloved, my most deserving and lovely Marian. May the God whose goodness I have so wonderfully experienced, bless you with health, safety, and comfort, and me with the repossession of my sweet Marian! Amen! Amen! Amen! I never loved you so much as I do at this instant, and as I have loved you since the delightful news of last night.

P.S. Remember me affectionately to Mrs Motte.

8th of October. — Phipps arrived yesterday morning before seven, and delivered me your letter. I am the happiest man living; but it is not in a P.S. that I can answer it, or say—no, nor can a folio volume describe —what my feelings have been, and are from the perusal of it. Let me only assure you that I will comply most sacredly with your injunctions. I leave you to recollect them. One you cannot have forgotten. May the God of goodness guard and bless you. How wonderful has been his goodness to both, and I will trust in its continuance. I will not believe that I have been raised in my hopes above the heights of mortality, to be dashed to the earth with a severer fall. Your permission, my Marian, was unnecessary. All mankind knew it as soon as I did, and some before, and in truth I think all the world is mad with joy for it. But I forgot (? forget) myself. I shall hasten to Calcutta, and, if possible, leave it again before the end of this year. Adieu, my most beloved! Adieu.

11th of October.—The shawl commission which you gave to Johnson is executed. I have not seen the shawls; but Cashmeereemall has brought me others of his own taste, which are beautiful beyond imagination; and I have countermanded the shawl handkerchiefs ordered in your letter. Why should I provide paltry things for you, when I carry with me inimitables?

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1784.

LETTER XXVI.

WHELER had been ill during the greater part of Hastings' absence from Calcutta. Hay writes on April 30th to say that "Mr Wheler's complaint is at the liver," that he is in less pain, but very low, and that he is going on the river for his health. In May he is absent from Council, "indisposed,"[1] but June 8th finds him again in his place, and Hastings, in his letters, twice expresses his belief that "Mrs Wheler's great care and attention proved very instrumental to his recovery." He is at Council on October 8th, and must have left immediately afterwards for Suksagar, where he broke a blood-vessel and died on the 10th. He was buried the next day. McPherson, who was one of the party, writes to give Hastings the details, which he is sure will wake "that genuine Sensibility of Sorrow to which your Breast is so naturally open." "Poor Mrs Wheler," he says, "has acted in the whole of this trying scene with an affection and attention to excite admiration. She is locked up in her room near me—the Children are playing *as usual* in the opposite Room; and there is not a dry Eye in (the) Place, where we were but yesterday all so chearful and in hopes that Mr Wheler was recovering." Mrs Wheler and her children sailed for home in the *Valentine* in the first week of 1785.

[1] State Papers.

FURRUKHABAD was the capital of a Rohilla chieftain, Musafir Jang, who escaped the fate of his colleagues in 1773 by agreeing to hold his territory in future as a fief of Oudh.[1] The post of Resident at his durbar appears to have been by no means a bed of roses. After an interregnum of two or three years it was given to a son of Mr Justice Willes, who writes in 1784 to thank Hastings for the favour. Very shortly, however, the younger Willes and the Nawab and his councillors are at variance. Willes charges them with mismanagement of the state, and they him with interfering in matters which do not concern him, and obstructing the operations of government. Hastings decides that both are in the wrong, Musafir Jang for neglecting his duty, and Willes for taking too extended a view of his.

MRS POWNEY was an old Madras friend of Mr and Mrs Hastings. In 1772 she sent him "three small Frasils of Coffee," in return for a present he had made her on leaving for Bengal, and in 1776 she recommends to his notice the Bishop of St Thomé (Meilapur or Meliapore, the old Portuguese settlement close to Madras, now called St Thomas's Mount), whose duty and service obliges him to go to Bengal. She died in 1795, leaving two sons settled in India and two at home, in whose careers Hastings interested himself. Of her two daughters, one was a Mrs Amherst, and the other married first one of the Vansittarts, by whom she had a son (Henry), and a daughter, and secondly, in 1791, George Nesbitt Thompson. They had a large family, and with the exception of pecuniary troubles, all seemed to go well with them, until, after twenty-three years of married life, a breach occurred, which Hastings tried in vain to compose.[2]

The MANJEE (manjhi) was the master or steersman of a vessel.

The *BARRINGTON* or *BERRINGTON* (the two spellings

[1] Malleson. [2] See *infra*, p. 437.

are used indifferently) had left Madras for Calcutta on June 25th. She was a notably fast ship, doing the return voyage in 1786 in three months and twenty-three days from the Thames to Madras. In 1777, when Hastings was believed to be on the point of returning home, the Correspondence shows an amusing amount of competition among captains of Indiamen and men-of-war for the honour—and profit—of conveying him, and Captain Johnson of the *Berrington* now found it impossible to keep secret the Governor-General's intention of sailing with him. It is noteworthy that Hastings was obliged to pay his own passage. "I never," he writes to Thompson in 1808,[1] "received from the Company, or from the nation (the nation!) any allowance of money for my own passage, or that of my fellow-passengers from Bengal to England."

The THREE who met in Council on November 11th were Hastings, McPherson, and the Secretary, Hay.[2] On November 1st McPherson sat in Council alone. Stables was "absent on the river for the benefit of his health," but had returned by November 28th.

(Gleig, III. pp. 211-215.)

CALCUTTA. *14th November*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I despatched my last number on the 20th October from Benares to Mr Boddam to be forwarded by land with public advices of the death of Mr Wheler. This event determined me to quicken my return to Calcutta. Having accordingly crowded into two days the business which I had before allotted to ten, I took my leave of the Prince on the 21st, and began my departure the next morning at four o'clock; and thus ended the "Chapter of Benares." The Prince had before fixed on the 29th for beginning his march

[1] Gleig, III. 394. [2] State Papers.

to Furrukhabad, there to treat for his return on terms of honour and safety to his father's court. I have given him the attendance of my own body-guard,[1] and provided for the additional retinue of five battalions of the Nabob Vizier's sepoys; besides employing what personal influence I possessed to promote his success. My feelcherra carried me that night to Buxar, where I slept, and proceeded (to the great regret of Major[2] Eaton) the next morning, the 23rd. At eight that evening I arrived at Patna, halted one day, and returned to my boat after supper. At half-past ten the following night I reached Baugulpoor, where I found Mr and Mrs Chapman, with a host of friends; your good friend, Mrs Powney, among the foremost, standing on the ghaut, and almost in the water, to receive me. I must not omit Miss Touchet. Here I waited two days for Dr Balfour, who had insisted on accompanying me to Calcutta, and had promised to join me at Patna, but missed me. On the 27th, after supper, I took my leave of my two excellent friends, and departed. (Mrs Chapman is, in your sense of the word, very happy.) At twelve we passed the dreadful rocks of Cohlgong, and as the moon was full, and shone very bright, I ordered the manjee to steer between them and the shore, expecting to find some remains of the memorable vortex of 1782; but my virtue was not worth the trial; my curiosity only was gratified by a clear display of the cause of the eddy, which was a nulla tumbling down in the month of August with a flood from the hills, and meeting the stream of the river

[1] That is, the cavalry troop commanded by Frith.

[2] Gleig reads Mr, but "Mr." is one of Hastings' contractions for Major.

rendered more rapid by the obstruction of the rocks. The nulla was now dry, and only showed a hollow, like a notch, in the bank. But I must abridge my journey. I arrived at Rangametty on the 29th, at sunrise, stayed there a day and a half with Sir John and Lady D'Oyley, and by making a small journey from Dowdpoor to near Nuddea by land, got to Sooksaugur at noon on the 31st. The Begum[1] sent me more than one message expressive of her disappointment at my passing the city, as she had prepared an elegant display of your couches and chairs for my entertainment. These are since arrived, with a letter for you, recommended most earnestly to my care. There are two couches, eight chairs,[2] and two footstools, all of the former patterns, most delicately formed, and more to my taste than the others; not designed for fat folks, nor romps; nor proper for you my elegant Marian, to use in the presence of your husband. I had originally determined to make Sooksaugur the termination of my journey, and Mr Stables's absence, whom I had left at Rangametty—not so rapid a traveller as Mr and Mrs Hastings, rendered my speedier return to Calcutta every way unnecessary. Here I received letters from Major Scott, dated the 15th May, followed by an overland packet, without a letter from him; it was not his fault; but with one from the Court of Directors, dated the 15th June, as unpleasing as any that I ever received from that body in the time of General Clavering. Scott will tell you its purport, and my conduct regarding it.

[1] Munny Begum.

[2] Sir C. Lawson mentions that some of this ivory furniture is now in the possession of the Maharajah of Darbhanga.

I can learn nothing of my own destiny by this packet, and indeed I suspect that it was hurried away without notice, lest I should. The only circumstance which it contains to please me is that the news of your arrival at St Helena had already reached England. I hope it will contribute to make them more decided before the next despatch. I am literally *sick* of suspense; yet I will wait for one more packet to take my final resolution. In the meantime I have engaged a passage in the Barrington, and as the Board (that is Mr Macpherson) had before destined her despatch to take place on the 20th of this month, I have desired them to revoke the order, which they have agreed to, and she is to wait for me. Thus far I have proceeded with great deliberation. My most zealous friends are very desirous of my remaining till I am relieved by an appointed successor; but their reasons are such as I can never adopt, nor allow; nor will I on any consideration stay till my successor arrives, if I can get away, though it be but a day, before his arrival. I still abide by the resolution which I communicated to you in my letter of the 24th of September, that is to say, "If I am required by authority to stay, and have the powers given me which ought to belong to my office, and proper objects are assigned for my stay, I will stay, however repugnant it may be to my own feelings, or hazardous to my health; but I will not stay with my present colleagues to thwart me, and impede all my endeavours; nor will I stay, merely to fill up the gap of my office until it may suit the convenience, caprice, or worse motive, of my superiors to fill it." As yet I am at liberty to make my option; but I think that I cannot

remain so longer than till the arrival of the next despatch from England, which I suppose must be here in another month. I am not sure that I ought to wait longer for it, but form my conclusions and my determination on the delay itself. My health I shall make no consideration, nor will I form my determination on any injuries done me by the Directors, *my new friends*. At the same time I must tell you that I fear that I have gained no more than a suspension from sickness, but have added nothing to the strength of my constitution by my late absence from Calcutta. I have been ailing ever since my return. Every night I have a regular return of feverish symptoms, for I cannot call them a fever; and the swelling in my ancles, which I thought had totally left me, has again returned. In short, I am little better, but surely something better, than I was this time last year. I am resolved, however, that I will not be sick; nor, if I shall be compelled to sacrifice another year of my life to the service, will I stay beyond June in Calcutta, while there are such climates as Baugulpoor and Benares to repair to. I intend to get the Barrington's saltpetre given to her immediately, and shall propose to load her, with the declaration of my resolution to depart. I do not apprehend that either of my colleagues will attempt to stop me. I wait with inconceivable anxiety for the news of your arrival, and with terror for the event which must have passed long before this. May God preserve you, whatever may be my lot; and yet, if possible, reunite us! Adieu, my beloved!

We have yet met but three in Council, but hitherto have sat in good humour. Macpherson is sick; and so

am I; yet I am sure that it is wholly constitutional. I have laboured hard, and my mind harder; my spirits sink with the state of suspense and doubt which I remain in. O, that I could reveal to you all that it is filled with. Gloomy as my thoughts are, you would be pleased with the review of them. Again, may God bless you, my beloved! I dare not add more, though my heart swells with the addition.

LETTER XXVII.

The P.S. referred to is, of course, that of Letter XXVI., written when Hastings had just received his wife's letter with its happy prospect.

BAHRAICH is a town near Faizabad, celebrated for its possession of the tomb and shrine of Masaûd, a leader of the Mohammedan invasion, who was defeated and slain here by a confederacy of Rajput princes in A.D. 1033.[1] It is still a great Moslem centre of pilgrimage.

AFRASIAB KHAN was "assassinated by a soldier of his army in his own tent, instigated, as it is suspected, by a Zein-ul-Abdeen Cawn, the brother of Mirza Shuffee, who perished in like manner by the agency of Afrasiab Cawn, on whom this retribution has fallen with the strictest justice."[2] The ONE COMPETITOR who opposed Sindhia was that "Mahomed Beg Humdannee, a Mogul Chief in the nominal service of the King," who had brought about the assassination of Mirza Shafi at the instance of Afrasiab Khan. When Hastings left Benares, the two murderers had quarrelled over the spoils, and Afrasiab Khan was sending a detachment of his army against Mahomed Beg, "who had established a kind of independent sovereignty in the neighbourhood of Jeypoor." Sindhia, on his arrival, took command of the forces which

[1] Sir W. Hunter, 'Gazetteer of India.' [2] State Papers.

had owned allegiance to Afrasiab Khan, and reduced the rebel to submission. "Humdannee was obliged to surrender Sindia all his artillery and stores, with his own person. His troops were dispersed, and Sindia thus became the uncontested ruler of the royal army." Mahomed Beg had his revenge later, as will be seen in the Concluding Chapter.

The spot near COLGONG, the sight of which, connected as it was with his wife's extreme danger, roused so much emotion in Hastings, has been identified and photographed by a friend of the present writer. The nullah appears, as Hastings describes it, almost insignificant in the dry season, but it can be easily understood how different it would be in the rains, when it brought down a great body of storm-water from the hills.

SOOTEE (Suti), where the Nawab Mubarak-u-Daula was waiting to greet Hastings, stands at the point where the Bhagirathi or Murshidabad River breaks off from the main stream of the Ganges. The journey was much shortened by adopting this channel, which unites with the Jalinghi and Matabhanga at Nadiya to form the Hugli. The city passed in the night was of course Murshidabad.

A BOWLEA (Baulia), was a large native boat with a cabin in the middle, manned by many rowers.

GENERAL JOHN CARNAC was, like Sir Hector Munro, one of those officers whose later life belies the promise of their youth. In 1761, when he succeeded Caillaud[1] in the command of the British forces in India, he defeated Shah Alam, who had invaded Behar, and concluded an accommodation with him. In 1764, again, after the Patna Massacre, he succeeded, with a small and disaffected army, in keeping at bay Mir Kasim, the guilty Nawab, who was assisted by Shah Alam and Shuja-u-Daula, the Nawab-Vizier, until Munro arrived with reinforcements from South India. Between these two dates he had a serious dispute with Hastings, who, as a member of the

[1] See *infra*, p. 405.

Bengal Council, had joined in censuring and recalling him because he declared his intention of following his own judgment, without regarding the orders he received.[1] In 1767 he returned home, and in 1773 we find him writing to Hastings to say that in spite of their differences he has nominated him, on Clive's advice, to undertake the delicate and responsible task of acting as his attorney in India. Returning to the East as member of the Bombay Council, he insisted on sharing, or directing, the military labours of the local Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Egerton, and thus helped to bring about the retreat from Taliagaon and the disgraceful Convention of Wargaon. Dismissed from the Company's service, he seems to have hidden his diminished head in Bengal, where Hastings found him some small appointment. He writes on the eve of his benefactor's departure to apologize for seeming ingratitude, as he was unable to express his sentiments in view of the crowd that attended Hastings' steps. "Deprived as I am of all domestic Felicity by the unfortunate loss of a most amiable woman," he says, "it is matter of indifference to me where I am to spend, whether at home or abroad, the remainder of a Life which cannot possibly afford me any possible happiness in Future." He was not quite destitute of friends, for his mother-in-law, Mrs Rivett, writes to Hastings shortly afterwards to ask whether anything can be done to get the appointment secured to him. "Mr Carnac was Many Years the happy Husband of a Most Excellent and Ever to be lamented Daughter of mine—" she writes—"his goodness to her has given him a place in my Affection which no time, or distance, can lessen, and I am anxiously interested in the future comfort of his hard fated life." There is nothing to show whether Carnac's fate continued to be hard. The Dictionary of National Biography notes that he died at Mangalore in 1800.

[1] Gleig, I. 125.

The journey which exceeded Hastings' own in speed was that of Mrs Hastings from Bhagalpur to Calcutta in 1782, when she heard of his illness. The accomplishment of such a distance in less than three days was only possible owing to the increased power of the current in the rainy season.

The HON. CHARLES STUART had been a friend of Hastings for twenty years. It was he who called the meeting of the gentlemen of the settlement on his departure, and presented their address. In August, 1785, he writes that he is now a member of the Supreme Council, and as he fears that some of his actions may be misrepresented, by the enemies of both, as inimical to Hastings, he wishes to explain his views on various points. He was one of Hastings' Indian attorneys, with Larkins and Thompson.

JAMES MCPHERSON was cousin to John McPherson, and author, editor or adapter of the Ossianic Poems. He succeeded his cousin in the charge of the Nawab of Arcot's agency in England, and exerted a good deal of influence at the India House. Richard Sulivan, in the letter here mentioned, calls him "the invulnerable and second-sighted Fingal," and says he is sore at his cousin's neglect of his friends now that he is in a position to help them. Sulivan thinks it will be well if Hastings takes the charge upon himself, for "Fingal is a man of *might* in this country, and day after day must encrease in consequence." "James McPherson has acted very steadily for us throughout this business" (the negociations preceding the introduction of Pitt's India Bill), writes Scott. Thompson calls him "McPherson's honest cousin Fingal," and McPherson himself styles him "your zealous Friend the Historian and Bard," adding, "One Side of the Slip (a letter enclosed from James), is written in the Erse language, which we correspond in continually on secret Matters."

The GLOOMY MANSION, Mrs Hastings' house, continued

to be her husband's town headquarters till he sailed. Immediately on his departure McPherson's "family" seized upon it, and took possession, according to Thompson, so impetuously that the sale of the furniture could not be held there.

It will be remembered that DR CAMPBELL, the retired Surgeon-General, had accompanied the Impeys home in the *Worcester*.

On the question of HEALTH, Hastings' strong belief in the virtues of hot and cold water, dieting and exercise, comes out very strongly in his later correspondence, combined with a distinct distrust of the medical profession. "What a catalogue of self-inflicted tortures have you described to have undergone," he writes to Lady Imhoff in 1810; "and are you not surprised, not that you are ill, but that you should have regained even a small portion of your health, when you were so desperately against it? I too am sick at times, but I neither lie abed, nor choak myself with Wh.'s essence of mustard, nor swallow Guaiacum, nor lickerish powder, nor shell myself with blisters, nor pickle myself with hot salt, and my health returns, because there is nothing in its way to repell it." LUIGI CORNARO was the famous Venetian nobleman whose health was restored and his life prolonged to the age of ninety-five by means of strict abstemiousness. It is recorded that he often found the yolk of an egg sufficient nutriment for a meal—not, as in the text, for a day. His love of exercise and rural enjoyments was as great as that of Hastings.

CHARLES WILKINS was Superintendent of the Press in Calcutta when Hastings' "Narrative of the Insurrection at Banaris" was printed. He was afterwards sent to the upper provinces, apparently on a kind of literary mission. At Patna he discovered a "College of Seeks" (Sikhs), and sends Hastings a minute account of their history and religious ceremonies. A little later he forwards "The Blessings of the Wise Men of Kasee,"

which he has translated, that he may show it to his friends, and we hear from Benares of his interest in antiquities and native learning, and the visits paid to him by learned men. At this time he was engaged in translating the Sanscrit epic called the Mahabharata, from which Hastings had taken the legend of Rooroo and Promodbora to versify for his wife. He writes in December to complain of the difficulty of accomplishing his task in Calcutta, and begs to be moved again to Benares, with either a sinecure office or a special allowance while he is engaged on the work, so that he may enjoy the assistance of the wisest Pundits. The book alluded to in this letter, his translation of the Bhagavad-Gita, a didactic poem forming a part of the epic, was published in London in 1785, with the introductory letter from Hastings which is mentioned in Letter XXVIII. Sir William Jones, whom Wilkins had helped in his Sanscrit studies, criticized the rendering, and in writing to Hastings the author refers to the criticism with some acrimony. "I was not translating *for the use of schools*," he says. In later years Wilkins was appointed to the charge of the library at the India House, and was made examiner and visitor at Haileybury. In 1833 he was knighted.

It will be remembered that Mrs Hastings' TITLES included that of Bilkis, Queen of Sheba, and her husband's that of Offspring of the Emperor.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH PRICE was a very faithful and troublesome adherent of Hastings. He appears first in the Correspondence as taking charge of his money matters on Hancock's death, although, like Hancock, he was generally in pecuniary difficulties himself. In 1778, on the outbreak of war with France, he was employed to fit up two vessels, the *Resolution*, which was his own, and the *Charlotta* or *Royal Charlotte*, which belonged to Croftes, as forty-gun ships, and in command of them to join Sir Edward Vernon. This little squadron, which

Francis named contemptuously "the Musquitto Fleet," helped to capture Pondichery. Price was always at daggers drawn with Francis — because the latter exposed his jobs, says Mr Beveridge,[1] but it must be remembered that Francis saw a job in every action not performed by himself or designed to benefit one of his hangers-on. That Price was a friend of Hastings, and had shown up the defaulting contractor Lacam, who had victimised poor Dr Hancock, and whose services to the Majority were rewarded by them with such whole-hearted support, was amply sufficient to stamp him as a deep-dyed villain in Francis's estimation. When we next hear of Price, he is at home, under a cloud. Francis had brought accusations against him in Council in connection with the fitting-out of the two ships, which he professed to withdraw when Hastings showed their falsity, but did not expunge from the records, so that they were sent home.[2] Price's aim was to obtain their erasure, and he tells us that he haunted the India House until all its *habitués* were familiar to him, from Robert Gregory, Chairman of the Court of Directors, down to "little Chapman, the good-natured office-keeper." He was intending to come out again by the first ships of 1782, but in June of that year he writes from the King's Bench, where he is imprisoned for debt, though he says he had plenty of money at his command in India. He used his enforced leisure in writing a series of signed pamphlets on Indian affairs and in defence of Hastings, dealing doughty blows at Francis and his tool Macintosh, whose ludicrous book of travels was designed as an indictment of the Governor-General. These were published at his own expense, but when Scott came home he made use of the seaman's vigorous pen in a further series, which was anonymous and "constantly submitted to his inspection, Correction and alteration." "Mad

[1] 'Trial of Nanda Kumar,' Appendix.
[2] E. B. Impey's 'Life of Sir Elijah Impey.'

Price merits much," writes Barwell to Hastings, and Laurence Sulivan sends a special letter commending him as "one of the honestest men upon earth," when he goes out again in 1784, and mentions "his affectionate and fearless defence of your honour and character." Price himself, however, has an idea that his efforts may not be wholly agreeable to the person he wishes to benefit. "You will lift up your Eyes, and express your wish, that this Old Fool would be quiet and mind his Own Affairs," he says. Excellent as his intentions were, his money troubles made him an awkward acquaintance. Hastings had frequently come to his aid, but at the beginning of 1785 he seems to have thought it time to draw the line. There is a characteristic letter from Price complaining that a request of his for a bill of £300 had been refused shortly and peevishly, so that he could never feel at his ease in Hastings' presence again. "My attachment to you was Personal, Constant, Regular and Warm, unmixed with selfish Views, or interested motives," he protests, in lamenting that he was not allowed to attend his patron down the river when he sailed. In 1786 his fortunes are again in the ascendant, and he is busy building store-houses and a hospital at Diamond Point for the Company. In 1789 he is described as a worthy old man, determined to discharge all his debts, which is "too romantick a notion for his Time of Life." Some time before 1797, when he seems to have died, a commission of lunacy was held on "poor old Price." He left a good deal of property, but had made no provision for repaying his debt to Hastings, who could lodge no claim against the estate, having given him a general discharge at the time he was bankrupt. "Honest Joe must have been a great rogue, or *non compos* when he died," writes Chapman. The matter caused Hastings a good deal of worry, as the money would have been most welcome to him, but he seems never to have received it.

MRS PEACOCK was recommended to Hastings by Barwell at the end of 1782. She and her daughter were going out to Bengal to recover what they could from the wreck of Mr Peacock's fortunes, and then returning home. Mrs Mary Barwell and Scott also recommend her, stating that she is an entire stranger to India, that she is of good family and has some money of her own, and needs nothing but advice. This does not seem to have been correct, for on her mother's death, which is said by her brother to have been due to the law's delay, Miss Peacock appears to have been quite destitute. Hastings left directions with Larkins to pay her a liberal allowance out of the funds in his hands, but Larkins, watchful over his interests, hoped to get her married before this should be necessary. She was not by any means an ideal inmate. In July, 1785, Larkins writes distractedly that she has been playing fast and loose with the affections of a most desirable suitor, who was prepared to pay her mother's English debts, amounting to £3000, and has finally dismissed him. "In my Life," says poor Larkins, "I never met with so young a Girl, so perverse and so obstinately unaccommodating, without a tender feeling either of Gratitude, Affection or Compassion; for it is with the utmost difficulty that I can keep her from being a tyrant to her Slave Girl. . . . If I am not most egregiously mistaken, she will turn out bad. She has an astonishing propensity to act the Coquette, in so much that ere her Mother had been dead a Month she deemed Rouge an eligible Appendage of her Dress; and tho' she was compelled to take it off, and a serious Admonition offered to her against a similar Attempt, she has nevertheless frequently compelled Mrs Larkins to the necessity of sending her back to her Room to take it off." The dissatisfaction was mutual. Miss Peacock wished to live with the Chapmans, who very prudently declined to receive her, but at length she found a home with a Mrs Tomlinson, where she aggravated her former faults of

rudeness and extravagance by a display of "deistical notions," and by falling violently in love with a young man who cared for no one but himself. She writes to complain of Larkins's treatment of her, and expresses a wish to return to England, where she has friends who admired her as a child, though she dislikes the idea of trying to earn her bread there. Larkins writes next, begging Hastings to restrict the young lady to 100 rupees a month, as she has given out that he allows her 500, and will provide her outfit and passage home. Then comes another letter from her, entreating help, which she confesses she does not deserve. She is 10,000 rupees in debt, and has only 50 rupees a month from her uncle, Captain Forrest. Hastings, on whom she had no claim whatever, sent out orders at once that she was to have 200 sicca rupees a month, but Chapman, who now had charge of his pension-list, soon found it necessary to reduce her to 100, since she had only discharged seven annas in the rupee of her debts, though he had paid her the arrears of her allowance. Most thankful must her harassed guardian have been when, in 1790, the troublesome Sabina married "a Mr Pierard, a young Man in the Service, of good Character"—perhaps the "F. Pierard" who was one of the donors of the Old Westminsters' cup in 1777.

The unfortunate CAPTAIN PHIPPS was his own worst enemy. After his patron's departure, we hear not only of his quarrel with Sir Thomas Mills,[1] but of his misconduct as bringing about the breaking-up of the Larkins household. Hastings gave him before he left India the appointment of Regulating Captain to the Militia, but only a month or two later Phipps writes to complain that he is in debt and in bad health, and finds his post an expensive one. He would like to be Commissary of Supplies, either for the Presidency or for the army beyond the provinces. Little as he cared for his posi-

[1] See *supra*, p. 314.

tion, however, it was a grievance when he was removed from it by Lord Cornwallis, who wanted it for his nephew, and sent to command the escort of the Resident with Sindhia, his old friend Palmer. This less profitable appointment he seems to have relinquished on account of ill-health, for in February, 1788, he writes that he has visited Bombay, "the hot baths in the Maharattah Country," and Madras, in search of health. He has lost the use of his limbs, and is trying severe remedies. After this he disappears, until he entreats help from his death-bed at the close of 1794. He confesses that he was imprudent in India, and is deeply in debt, but he thinks Hastings will not allow him to die in misery, attended only by his faithful wife, who has forgiven him all his sins against her. That Hastings responded to the appeal is clear by the letters from a doctor and from poor Mrs Phipps, who acknowledges gratefully the kindness which has provided medical attendance for her husband and paid his funeral expenses. Later on, Hastings draws up her petition for her husband's pension, or share of the Military Fund, and sends her money for her immediate necessities, and those of Phipps's little daughter.

CALCUTTA. *20th November*, 1784.

(Endorsed, "Received the 14th (or 19th) May.")

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—It grieves me to begin this letter with the discouraging Reflexion that I have no new Information to convey, but rather Doubts and Surmises which almost undo all that is contained in those which I have already written. Yet it is probable that your own Knowledge of what has passed at Home will supply the want of that which this ought to give you.—The accompanying Duplicate of my Letter of the 24th September will make you acquainted with

my general Sentiments and Intentions concerning my Departure; but as this was written when my Health and Spirits disposed me to be more Sanguine than I am at this Time, and the P.S. when I was incapable of thinking like a reasonable Being, I must begin with contradicting the Promise of so early a Determination of the great Question[1] as I may seem at that Time to have formed; for here I am in a State of Suspense so thick that not a Ray of Light can penetrate it.—But I will begin where that Letter leaves off.

On the 20th of October I received the afflicting News of Mr Wheler's Death from Mr McPherson, who added that he was also sick: and Mr Stables was absent on a Party of Amusement.—I instantly resolved to leave Benaris, and sent Captain Scott to inform the Prince of the Necessity imposed upon me to leave him thus abruptly, and requested his Dismission conformably to the Rule of Respect which I had all along prescribed to myself in my personal Behavior to him; and he with his usual good Humor assented.—He had some Time before insisted on accompanying me to Calcutta; but finding me much averse to it, resolved to make Trial of his Destiny by an Approach to his Father's Court. For this Purpose he had fixed on the 29th of the Month for his March by the Road of Fyzabad, making from thence a short Excursion to Bahraich, to visit the Tomb of a Saint of great Repute; Superstition being a great Ingredient in his Character, as it is universally with those who have imbibed it with their Education, and have had little Converse with the World. Thence he was to proceed to Lucnow, see the Vizier, and go on

[1] *I.e.*, that of his return.

to Furrukhabad; to remain encamped there near our military Station, and treat with the King's Minister for his Return; the royal Camp lying near Agra within the Distance of a hundred Miles. I lent him my own Body-Guard, and the Nabob Vizier is to furnish him with a further Escort of 5 of his Battalions. If he succeeds it is well; If not, he will return to throw himself into our Protection, either at Benaris, or (which I shall prevent, if I can) at Calcutta.—I will finish his Story, before I resume my own. He is by this Time at Lucnow, and the King in a Letter written without the Knowledge of his Minister has pressed him in the most affectionate Manner to rejoin him with all possible Speed. Mahdajee Sindia has also promised me with Oaths to accomplish the Prince's Return, and honorable Establishment with the King, and he is able to do it; for the Minister, Afrasiab Cawn, has been assassinated by his own People, and Sindia on his Arrival found himself, with only One Competitor, whom he soon reduced, the Master of the King's Affairs. How he will use his good Fortune will presently be seen; and it will prove the Test of his Fidelity to our Nation. I trusted him implicitly, having no Alternative; for the Board required me to effect the Prince's Return, but forbad me to use either Money, or military Force, as the Means.—I believe that Sindia will be true to me. If not, he will receive the Punishment of his Perfidy in the Event.—Thus far, my Marian, my Incumbrances have fallen from me; and I trust to my own good Fortune and the blessed Influence of your Virtues for the Removal of all other Impediments to our Reunion.

Having with hard Labor finished all my other Busi-

ness, I set off with Halhed on the Morning of the 22nd with Carriages to Seidpoor, which is about 20 Miles, and proceeded in my Feelchehra; slept at Buxar; set off again in a little Storm of Rain at 4 the next Morning, to the great Mortification of little Eaton, landed the Evening at Patna, staid the next Day; reembarked after Supper, and reached Bhaugulpoor at ½ an hour after Ten the next Night. There I found Mr and Mrs Chapman, and a World of Friends, standing on the Bank to make me Welcome, vizt. Miss T. (Touchet), Lady Js. (Jones), the good Mrs P. (Powney), her Sons and Daughters, Colonel Blr. (Blair), &c, &c.—Here I chose to rest and wait the Arrival of Dr Balfour, who had insisted on attending me to Calcutta, and was to have joined me at Patna, but was too late.—On the 27th at 10 in the Evening we both took Leave of our good Friends, and departed in the Feelchehra.—At 12 we passed the memorable Rocks of Cohlgong. My Companion was asleep. I awoke instinctively, as we approached them, and directed the Manjee to steer between the Rocks and the Shore, my Curiosity strongly impelling me to view something of the fatal Eddy, the Moon shining almost from her full Orb, and the Air quite clear. I was not wholly disappointed; for though the Stream was smooth and undisturbed, I saw most visible the Cause which had produced the Whirlpool when the River was full; which was a Nulla, now dry, and its Channel some Feet above the Water of the River, thus.[1]—This in the heavy Rains bringing down a Torrent of Waters from the Hills, and tumbling with impetuous Force into the River, which from the Con-

[1] In the MS. a rough miniature sketch follows.

finement of its Stream runs in that Part with encreased Rapidity, forces it out of its Direction against the Rocks, which it has worn into the Form of a Bay; and both Tides uniting whirl round in a perpetual Eddy.—The mingled Sentiments and Sensations which this Sight produced in my Mind, of Terror, Delight, Love, Admiration and Enthusiasm, may be conceived by a Spirit like yours, congenial with my own; but are not to be described. Blessed be that Being whose Providence has been extended in so wonderful an Instance of its Protection to the best Object of its Guardian Care; and may that Providence be your unceasing Defence to the latest Period of your natural Life!—but how shall I deserve such Goodness, who derive the greatest Blessings from it?

At 5.40 ms. on the next Afternoon I found the Nabob waiting for me at Sootee. This unseasonable Civility detained me half an Hour, besides the Embraces, Salams and Nezzers[1] of 500 more. Escaped from this Bustle I soon left them out of Sight, no Bowlea being equal to the Feelchehra in Speed, when my Dandies are willing. I passed the City at Night, but the Stream being very slow, it was not till 6 the next Morning that I arrived at Rangamatty, where I expected to find Sir J. D'oyly, whom I had not afforded Time to receive me at Afzoolbaug. He however had gone thither the preceding Evening, and returned while I was at Breakfast. Lady D. was confined to her Chamber with her new born Infant, and much recovered. She had been dangerously ill, and by Advice is going Home on the Hillesborough, Sir John having since contrived that he may

[1] *Nazr*, a ceremonial gift.

accompany her.—I have encouraged it, and I believe had a principal Share in determining his Resolution; not, my Marian, from any Reflexion on my own Condition; for I will not suffer any Comparison to be drawn between my Feelings and those of others through the whole System of human Society, nor is there another Marian in it.

I love Lady D. for her considerate Kindness in sending me your Letter which gave me the first particular Tidings of you, and was such a Cordial to my longing Spirits, that I could not part with it till I had taken a Copy of it, which I did the same Day.—Mr Stables was in the Neighbourhood on a Party of Pleasure, and came over the next Morning (the 30th) with General Carnac to see me. I set off again at 4 that Afternoon, went in a strange Boat to Doudpoor, landed and cut off the tedious Windings of the River by a Journey of 30 Miles in a Palekeen.—At 5 the next Morning I found my Feelchehra, which I had sent before, with Major Toone, a few Miles short of Nuddeea, and at Noon we all landed safe and in Health at Sooksaugur. My Part of the Journey with all its Haltings was performed in 9 Days and a Quarter; and these Deducted, in 4 Days and 7 Hours, which is a greater Instance of Expedition than any within my Knowledge, except One by One who may excel me in what She pleases without exciting my Envy.

I had promised Mr Stables to wait for him at Sooksaugur, where I could better gain what preparatory Knowledge I wanted than in Calcutta:—And here I staid 4 Days. In this Interval I received Letters by a Danish Ship, which brought out Mr Charles Stuart, from Major Scott, and others, as late as the 15th

May. These gave me great Expectations of the next Dispatches; and about the same Time arrived a Packet from Bussora in which was a Letter from the Court of Directors to the Board dated the 15th June, and two for me of the same Date from Richard Sulivan and James McPherson, both short, uninteresting, and referring me for news to Major Scott, but no Letter came from him, which I since understand must have been occasioned by the sudden Dispatch of the Packet on the 19th of June, Six Days before the Time announced for it. I am sure it was no Neglect of his; for Mr Stables has a Letter from the Secretary telling him not to be alarmed at receiving none from Mrs Stables, as she had withdrawn One which she had written, to make some Additions to it, and there was not Time even to recall it.—The Tenor and Spirit of the public Letter were both highly injurious to your Husband and to the Credit of the Government. — You will learn the Particulars from Major Scott. We have most happily done away the public Mischief, and my Mind has shaken off its own Vexation derived from this first Act of my own Friends. The only Regret remaining on it arises from my Disappointment in receiving no Letter from Major Scott, and from the State of Suspense in which I still remain, on that Account. It has vexed me more than such a Cause ought, and I am vexed that it should have so vexed me. It was a small Alleviation to learn by other Advices of the same Dispatch that One of the King's Ships had arrived, and brought the News of the Arrival of the Atlas at St Helena. This must therefore quicken the Determination of my Departure, either by an early Injunction for my Stay, or

by a silent Assent to my own Intention. My Resolution is exactly what it was, except in Point of Time. I will wait till the next Packet comes, which may not come this Month, and I have already engaged the Barrington for my Passage.—But let me finish my Journal.—On the 4th of this Month Mr Stables called at Sooksaugur, and passed. I followed him the same Morning, and arrived at your gloomy Mansion in Calcutta between 6 and 7, after an Absence of Eight Months and Eighteen Days.

On the 17th I wrote to you my last Number, which with a Letter to Major Scott was enclosed in a public Dispatch to England by the Way of Bombay and Bussora. In my Letters to Scott I inserted a Copy of a Minute which I delivered to the Board on the 11th requesting that the Destination of the Barrington, which had been fixed for an early Dispatch might remain undetermined till I could be certain of my future Stay or Departure; which was agreed to.—Since that we have again taken up the Surprize to go to England, and by her I write to the Court of Directors to apprize them of my Resolution to abide by the Tenor of their next Letter for the Determination of my Departure or Continuance. To that I refer you, my dear Marian, for the clearest Explanation of my Intentions. I shall enclose a Copy of it.—Thus far I have regulated my Conduct in this critical Business with so much Caution and Composure that no One can yet possibly blame me. I will be guided for the future Part which I have to take by the strict Letter of the Declaration which I have made. I have consulted what was due to my public Character independent of every private Consideration. I will per-

sist in the same steady Course, and let the Result be what it will, I will submit to what I must, in one Case, or yield to what I ought to do, and wish to do, in the other, though Death or the Loss of all my Friends were to be the Consequence. If others are capricious and unreasonable in their Expectations, still I will be consistent. I am daily vexed with the reiterated Instances of many, who I know speak from Conviction, and have my Interest and Reputation at Heart, to give up all Thoughts of going at any Rate; because, they say, I shall disappoint my Friends at Home, and act against the Wishes of the Court of Directors, Proprietors, Ministers, and even the Public in General. But how am I to know or credit this? The public Opinion is only to be inferred from disputable Evidence; but the Proprietors, Ministers and Directors can both speak and command, and if they are wholly silent, how can I at this late Hour of my Life assume a Character which I have ever held in Abhorrence, and pretend that my Services are too great and important to be spared, and that in Deference to the Wishes of those who have never uttered them, and will probably disavow them, I will still remain in Office with the Forfeiture of Truth and Modesty, both opposing it in the Declarations which I have already made and repeated against my Stay?

As to my private Wishes, these are as strong as they ever were; but if I have the Virtue to put them out of the Question, and form my Determination on Grounds of public Obligation, I satisfy my own Mind, and that will bear me above all the Reproaches of all Mankind. Twice have I told the Court of Directors that I would

go. Every Letter written since to Major Scott confirmed and added to the Declaration, Sir Elijah carried with him my positive verbal Assurance, corroborated by a Knowledge of the minutest Grounds of it; Dr Campbell will have told them that I was disqualified by the Decay of my Constitution from remaining, and your Departure was, and ought to be so received, a Demonstration of my Resolution unalterable but by the Reservation which I originally annexed to it, and have as often repeated as the Resolution itself. — Knowing all this my Superiors may detain me. I cannot detain myself; and their making no Effort to detain me is virtually a Command to depart: And I will obey it.— But I have already exhausted the Subject. Many are the Reasons which compell me—yet at least—to maintain my Resolution. Not One do I know, or can devise against it.

As I have excluded the Consideration of what I owe to you, and every Regard to my own internal Happiness which I never can regain without you; so have I also disregarded every Consideration of my Health. Be not alarmed at what follows.

I left Calcutta on the 17th of February with a Fever oppressing me, which made me apprehend the Possibility at least of Danger from the Length, Fatigue and Exposure of my Journey to the Vicissitudes of the Weather. I only considered what was right, not what was safe or easy. But the Event proved that in yielding to the former I secured the latter; for, except a slight Fever which seized me with every threatening Symptom, and left me in Seven Hours, on the 20th of July, I possessed a more firm and regular Habit of Health during the

whole Period of my Absence, than I had known since my Return to Calcutta in February, 1782. The Exercise, Change of Air, and Ease from hourly Importunity, may have worked the first Impression; but the dry and elastic Atmosphere of Owd and Benaris certainly confirmed it. Perhaps I should again experience the same Effects from the same Causes, if I were to have Recourse to them, which God in his infinite Mercy forbid, for I should revive into bodily Health and die of Vexation. But from the Evening of my Arrival in Calcutta to this Day, I have not enjoyed a Moment of bodily Ease, but have had all the Devils of Languor, Dejection of Spirits (a Thing unknown at Lucnow), nightly Oppression, feverish Heat and Head aches, which I had for my Companions the last Year at this season of it.—The swelling of my left Ankle, which had left me almost 3 Months ago, has returned with its former Violence, and Dr Balfour suspects worse Evils lurking within me. For these Reasons I eat no Supper, go to Bed at Ten, abstain wholly from Wine and every other Liquid but Tea and Water: I ride every Morning and gently, and use the cold Bath as often as I ride, and will oftener if I am prevented from riding. If this will not do, I will diet myself on Pishpash, or Bread and Water, or live like Cornaro on the daily Subsistence of an Egg, but I will have Health in some Way, though I may forgo all the Blessings of it.—Blessings? What Blessings *can* it yield me? Let me have but Existence, and Freedom from Pain, with the full Exercise of my mental Faculties, and I desire no more, till I see the last Sight of Saugur Island.

My Friend Wilkins has lately made me a Present of

a most wonderful Work of Antiquity, and I am going to present it to the Public. Among many Precepts of fine Morality I am particularly delighted with the following, because it has been the invariable Rule of my latter Life, and often applied to the earlier State of it, before I had myself reduced it to the Form of a Maxim in writing. It is this:

"*Let the Motive be in the Deed, and not in the Event.*— "Be not One whose Motive for Action is the Hope of Reward. Let not thy Life be spent in Inaction. Depend upon Application" (that is, as is afterwards explained, the Application of the Rule of moral Right to its consonant Practice, without Care for the Event as it may respect ourselves) "perform thy Duty, abandon all Thought of the Consequence, and make the Event equal, whether it terminate in Good or Evil; for such an Equality is called *Application.*"

To this good Rule I will adhere, careless of every Event but *One*, and that shall console me, though the Voices of all Mankind shall cry out against me. And what is that One?—O God, grant me the Blessing of a satisfied Conscience, and my Marian to reward it!

I must now proceed to Matters of Lighter Moment.

The Begum has sent me two Couches, 6 Chairs, and 2 Footstools, of the former Patterns. They are highly finished, and I have them all separately, and strongly packed; but have not determined on their Conveyance. She has added Two Chairs of Buffalo Horn, which I like better than the Ivory. They are modest, light and elegant, and as elastic as a Bow.—These were all prepared for Display in the Expectation of my stopping to visit her; and great was her Disappointment at my

passing. However they were immediately sent after me, with a Letter for you, which I was charged with repeated Injunctions to convey carefully and speedily to you.—I have taken the Liberty to give it to Captain Scott to translate it, for otherwise its Contents will be lost to you. —I will send with it by this Conveyance the Firmaun conferring your high Titles, and the Translation.—The former is a beautiful Sheet of Paper, and that is all its Worth, for though your Virtues merit Honors greater than Kings can bestow, yet these will not raise your Station in Life an Inch, no not the Breadth of (a) Hair, above that of Mrs Hastings in your own Country (I mean England, for that is your own); nor were they given to your Worth even in this; for had you been destitute of every Quality and Accomplishment which you possess, you might have been the Queen of Sheba, the Goddess of Fortune, or whatever Excellence you had chosen for your own Appellation.—So don't be proud of your Titles. Let the Queen of Sheba, if she knows it, boast that her Name is united to yours. Your Husband too is the adopted Son of a King, and sworn Brother of a Prince royal and Heir apparent. Yet the Height of his present Ambition is speedily to become a private Gentleman, and in that Character all the Royalty that now runs in his Veins will be lost, and even his great Father will forget that he gave it him.[1] Remember these Reflexions when you look at your Firmaun, and be sure not to forget them when you shew it.—I know you will, for my Marian has her Foible, and God forgive me, but I have known my own Vanity accompany hers, and have gazed on her with the full Eyes of Love and Delight

[1] This was not the case. See *infra*, pp. 433, 434.

when She has allowed her Pride, her graceful Pride, its full Career.

This is meant as a Lesson against Pride. Don't mistake it for Encouragement.

I have given your Shawls, which Johnson provided for you, to Captain Joe Price, who has undertaken to convey them safe to your Hands, he will not tell me how; and you may depend upon receiving them. I will send you a List of them.—I have another Parcel, which are of my own Provision; no thanks to me, for I did not bespeak them; but they are beyond all Comparison beautiful, and I will make all possible Enquiry by what possible Means they can get to you. As to the little Articles of Gloves, Stockings and Blankets, the Spirit of wanton Vexation must possess the Laws of England if these are contraband, and a Governor General may not clothe himself in woollen.[1]

I will carry nothing to England with myself that I shall care to lose, or (be) ashamed to shew.

I am now writing at Allipoor; for it has been put up to Sale, and bought in again. I have sold Rishera for double the Sum that was paid for it. This is a Riddle, and I leave it to your Sagacity to unravel it.

I shall continue to make this Place my Saturday and Sunday Residence, until I can find a Purchaser, or leave the Country; for I find it a relief to my Mind, and my Health is certainly the better for it.

Mrs Halhed is my Guest, and I expect Sir John and Lady D'oyly to live with me (God knows where I shall put them), from the 12th of this Month to their Depar-

[1] Nevertheless, the Company's duties on his possessions came to something like £1000. Gleig, III. 394.

ture. My own Apartments, and the Bed which I once shared with my beloved Marian, are all that I reserve to myself, or care for, and they are sacred.—Halhed is at Lucnow, busied in the Execution of a Plan which I have concerted for his Return to England. I wish he was there, but I hope to precede him. His Talents were always of the first Rate; but they are improved far beyond what you knew them, and I shall still require them in Aid of Scott's Exertions.

Mrs Peacock is dead, and left the Charge of placing her Daughter, on my Conscience. But Larkins and his excellent little Wife have relieved me by taking her into their House, which is already filled with other Objects of their Compassion, and are both affectionately kind to her.

Phipps (poor Fellow) has been provoked to a Quarrel, in which he was wrong through Indiscretion; but has gained more than he has lost in my Opinion of him, and his Opponent the Reverse.—I say so much only lest the Affair should be mentioned to you, and be told to his Disadvantage. I am very anxious to dispose of him in some creditable Way before I go; but know not how.—But I will not leave him destitute, and am determined to serve him in some Period of his Life, whether late or early.

I shall write to Mrs Motte. Yet tell her that I ever remember her with Affection, and bless her for being the Comforter of my sweet Marian.

Adieu, my Heart's Beloved. O ever love me, for no Man ever merited by Love a larger return of it than I do.—May the God of infinite Goodness bless and support and protect you! Amen! Amen!

Amen! W. HASTINGS.

LETTER XXVIII.

This letter is reassuring on the subject of Mrs Hastings' response to the devotion lavished upon her by her husband. Her letters to him—not one of which is known to have survived—must have been as long and as rich in detail as his own. Moreover, since he possessed the pen of a ready writer, and she wrote English as a foreign tongue, they must have represented even greater labour and determination. The extreme care which he took of them makes it probable that he preserved them, as he did such a vast accumulation of less intimate papers, to the end of his life, while the anxiety she betrays lest they should meet the eyes of anyone else makes it almost certain that she destroyed them at his death.

The Calcutta hour for DINNER was three in the afternoon, as we learn from 'Hartly House.' After the meal ladies and gentlemen alike were accustomed to retire to their rooms for a nap, previous to a second visit from the hairdresser to prepare them for their evening engagements. It will be remembered that in Letter IV. Hastings says that since his wife's departure he has avoided resting in the afternoons, so as to make sure of sleeping at night through weariness.

The LITTLE HORSE is of course the grey Arab intended for the King.[1] The POOR FAVORITE mentioned later as having died would seem to be a horse of Mrs Hastings' own, which she had taken with her against her husband's advice.

With regard to the medical details in this letter, it must be remembered that Hastings was still under the influence of the hopes excited by his wife's letter from St Helena. It is curious to notice how unsatisfactory was the best accommodation that could be provided for her on shipboard, in spite of all the care and expense he had

[1] See *infra*, pp. 395, 396.

lavished upon it. The state-cabin was situated under the roundhouse, and together they formed the best part of the ship. When Hastings went to India in 1769 the roundhouse was reserved for him, while Baron Imhoff and his wife occupied the state-cabin below. The roundhouse was generally reserved for male passengers, or used merely as a sitting-room, since it was liable to the incursions of the ship's officers when soundings had to be taken. Captain Price mentions that when the globe-trotter Macintosh and an experienced civilian were his passengers in the *Royal Charlotte* from Madras to Calcutta, they both slung their cots in the roundhouse, where he heard them disputing night and day when he passed through to observe the depth of water from the balcony.

A REZY (*rasai*) is a wadded quilt.

The fact that Mrs Hastings' ship had "missed the Cape" must have led to her missing also her husband's first seven letters, which were addressed to her there, and which she probably did not receive until she had been some time in London.

Hastings kept his promise of being MRS GREENTREE'S guest at St Helena on his homeward voyage. His diary, as quoted by Sir C. Lawson, reads:—"Received by the Governor (Mr Corneille) at the landing-place. Supped with him. Put up at Mr Greentree's. 17*th* (*Sunday*). Rode before breakfast to Mr Greentree's country house and dined there. Passed the morning in visiting the island. . . . 19*th*. At 9 rode with the Governor to Longwood." This last journey is recalled in a letter of David Anderson's in 1815:—"When we were riding among the Hills of St Helena about 30 Years ago we could form no Conception of the Importance which that little island was to acquire."

MR NATHANIEL SMITH was a member of the Court of Directors who took special interest in the work of translation from Eastern languages. He gave Hastings his

support in the great task, performed by Halhed, of making available in English the body of Mohammedan law.

The letters from the Prince, Munny Begum and Jonathan Scott, mentioned as enclosed with this one, are not found in the MS.

ALLIPOOR, Sunday the *5th of December*, 1784.
closed the 8th at Night.

(Endorsed, "Received May the 19.")

MY BELOVED MARIAN, — I am now again reading your most delightful, though painful Letter, and shall employ the Afternoon in finishing the Perusal of it. I have enclosed it in a Case, and I keep it in my private Box, which I always carry with me, both for Privacy, and for the ready Means of looking into it, when I can command the Leisure and Solitude which can fit me for it. These Advantages I never possess. The Afternoons indeed are always my own; but since my Return to Calcutta I have never been able to sit up after Dinner. This Day and yesterday I am better and stouter than I have been, which I ascribe partly to the Change of the Weather, and partly to the Renewal of my Morning Rides and cold Water. — But what a Wretch am I to talk of myself, when my Marian is before me! — Yes, my lovely Marian, you are before me. Your delightful Looks, your enchanting Voice, even your Touch—(O God! once more make them substantially mine! —) successively take Possession of my Senses as I read the animated Picture of your Mind, its Sentiments and its Sufferings. I can bear the Description now. It racked my Feelings, and made me almost feverish, when I first read it, because my

Passions were wholly occupied by their present Sympathy, and I knew not what was to follow.—I now know all, and bless many of the cruel Symptoms which gave me Pain when I read of them.—All? No! not all! I only know that you departed from St Helena on the 15th of May in perfect Health, and in the full Assurance of being in a State which might in its Event make me most truly the happiest of all Mankind. But in the unknown Interval which has followed what may not have happened to make me the most wretched! A Length yet remaining of Agitation on the great Ocean; A total Change of Climate approaching; perhaps Tempests, I will not imagine worse; the Fatigue of landing, of travelling Seventy long Miles in a Condition of Body requiring Ease and Repose even in the most healthy; the various Agitations of Mind, and consequent Affections of the Body on your arrival in London, reiterated with every dear Connection, and with every Friend that approaches to bid you welcome; How will your tender Frame bear all this? Yet it has borne more, and I thank God that you will have arrived in London at a Season when all the World is out of Town, and will have found a House furnished and completely fitted for your Reception.[1] I will also believe, for my vast Love for you has made me superstitious, that your Virtues will secure to you a better Destiny. I will believe that I am myself in the Course of good Fortune; for I can scarce trace my Life for some Years back even to the greatest Disappointments of it but to be convinced that they led to some Good which made me rejoice that they had befallen me. I will

[1] See *infra*, p. 393.

believe that I am now a blessed Being, and most fervently pray that I may die, though instantly, in that Belief, if the Reverse of this has actually come to pass. —But I must not forget your Letter, of which the first four Sheets lie separate before me, and shall be first dispatched. These exact my first Thanks for the Method which you have taken to inform me of the successive Events and Changes which you experienced in your Voyage. I sail with you, as I read, and almost hear you talk to me.—I am not a little pleased that the Form of my Letters is not wholly different from yours; only that I had frequent Opportunities of sending mine in detached Parts, which you could not do with yours. But you will receive in Detachments a very close and connected Series of my Adventures, wonderfully unimportant as they would appear to any Reader but her to whom they are addressed, and as connected and faithful a Display of the Mind which wrote them.—How will it grieve me, if you should lose any of them! —except the first; for those, I remember, were peevish, desponding and unmanly.

The next Remark which strikes me in your Letter, and for which I feel a Sentiment greatly resembling that of Thanksgiving, is the wonderful Similitude between your Thoughts and mine. While I read yours I think I am reading my own; for their original Impulse still remains unvaried through all its productive Movements, though I cannot remember a single Expression that I have written.—A few Feelings only are retained in their original Expression by being clothed with a poetical Dress, but my Poetry, mean as it may be, was never indebted to Fancy, and derives

its Inspiration but from one Source, which is the same as that which furnished the more expressive, but not more genuine Thoughts of your Letter. I could give you Extracts from yours which require but Rhyme and Measure to make exactly my own. I will not repeat them: Yet I may be permitted to borrow One, and One only, which I am sure comes as nearly to my own Feelings as it parted from yours. "My Mind often, and often, drew a Picture of my State when *bereft of all that was dearer to her than Life. The Shade it cast was dark and strong;* but *still* I COULD SEE AT A DISTANCE A GLIMMERING RAY, which like the Sun after a long Absence cheered and warmed my drooping Spirits: but alas! where are they? *What an obscure and dreary Way have I yet to traverse* till my Eyes shall again behold that Light which gives me Life!" I am sure you will easily recollect the Passage which corresponds with this, and in one Part almost literally.[1] My Marian, it was your Genius which mixed itself with mine, and dictated to me. I am sure that I felt it. At some Time or other I will prove to you that there is not in all that Production One Idea or Image which was not also your own; perhaps borrowed by Sympathy from you. Let this be to you a Demonstration of the Warmth of my Affections, as I trust to it for the Proof—but do I want One?—of yours.

I too, my Marian, have often reproached myself, and

[1] The passage referred to is probably the following, quoted by Sir C. Lawson from "Rooroo and Promodbora":—

> "Hope still attendant and delusive stands,
> And points, but coldly points, to distant lands;
> Gilds their faint summits with her flatt'ring ray;
> But deserts, rocks, and seas obstruct the way;
> And age, and sickness, and the clouds that teem
> With unknown thunders, through the prospect gleam."

sometimes ungenerously murmured at you, for our Separation. It was, I own, *my* Act. But do not give me Credit for it. I was provoked and intimidated to it. I was told by every One that it was absolutely necessary. Somebody—I forget who: I believe it was Sir Elijah;—put the dreadful Case to me; that should you stay, and fall a Sacrifice to my Weakness, how would I reproach myself as the Cause of your Death. You too once said feelingly, speaking of some Lady who died: "Ah! She staid a Year too long."—These Reflexions stung me, and fastened on my Resolution.—Yet am I now glad that it was so.—I now persuade myself that it has been the Cause of saving your Life, and (O God * grant * it *!) of giving Life to One Pledge of our Love for which I would almost give my own. Perhaps too it has been the Preservation of my own; for I am not sure that I should have left Calcutta had you staid in it.

* * * The Words thus marked were written by Impulse, and without reflecting that the Event to which it relates is now past the Course of Fate. It has happened, or is impossible. But I will let the Words stand for a happy Omen.—Am I not superstitious?

Shall I tell you, that I often amused myself with the wild, but deluding Imagination that you would return, and have been angry with Mrs Motte, whom I heard dissuading you.—You ask me, "whether I should have been glad, or sorry, to have seen my Marian," and add (too coolly) "you will believe, the first."—Gladness would ill express the State of my Mind on such a Surprise: And Phipps assures me that if there had been a Ship at St Helena to bring you, he is con-

vinced, you would have come back in it.—As this has not happened, I can say, I *am* glad of it. Your Return might have lengthened the Duration of my Stay in India, and proved mortal to both.—Now I must go.

I thank you for your Care of yourself. Your Mode of living was also very like my own. I was always in Bed by Ten, and dressed before Sunrise. I am compelled to exceed in Calcutta; but not very much, and I have found that when I can adhere to my early Hours, and morning Rides, I get tolerable Health. I have also made Trial of a total Abstinence from Wine, of which I have already experienced the Benefit, and will continue it.

Yes, my beloved, we will have many Walks together, and infinitely more delightful than those of Allipoor:—And many an Excursion too from home. I have a Variety of Schemes of Pleasure playing in my Imagination, which will all derive their Relish from your Society, and your Participation of them. Let me but follow and be once more in Possession of my Heart's Treasure. I care not for what may happen without Doors, if I have but what I wish within. I thank you for your Kindness to my little Horse, and the Mango Plants; not that I care three Cowries for the latter, and when I think of you, as little do I care for the former; but these are the Indications of Affection, and therefore I am delighted to be told of them.—Apropos: poor Sulliman begins to grow old, and wants the Vigor which he had, though he retains his Spirit. I have resolved to leave him, as you did Beauty, under Charge of Thompson, who will be kind to him for your Sake and mine as long as he lives.

I still shudder as I read the Accounts of your repeated Attacks of Sickness, though I know their Effects are past. But how shall I make you conceive the Love, Gratitude, and the Longings of Impatience (I have no other Language to express it) which arise in my Breast and with which my Heart overflows, and my Eyes glisten, from the generous Sentiments which accompany these cruel Descriptions. I well know the Quality and Power of those Sentiments by my own. I have not indeed had the same Occasions to excite them; but I was seized on the 20th of July with a sudden Fever, which burst out with all the Appearances of that which I had in August, 1782, though it lasted but a few hours. O! could I tell you how dearly your Image took Possession of my Senses in that solitary and painful Interval, how often I reflected on the Relief that in a like Condition I once received from your unexampled Kindness, and regretted with an aching Heart the Want of your animating Presence at that Time; you would see in my Mind the exact Reflection of your own, all but its Elegance and tender Delicacy. "My Marian," I said, "is ignorant and unsuspecting of what may befall me; no Letters, nor the Disappointment of them, can provoke her to set at Nought her Life for the Safety of mine, and God forbid that her Tenderness should again undergo so dangerous a Trial!"—I knew that if it were possible for me to be blessed with your Presence, I should find you as anxiously watchful for my Safety, and feel the same Effect of your Kindness that I had done:—I regretted the Want of it, and at the same Time blamed the Indiscretion that had ever allowed you, in Breach of my Resolution and the established Maxim of

Years, to approach me in the Hour of Sickness. For this I a thousand Times reproach myself, and think I know how to prevent the like Weakness hereafter.—Yet would I give the World to attend you, had you the same Occasion; for even Sickness has not the Power of making you unlovely, and I am sure it has ever heightened my Love with the Sight of your Sufferings, and the Dread of worse.

I thank God, I see you safe in the round House. I know not how it escaped me; but I remember that when I was on board, I took Notice that whenever the Door of your Cabin opened a most foul Air entered it from the Steerage, and I am sure it must have occurred to me that you would be better above.—I have profited by your Injunction, and have already engaged my Birth above Stairs.—To your Prayer I join, Amen. And "may God bless *You*, and give us a happy Meeting in England!"

It is very extraordinary. In the Abstract of my Journal, which you shall see for Proof when we meet, are these Words, literally copied:—"*9th February, taken ill. . . . 19th . . . My Fever gone.*"

I this Instant discovered a wonderful Coincidence of your Journal with mine. A Continuation of your Letter is dated Sunday the 7th of February, which is a Mistake; for Sunday was the 8th.—The next Continuation is dated the 19th, and mentions that you had been very ill from the Day following, so ill that you would not afflict me with the Description of it; that you had slept well the preceding Night, and that you were then better, and in the Course of the Day you inform me that your Sickness had entirely left you:—so that you must have been taken

ill at the same Instant that I was, and recovered at the same Instant that I did. And at the same Instant you changed your Atmosphere by ascending from the great Cabin to the Roundhouse, and I the foul Air of Calcutta for the wholesomer Climate of Murshedabad, Benaris and Lucnow, which "I found (to use your own Words) not only more quiet, but a great Deal cooler."—I am delighted at this Agreement, for I do not care for the Illness which you have had, and of which the Effects are all long since departed.—I am mightily pleased, and if any body should read this but yourself, he would say, "and mightily foolish:"—And let them say it. All the wisemen that have ever written about Love have agreed to call it a Folly, and to pronounce him only truly wise and truly happy who can confine his Search of Happiness to himself alone, and is totally exempt from all Impression of external Accidents. In this Sense I am far gone in Folly indeed, so far that I had rather be miserable with my present Feelings, than cured by Apathy.

And may God bless you for "the Care which you take of that Marian of mine!"

No, my beloved: you do your Friends Injustice. I am sure that you have many who even yet regret you; and all Man and Woman kind seem to be in Rapture at the good News which Phipps brought from St Helena. Be just to yourself. Yours is a Character that reflects an Honor on Humanity; and every generous Mind, even if it knows you not, takes a Part in the Incidents of your Fortune, as they read with Pain and Pleasure the varied Train of good and evil which occurs in the fabled History of the virtuous Heroine of a Romance.—And what must be my Feelings

in such a Recital?—I will tell you one of them.—I am vexed that no Body will talk of you to me. It was the Case, even when you were with me. No one ever mentioned your Name to me, except in the common Forms of Civility.—I must except Mrs Samson. She would praise you to me for an Hour together, and had she been fond of talking, it was the sure Way to engross all the Conversation to herself; for I never interrupted her, but to encourage her to lengthen the Subject.

I now come to the most easy—but not yet the most pleasing Part of your Letter.—It mends in every Page. I read of nothing but encreasing Strength, the successful Return to Bathing, and hearty Dinners:—but Good God! I am interrupted in my Triumph by a Reflexion on the past. O what have I escaped, and how wretched I might have been! but it is all past; and I will yet see you happy, and be happy with you.

How sweetly playful, how bewitching, my Marian is when she is in Spirits, and how perfectly in her Expression and Manner different from all the rest of Womankind! You cannot conceive how powerfully your Image starts up before me as I read some Passages which are most characteristical of you. I hear you, and see you, and am miserable that I have you not before me to indulge the Rapture which you have often known me indulge, without a Sense of Shame, though all the World were present; and so I will again.—God help me! my Letters have no Entertainment in them; for I never wrote one, but under the Impression of Grief, and Despondency. But no Wonder. Think what a Number of Transmutations I was to undergo, like the Hindoo Soul in its Progress to eternal Repose, before I

could obtain mine in the Bosom of (—forgive me, my pious Marian—I cannot suppress it—) the Deity of my Religion. You know, that I have a thousand Times told you that I wished for no other Heaven, and I am now sure that in any other I should be dissatisfied and discontented.

I had to go to Lucnow, with my Back turned to the Course by which I should follow you: I had to stay there God knows how long:—I had to encounter unknown Difficulties, which I knew would come: I had to surmount these, to break through all Impediments and return:—I had to stop at Benaris, and be detained there:—I had to return to Calcutta; to cut off a thousand Strings that tied me to the Service, and hindered my Departure:—I had to depart, and perhaps in the Instant of my setting my Foot on the Ship's Deck that was to carry me, receive Letters from England requiring and compelling me to stay where I was. — I had worse Thoughts, dreadfully bad Ones, my Marian, Dreams of Death, and Impressions which like Disease, fixed on my waking Spirits. You, my Love, had only Sickness and Sorrow opposed to the Hope of my following you in twelve Months, and rejoining you at furthest in Eighteen. Besides, my Mind is naturally gloomy, and yours Sprightliness itself, which has sometimes changed the Quality of mine. As an ancient Poet speaking of his Marian says:—

> . . . "And Sprightliness, whose Influence none can feel
> But catch th' Infection, and enliven'd grow."—

I am ashamed of your Caution, but I have told you, and repeat, that I have made a Case for your Letters,

which no One about me would dare to untie, and to this Hour it has never been out of my Possession. I keep it locked in a private Box, and for further Security I will from this Day seal the Case as often as I put up the Letter. — I have already obeyed your Injunction about the Roundhouse, and am grieved that my Advice was so hurtful to you.—I don't remember it. And I will bathe in the Balcony.—What will I not do for "the Pleasure of obliging my Marian?" I will even submit to that which would be pleasing had she not desired it.—Wonderful Proof of Goodness!

I tremble as I begin again to read the History of the Tempest which assaulted you in March. But my Fears are less for your Safety than for another Cause, which still haunts me with a perpetual Apprehension. I thank God however that after suffering such Alarms and Fatigues for 3 Days and Nights you could write at the Close of them, "I am now as well again as I was before the violent Gale."—Those Words give Strength and Credit to the Assurances made me by Francis[1] yesterday (this is the 7th) on my mentioning my Fears for the Effects of the Fatigues which you had yet to undergo. I need not repeat what he said (see the next page—), but it has made me perfectly easy.—Yet I dare not yet promise myself the Blessing, which may be at this Time mine.—It is so great an Event that my Fears, even against my Reason, overcome my Hope of it.—I shall soon know the Truth; but I shall still be tormented with Fears, and so I shall be till I have you, if I ever shall, in my Charge and Possession.

I grieve for your poor Favorite; but as I knew you

[1] Dr Clement Francis.

would lose her, I am comforted that you knew it not at the Time.

I am now come to another Tempest, and a worse than the first. This is very cruel, and though I know that it passed without Consequence, I yet shudder as I go on in the Recital. Your Situation, the Want of Rest, the violent Agitation of the Ship, the Vexation of seeing and hearing all the Moveables of your Cabin tumble about you, the Pain in your Back, Seven Days of Unquiet and Apprehension, and above all the dreadful Fall of the Globe Lantern; what might not have been the Consequence of so many complicated Assaults on my poor Marian's tender Frame, especially the last! how fatal to our Hopes, and even to our Existence, for I am convinced that mine is bound to yours; and I hope it is. But I ought not to complain, since it has proved the Strength of your Constitution in that Particular about which I am now most anxious; and Francis has assured me from his general Experience, and his Knowledge of your Constitution, that if no violent Accident befalls you, you must have gone through your appointed Time. Nay, he says more, that he is certain of it. He places too great Reliance on your Make, and on your Strength of Mind, and says that after having escaped so well in your earlier Period (I know not why, but I am almost affraid to mention the proper Word) there can be no Cause to apprehend any Danger for the Time which was to come. But the Event is past Conjecture, Hopes and Wishes. I will arm myself for the worst. I will let the best operate as it may, though I shall be most unphilosophically elated with it.

I feel no Delight in your Absence equal to that of obeying your Commands: But as to my Departure in the Month of January, in which I fear I shall not have an Option, be assured, my Marian, that if I am once at Liberty to depart, no Season, or Fear of equinoctial Gales, shall detain me. I will trust to that Providence which has removed so many Mountains to clear my Way, for my attaining the last and blessed Termination of it.

No. Those who go to Sea, high minded, will continue so in Defiance of the Philosophy of Winds and Waves. They may clearly descry the Littleness of others; but it is only for such Minds as my Marian's to draw Instruction from the Vicissitudes of Life, and to under rate the Excellency of her own Character even in Occasions which manifest and call forth its great and intrinsic Worth.

I am almost tempted to cry out, "write no more, since I am the Sufferer by it in its Effects on your Health."—But how grateful ought I to be that you have made such Sacrifices to your Desire of conversing with your forlorn Husband, and apprizing him of all that relates to the dearest Interest of his Life! I have not over looked your bolstering yourself in your Bed to write to me in the Midst of the Storm, but felt an Obligation in every wry Letter that is occasioned.

A third Gale! Indeed your Trials have been very severe: But you have stood them, and I am not sorry that you have undergone them, since the Event has proved so fortunate. But the Composure with which you describe their present Effects is a Contradiction of the Reproaches which you cast on your Want of

Courage. Few Men, confined to their Cabins under such Circumstances, would have maintained so equal a Mind, or thought with Fondness on their absent Wives or Mistresses with all the Elements threatening them with instant Dissolution. You may say what you please of yourself. I affirm that you have a truer Principle of Courage than any Woman that I know, a Strong Sense of Danger, with a Spirit collected, and conscious of its Obligations:—And (as Francis [1] says) I will bring Witnesses to prove it.

"You conjure me not to set my heart on it"? Indeed, but I do, and so peremptorily that it will be almost broken if I am disappointed. But I ought not to say so, considering what may have happened when you are reading this.

I pass over your most dreadful Trial. It alarms me for what may yet have happened, when I see that no Amendment secures you from new Attacks. I am beyond Measure glad that you have found such a Resource in Opium. I should have prescribed it.

I stop at your 21st Sheet with a Pleasure which the first Perusal of it failed to afford me. You write: "I hope no Consideration on Earth will make you break the *solemn Promise* which you *made* your *Marian* to return to Europe this Year, or the Beginning of the next." Indeed I want no Spur to remind me of it. Yet there was an Exception expressed with it; and this earnest Injunction is an Assurance that you, my Marian, will have prevented its Operation.—No Steps had been taken on the 15th of June to detain me. You will have arrived about the 15th of July. It was

[1] Philip Francis.

known in England on the 19th of June that you were at St Helena. Nothing finally decisive can have happened in the Interval of one Month, and you will have arrived most seasonably to prevent any Measures from passing which may obstruct my Departure. Your Injunctions to Major Scott, the Knowledge which they must have possessed from Sir Elijah and Dr Campbell, and the great Chance of my having left India before their Orders could arrive to suspend it, will surely have impelled them to provide against it, and even to allow my Release. I have only feared the Greatness of your Mind, and your Solicitude for my Reputation, allowing you to be deceived by Representations of the absolute Necessity of my Stay; and that in this Conviction you may have consented to it. If you have opposed it with the Vehemence of your Private Wishes, they cannot have written to require my Stay. If they have, and have induced you to be a Party to it, they have deceived you: For I can stay for no Purpose of public Utility: I may lose the Credit which I have acquired and my Life with it: I may be of Service at home: Here I can do none: Nor can they wish my Continuance but to make me the unworthy Instrument of their own political Jobbs, to fill the Gap till they can make their Terms with my Successor. This I will not suffer. My Letter to the Court of Directors will tell you the rest. I wait now with better Hopes that you, my guardian Angel, will have turned the Scale in my Favor, and preserved me from the Mischeif and Indignity which may have been intended for me. Perhaps in the mysterious Dispensations of the great Influence which rules the World you were separated

from me for the Purposes both of effecting my Deliverance, and of deciding my own Resolution, which required a strong Attraction to overcome that which I did feel to my present Station, but ceased to feel it when your State of Health required you to leave a Climate so unfavourable to it.

O my Marian, what a Surprise of Pleasure is it to me to read my own Maxim in the following Quotation of one of yours!

"Besides" (I must quote the whole, because I am proud of it)—"Besides, you have that Self Satisfaction, and it has always been your Characteristic, that you on all Occasions have acted as a Man of Virtue and Honor ought to do, whatever Consequences may ensue.—Surely that is *a Bliss*," &c. . . . If I add the Context, my Eyes will overflow,—they do almost—and I shall not see to write it correctly.—Now read the Gheeta:

"*Let the Motive be in the Deed, and not in the Event.* Be not one whose Motive for Action is the Hope of Reward.—*Perform thy Duty; abandon all Thought of the Consequence, and make the Event equal, whether it terminate in Good or Evil.*" . . . "Wise Men, who have abandoned all Thought of the Fruit which is produced from their Actions, are freed from the Chains of Birth, and *go to the Regions of eternal Happiness.*" What a "Bliss" to receive Praise in such a Shape from the Hand (and O that I could receive them from her Lips, and thank them with my own) of her whose Applause would outweigh the Execrations of all Mankind;[1] to receive such a Sanction to my own Principles, and such a Testi-

[1] Compare Fanny Burney's testimony, quoted *supra*, p. 32.

mony that I have endeavoured to act according to them! But what Right have you to detach the hidden Wisdom of Sages who have written for the Instruction of remote Ages, and to express it in better Language than they have done? But are you not again — pleased with this Instance of the Sympathy that brings our mutual Thoughts in Contact with each other?

Your Wishes, your spiteful Wishes, as you call them, against "all the Ships that have not the Charge of Letters from me," will hurt none; for I have not suffered One to go without that Charge. I wish that my first were written in better Humor, for you will find some of them in England before you, possibly.

I thank God, I have brought you safely to St Helena, where I must leave you a Moment to tell you that I have this Morning (the 8th), received a Letter from the Prince addressed to you, with a Present of a Rezy and a Shawl Handkerchief. These I will send you by the Surprize. They are according to the Etiquette: so accept them as they are intended, and don't examine them by their Qualities; for they are of ordinary Fineness. I am pleased with this Mark of his Delicacy and Attention; for I am sure it proceeded from himself. I am not a little pleased that you should receive this Evidence of the Notoriety of the Governor General's Affection for his Marian. — Had You been merely his Wife, the Prince would no more have thought of paying this Compliment to you than of writing to the Queen of Sheba. And the Letter will please you. Scott is translating it, and I will enclose the Translation with it in this Letter. If I had not an Affection for him,

this would have won it from me.—He too has an amiable Wife, and of a noble and virtuous Spirit. But I am sorry to say, though he speaks of her with Gratitude and Applause, he has attached himself to an ugly, old Cat of a Woman, that is a Disgrace to him. He had the Folly to let me see her, and in Gratitude I advised him to shew her to no one else (not for her Ugliness but Decorum), or to let it be known that he had such a secret *Treasure*, and sung the Praises of his Begum to make him ashamed of the Contrast.—But I must return to St Helena.

I am glad that you missed the Two Ships that crossed your Passage; I am glad that you missed the Cape.—You would have sent Phipps back to me with imperfect News, a bad Account of your Health, and distracted me with the Uncertainty of your Condition.—The people of the Cape would have been polite to you; for they were so without knowing you, having prepared for your Reception handsomely; but the Grapes which you longed so much for would have hurt you, and you would not have been so easy, or so well accommodated, as at St Helena.—I eat a great Quantity of Grapes at Lucnow, and they always affected me as if I had drunk their Juices fermented to Wine.—Your writing first from St Helena, your late Arrival there; even the Distresses of your Voyage by shewing what you could bear; are now Causes of rejoicing. How lucky too, almost to a Miracle, it was that the two Storeships were ordered to go one to Madrass, and the other to Bombay! I never knew an Instance of the former.

I must pass over the Remainder of your Letter with fewer Remarks upon it than I had promised myself, or

than it merits; for the Subject of it is of such Importance, that I almost regret the Levities which have filled so many Sheets of this Letter, and left so little on all that ought to engage my Hopes, Wishes and Fears in this Life. But I have exceeded my Time. The Packet will be closed to morrow Evening, and I have but One Day left for all my other Letters. It is now Sunsett, and the Remains of this Evening I will dedicate to you, and to a little Headache, which I must not make a great One.

I have read with a particular Attention, Interest and Conviction the Report of your Condition at St Helena. —I am satisfied that you were what I wish you to have been; and strongly hope (but cannot suppress all my Fears) that I am, could I but know it, happy in a Pledge of my Marian's dear Love. I may yet know it before the proper Time of my Departure, as the Event cannot have much exceeded the End of August. To reason upon Probabilities on such a Subject may be useful to myself, but must be totally uninteresting to you, who know what has passed, and may in one Event (which God forbid, for yet something is left even in the happiest State for a Reverse) renew your Afflictions.

I am not happy, my Marian, while my Heart swells with the Hope of supreme Happiness. I hope too much to be easy.

If I stop at St Helena, I will be Mrs Greentree's Guest, and sleep in the Bed which my dearest Wife once pressed, though it should be spread on Boards as loose and rattling as those which I lay in many Years

ago in the same Valley, and which kept me waking a whole Fortnight. But my present Intention is to touch no where, and such, I understand, is the Wish of Captain Johnson; but make the Voyage outright. I have every Reason to expect that it will not exceed 4 Months. —But what, if after all I should not be able to go? You will know it of Certainty by your Knowledge of what has passed in England to allow or prevent my going, and I will say no more upon it.

I have sent a curious Production of Wilkins's to Mr Nathaniel Smith, with a Request that he will present it to the Court of Directors, and that they will cause it to be printed. My Letter to him, which was begun with scarce any other Intention than to recommend the Work, and to obviate some sensible Doubts suggested in Conversation by David Anderson, grew into Length as I wrote the first Draft of it, and I have since added much to it in the Revisal; So that what was begun in Play, for no more was originally meant, is now become a serious Affair, and if it is published may draw upon me the Imputation of misemploying my Time by some, of Presumption by others, and by the Majority of writing Absurdities. Nevertheless, I recommend the Work itself to your Perusal, whether it is published or not. Scott will get it for you.—I have yet an Hour's Work to put all that I have written to you in 3 long Letters into their proper Packages, with their Enclosures, which are many. This will only enclose the two Letters from the Prince and Munny Begum, with a little One from Captain Scott accompanying them. I could not refuse him, and what he writes is, I am sure, the Tribute of

a good Heart.—The Prince's Letter pleases me much. —Adieu, my Heart's Beloved. May God bless you, and give us both all we wish! Amen.

WARREN HASTINGS.

P.S. . I have only a Line left to write that I have been laboring incessantly for the last Ten Days for the Packet, and am yet *well.*

CHAPTER V.

December, 1784, and January, 1785.

Mrs Hastings in England.

In view of his wife's arrival in England, Hastings had sent the most precise directions to Mr Woodman and to Scott as to the preparations to be made for her. Mr Woodman was "to engage a good and furnished house for her reception in the most healthy part of the town. She prefers Portman Square," and he tells Hastings that. "You may, my dear Brother, assure yourself that a House, Coach, Servants and everything shall be ready for her reception, in a proper Stile against her arrival." Scott writes on June 21st that he has heard from Mrs Hastings from St Helena, and learns that she is expected in a week at furthest at Portsmouth, whither he will set off to meet her. Woodman has "taken a delightful house for her in one of the most airy and healthy situations in London," and everything is ready. The house is in South Street, close to Hyde Park, "with a fine view of the Park and the Surry Hills." The anxious Woodman writes that it is scarcely to be equalled for situation, as well as warm and convenient; it is airy, with an uninterrupted view to Banstead Downs, and is "the second house from Park Lane next Hyde Park wall." He has procured "a new Coach, with your Crest and Cypher upon it. . . . Servants we have also prepared, who are alredy in the

House, with every other necessary." On August 2nd Markham writes that Mrs Hastings had arrived safely, and that her looks, health and spirits improved every day on the voyage. Pott — apparently the fashionable physician of the day — laughs at her complaints, and promises she shall be in perfect strength before the winter. This promise of approaching recovery is corroborated in a letter from Mr Percival Pott himself. Woodman gives a detailed account of her landing on July 27th. He and his wife were waiting to welcome her at Portsmouth, where she was received with great honour, the Commissioner of the Dockyard having ordered the King's yacht to fetch her from the *Atlas*. Unfortunately, she and Mrs Motte, escorted by Markham, had left the ship off Dunnose Point, so that they missed the yacht, "but the Civility was the same." "The Bells at the Church were rang on the occasion, and the Commissioner's lady came in the evening to the inn to pay her compliments, and insisted on lending Mrs Hastings her coach all the way to London." This lady, Mrs Martin, was sister to a General Parker who had served in India, so that she knew what was due to the Governor-General's wife. The *Atlas* did not arrive at her moorings at Blackwall until August 5th,[1] when Mrs Hastings' troubles with the Custom-house began. Scott had written earlier that he hoped he had arranged for her baggage to pass without being rifled, "but there are not such a Sett of Vermin in England as our Custom House Officers." Among Hastings' miscellaneous papers in the British Museum is a list of goods belonging to her which were either prohibited or detained on arrival. Her muslin gowns were merely detained, but everything made of silk was prohibited, as well as a velvet riding-habit worked with pearls, and various dresses, curtains and stuffs containing gold or silver thread. She seems, in fact, to have been threat-

[1] 'Lady's Magazine.'

ened with the loss of all her own clothes—save those she had taken on shore with her at Portsmouth—and all the articles she had brought for presents. Not until the beginning of the next year is Scott able to announce that the Directors "have remitted the Company's duties, £250, on Mrs Hastings' things, and paid the King's duties, amounting to £875, for her.

Very soon after landing, Mrs Hastings paid a visit to her husband's old friends, General and Mrs Caillaud, at Aston.[1] Returning to London, she was presented at Court by Lady Weymouth on August 19th, and, in accordance with the curious etiquette of the day, attended a second Drawing-room on September 2nd.[2] Scott, who escorted her punctiliously, writes joyfully of the extreme kindness and attention shown her by the Queen, which he accepts as a pleasing augury for the future. The gracious acceptance accorded to the gifts she brought for the King and Queen also attracted much notice. On September 22nd, says the 'Lady's Magazine,' "A state bed of rich and very curious workmanship was carried to the queen's palace, as a present from lady Hastings, brought from India, which far exceeds any thing of the kind for grandeur, ever seen in this kingdom." On October 8th we read, "A few days ago two very fine young Arabs, a horse and a mare, were presented to his majesty from Mr Hastings. They were brought from Bengal in the Atlas and Besborough East-Indiamen." "The King," writes Scott, "is delighted with the Arabs which were presented to him in your Name, and asks every Body if they have seen the beautiful Horse and Mare Mr Hastings sent to him. Her Majesty is equally pleased with the Ivory Bed and Chairs given to her by Mrs Hastings, and which the Foxites have declared to be ornamented with Pearls and wor[th] £50,000, but we are too high now in the Public Opinion to be hurt by such execrable Nonsense."

[1] See *infra*, p. 405. [2] Gleig, III. 173.

This was no doubt the "Ivory bedstead," which was among the things detained in the Customs. The *Rolliad* declared unkindly that it was ornamented with representations of Hastings' Indian exploits by the hand of Baron Imhoff, "the German husband of your Warren's wife." The Arab sent for the King is that mentioned in Letter XXVIII. Woodman writes in August that both horses are well, and that he has sent the grey which arrived by the *Atlas* to his fields at Ewell, that he may recover the use of his limbs. The little mare has been landed from the *Busbridge* at Plymouth, and is on her way to town by short journeys.

Mrs Hastings' dress and jewels proved almost as stimulating a theme as her presents to royalty for the eloquence of her husband's enemies, though her friends considered them as merely suitable. "Her dress at Court was extremely elegant," writes Mrs Motte, "and I never saw her in one which became her better: and yet Mr Burke himself could have said nothing upon it." In January, 1785, Scott writes, "Mrs Hastings is well, perfectly so, and as happy as she can be in your absence. She was at Court on the (Queen's) Birthday, and attracted universal admiration, and of course some Envy. The Chancellor told me, she was dressed as Mrs Hastings ought to be, and her Majesty paid her a very handsome and just compliment on her appearance. I was standing next, when the Queen spoke to her, which she did in a most gracious Manner, and said she was happy to find she had benefited so much by her Trip to Bath." Hastings' own view of his wife's appearance on state occasions is shown by an "epigram borrowed from the French" which is given by Sir C. Lawson. It should apparently form part of Letter XXIX., but Gleig does not append it.

"Flowers, Ribbands, Lappets, Feathers shaking,
And Cap that cost three weeks in making,
Pearls all in rows, and Pearls in drops
And brilliant Pins set thick as hops,

Gay gown and Stomacher so fine,
And Petticoat of clouds divine,
With other silken things, and lac'd things!
Combin'd ye flutter forth, to shew
Your gaudy charms to public view:
Admiring swains with rapture eye
The Pageant, as it moves, and die:
And people call you Mrs Hastings."

But this is the light in which "the Pageant" appeared to the authors of the *Rolliad* (Major Scott is supposed to be addressing the King):—

"Monarch of mighty Albion, check thy talk!
Behold the *Squad*[1] approach, led on by Palk!
Smith, Barwell, Call, Vansittart, form the band—
Lord of Britannia!—let them kiss thy hand!—
For *sniff!*—rich odours scent the sphere!—
'Tis Mrs Hastings' self brings up the rear!
Gods! how her diamonds flock
On each unpowder'd lock!
On every membrane see a topaz clings!
Behold, her joints are fewer than her rings!
Illustrious dame! on either ear,
The *Munny Begums'*[2] spoils appear!
Oh! Pitt, with awe behold that precious throat,
Whose necklace teems with many a future vote!
Pregnant with *Burgage* gems each hand she rears;
And lo! depending *questions* gleam upon her ears!
Take her, great George, and shake her by the hand;
'Twill loose her jewels, and enrich thy land.
But oh! reserve one ring for an old stager;
The *ring* of future marriage for her *Major*."

The absurd suggestion contained in the last line is paralleled by the apprehensions expressed by some of Hastings' friends with regard to Lord Thurlow. He was introduced to Mrs Hastings by Sir Elijah Impey, who writes to her husband:—"I desired him to visit Mrs Hastings, and he afterwards dined with her at my House; I am happy to give you the best account of her; her re-

[1] The "Bengal Squad," or Anglo-Indian party.

[2] It is to be noticed that in his virtuous indignation, the poet confuses Munny Begum with the Begums of Oudh.

ception at Court, and the manner she is caressed by the first people in the Nation is such as your most sanguine wishes for an object so dear to you, could not exceed. You say you have resources in business, but she has none; she is in perfect health, and I never saw her in such high spirits; is it no resource to be received and respected as she is, and to have the consciousness that in it, through her, you are receiving the Homage due to your character and public services? can a heart like hers possess a more grateful resource of satisfaction?" Mrs Hastings' high spirits are also remarked by General Caillaud:—"Her charming spirits are yet certainly beyond her strength, and these Mrs Caillaud in the most tyrannical manner, has set about to subdue." Either Mrs Caillaud was unsuccessful, or the pleasure of finding herself courted by the tremendous Chancellor was particularly gratifying to Mrs Hastings, for Mrs Motte thinks it necessary to reassure the absent husband. "Her health is better than when I had the pleasure of addressing you last month," she writes in September; "and it is not unlucky perhaps that her Spirits, moderate to what they were when she was with you in India, will not endanger it by exertions they might lead her into were they better. . . . I must tell you however that when she is most inclined to be livelier than usual it is when she is in Company with the Chancellor, and indeed some of your Friends appear a little alarmed or Jealous for you upon that Subject;—for my own part not being afraid of you, I confess I am never better pleased or think she appears to greater advantage than on such occasions." The impression produced by Thurlow on his contemporaries was extraordinary, and even his enemy confessed that no one could ever be as wise as Lord Thurlow looked. Baber calls him "our Ghooroo," and Thompson says that his countenance had the expression of the lion and eagle, and his smile recalled Virgil's description of Jove. His portrait, by Reynolds, affixed to Hastings'

collection of the Debates of the House of Lords on the Trial, shows to advantage the enormous black eyebrows which gave so marked a character to the face. Creevey, who met him in extreme old age, says, "The black eyebrows exceeded in size any I have ever seen, and his voice, tho' by no means devoid of melody, was a kind of rolling, murmuring thunder." He adds that "however rough Thurlow might be with men, he was the politest man in the world with ladies." Happily for Hastings, Scott is able to assure him, "Though so universally beloved and respected (Mrs Hastings), counts even the Moments of her Separation from you, and the Tear starts in her Eye when she drinks your Health, and couples it with a fervent Prayer for your speedy Arrival in England."

The faithful Scott has, indeed, nothing but what is good to write. "I trust in God . . . that when you do return you may find Mrs Hastings better in Health than you could have hoped," he says; "for I assure you I never saw such an Alteration as a Month has made in her, and when she rides every fine Day and enjoys more of the Country Air, I am sure she will grow quite stout for her Constitution is an exceeding good one. The Respect and attention with which Mrs Hastings is received universally cannot be described in the short Compass of an Over Land Letter, and it is not confined to any Rank in Life, but from the Queen, to the humblest of her Indian Acquaintance, nor can Malice itself find anything to censure in her." In October he relates that she had stayed with him and his wife at Tunbridge, where another legal friend of Hastings', the venerable Lord Mansfield, happened to be sojourning. Lord Mansfield dined with the Scotts and their guest, and they with him, and not only did he take Mrs Hastings on an excursion to Penshurst, but he escorted her every day to the Rooms. The "amiableness of her manners" is particularly admired, and Lady Bathurst, who has

been her constant companion at Bath, writes to General Caillaud that she is highly delighted with her ease and elegance. Another old friend whom she visited was George Vansittart, who had settled with his family at Bisham Abbey. "She hardly staid long enough I am afraid to reconcile herself to our old mansion," he writes. "I said at first I would not live in it if it was given me, and now I find it as comfortable a habitation as any in the kingdom. Mrs Hastings was in pretty good health during her stay with us. I believe she is improved in Chess, for I found her rather above my Match, and in Bengal I used to beat her."

In December Mrs Hastings removed from South Street to "Lord Vere's house in St James's Place, adjoining to the Green Park," where, says Sir Francis Sykes, "she lives well, and with great Propriety." With her usual strength of mind, she had no intention of secluding herself until her husband should arrive. Sykes is preparing to wait upon her to a little dance she is giving to many of Hastings' friends, Scott escorts her to see Mrs Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and there is a comical letter from Caillaud, mentioning that as Mrs Hastings' butler is taken ill just before a large party, she has borrowed his, who is fat and puffy, and already half-blown before starting, in the hurry of powdering and dressing for the occasion. For this one winter, at any rate, she must have realised her ambition, caressed by royalty, flattered by politicians, courted by all who had their eyes on Indian patronage—not much less of a queen in London than she had been at Calcutta.

LETTER XXIX.

The disappointment of his cherished hope, of which Hastings learned in his wife's letter of August 3rd, was the more bitter that the hope itself was so recent and

previously so little looked for. The two children of his first marriage had both died young. The boy, George, was sent home in 1761 under the care of Sir Francis (then Mr) Sykes, and committed to the charge of the Rev. George and Mrs Austen, the parents of Jane Austen. He died of putrid sore throat in 1764, and Mrs Austen is said (in Mr Austen-Leigh's life of Jane Austen) to have felt his death as if he had been a child of her own. The news was the first thing Hastings heard on landing in England in 1765, and it left a shadow on his face for years. His little daughter had died when less than a month old, in 1758, and his wife the following year. His love for children is prominent throughout his Correspondence. The children of his friends were always welcome guests at Daylesford. "Mrs Hastings desires me to add, that we shall be happy to receive your little nursery. Indeed we should be sorry to see you without it," he writes to Sir John D'Oyly. Nor was it only as occasional visitors that they came, for the childless man was a father to many. One of his best beloved *protégées* was Marian Brisco, of whom Mrs Hastings and he took entire charge when she was sent home from India. "You are no Stranger," he writes in 1792 to Colonel Brisco, when she was returning to Bengal, "to the more than common affection which both Mrs Hastings and myself have ever felt for our dear Marian, who was born under our roof; connected with us by the only ties which could give her an affinity to us, her name, and the pledge given by us both at her baptism; and who has passed so much of her life with us as to have bred in her mind Sentiments of respect, only second to those which she bears for her natural parents." Poor Marian would probably have placed her adopted parents first, to judge from the heart-broken letter she sends from Portsmouth to her "dear, dear Papa," her "best beloved Papa," on her way out. She is under the care of Lady Shore, but staunchly refuses to take her as a model, since she is

resolved always to form herself upon "my angel Mama." When she writes to congratulate them upon Charles Imhoff's marriage, she says, "Of the charming Mrs Imhoff's welfare I can have no doubt, can she be otherwise than happy seated (as I was wont to be in the brightest days of my life), betwixt my *beloved Parents*, sharing their dear Smiles?" There was at one time a chance that she might become their daughter in reality, for on her arrival in 1795 Turner mentions that Julius Imhoff, then "a very prudent, good-tempered Lad, beloved and esteemed by all who know him," is much attracted by her, but she married a civilian named Barton, "a young Man I have every reason to hope will make me happy," she says. Julius writes:— "Marian you will have heard e'er this reaches you is married to a Mr Barton; I fear she will repent of her Choice, he has not only a bad Temper but is very inferior to her in understanding and much involved. I hope in God I may be wrong in my Conjecture, for she was ever a great favourite of mine." Whatever may have been the cause of their separation, Julius retained his kindly feeling towards her. In his will he says:— "I do bequeath to Mrs Marian Barton, formerly Miss Marian Briscoe, my Diamond Breast Pin, as I know she will value it, her Friend Mrs Hastings having given it to me. I do also bequeath to her Mrs Hastings Picture[1] also my Brother's and a Diamond Ring containing my much valued Mother's Hair, the centre Diamond is lost and the Ring is only valuable because it contains hair once growing on my dearest Mother's head. God shower down his blessings on her." Barton proved wholly unworthy of his wife, and in 1803 she came back to her early home. "I returned the day before yester-

[1] This was no doubt the "charming picture" of Mrs Hastings which Chapman mentions had been sent out to Julius in 1793. It would be a matter of much interest if its present whereabouts could be traced. Doubtless Marian Barton the younger carried it into another family on her marriage.

day," says Hastings, "bringing with me our two Marians, Mrs Barton and her daughter, a most interesting child of 4 years old, and almost as pretty as her mother was at the same age."[1] This younger Marian, who is mentioned later as "a lovely girl," became almost as dear to Mr and Mrs Hastings as her mother.[2] Another adopted child was John D'Oyly, "your delightful Johnny," as Hastings calls him in writing to Sir John. The responsibility for him was shared by Mr and Mrs Henry Grant, but they recognise Hastings' interest as paramount. He goes to see him at school, finds him unhappy and badly taught, and promptly removes him to another school. Johnny comes to Daylesford in his holidays, and is examined as to his progress and helped with his holiday task, while a full report of his proceedings goes out to his anxious father. When he proceeds to Haileybury to prepare for going to India, he gets into dire trouble for refusing to give information against the students concerned in some disturbances which had occurred, and is actually expelled. Hastings is his friend and counsellor throughout, applauding his determination not to betray his comrades, but advising him to lay his case before the Directors in a respectful letter, which he dictates. Through Toone's good offices, the boy was readmitted to the College, and joined his father and elder brother in Bengal. "John is grown up into a very fine young Man," writes Charles, about 1817, "handsome enough for any of our Sex, with manners peculiarly distinguished for elegance and manliness at the same time. His reserve except among his family and intimates is not worn away, but he manages to be a great favourite with all who know him. He is prudent

[1] Mrs Brisco writes from Daranagur, near Hardwar, in 1781, that "your god-daughter Marian" is "full of Life and Vivacity, her animated Beauty sparkles in her intelligent Features; nor is there room to doubt she possesses strong natural sense and keeness of comprehension."

[2] It was for Mrs Barton (whom Sir C. Lawson supposes to have been the wife of an aide-de-camp), that Hastings' portrait by Lawrence was painted.

without being parsimonious, and to wind up all is religious and innocent. Such is the maturity of the Boy who owns such obligations to you, and his affectionate heart is as ready as mine to express his love and gratitude to you for your care."[1]

Hastings' only SISTER was Ann, who was about a year older than himself. She married John Woodman, who had been steward to the Duke of Bridgewater, and who, though, as he says, he did not "pretend to any knowlidge in India Politicks," managed Hastings' money matters for him in England with great care and attention. The Woodmans lived in Cleveland Row, St James's, and had a country farm at Ewell. Their children were Thomas,[2] and Elizabeth, who married the Rev. —— Myers. They seem to have regarded their son as his uncle's heir, but received the news of Hastings' second marriage with a very good grace. A rather breathless letter from Mr Woodman, written in May, 1778, acknowledges the receipt of "a letter to us of the 23rd November on your own health and welfare and change of condition to which your sister and myself wish you both all the happiness this world can afford, if there is a certain degree of allotment of it for any man you have many years to live to receive your share as your life hitherto has been that of cares and anxietye. May the happy state into which you have entered help to relieve your mind. Mrs Woodman is much obliged to her sister for her kind letter, which she intends answering the first Opportunity." The two ladies corresponded very amicably while Mrs Hastings was in India, and when she returned, the Woodmans seem to have realised without bitterness that she moved in a different sphere from theirs. When Mrs Woodman has a severe illness, Mrs Hastings makes her a warm pelisse to wear during convalescence, and the Woodmans try to use Mrs Hastings' friends in high places to secure their son's advancement

[1] See *infra*, pp. 461, 462.

[2] See Appendix III.

in the Church. Mrs Woodman was dead by the year 1812, after which Mr Woodman is found living sometimes at Ewell with his daughter and sometimes at Brackley with his son. He was in pecuniary difficulties, but this appears to have been due rather to the decay of his faculties than to actual need of money. He died in 1816, at the age of ninety-two.

MRS CAILLAUD was the sister of Hastings' friend Pechell. Her husband[1] commanded the British troops in Bengal on Clive's departure from India in 1760, when the Shahzada (afterwards the Emperor Shah Alam), invaded Behar, and Mir Jafir called upon the English for help. He conducted the campaign with considerable success, though hampered at every turn by his native allies, but in 1761 was appointed Commander-in-Chief in South India, and made over the Bengal command to Carnac.[2] He refused the bribe offered by Kasim Ali Khan to the Calcutta Council, of which he was a member, to induce them to raise him to the *masnad* in Mir Jafir's place, but he did not decline to make use of the money when it was paid to his agents at home. Fanny Burney mentions him in her account of Hastings' Trial[3] as the hero of one of Burke's stories of alleged cruelty. Windham told her that she would be tempted to like him, in spite of the account she had heard of him, for he was as mild, as meek, as gentle in his manners, as Mr Hastings. In India, Hastings and he had differed on public matters, but their letters are frequent and friendly. General Caillaud writes to promise Mrs Hastings ease, quiet, comfort and brown bread, at his house at Aston, and says that Mrs Caillaud will be ready and happy to assist her when her representation (presentation at Court), is over. When she comes to stay with them, he sends an enthusiastic letter. "Mrs Hastings is under our roof, and at this moment writing to you," he says. "As the

[1] Malleson persistently spells his name Calliaud.

[2] See *supra*, p. 345.

[3] She spells his name Caillot.

well deserving object of your tenderest affections you could not doubt how much our hearts were disposed towards her. That alone was sufficient to entitle her to all our attentions and to insure her a large share in our regard and friendship. But all this, and much more than I can express, she commands from us, on her own account. Nature never more sweetly united in one person all the aimiable and engaging qualities of the heart, with the essential ones of the head, than in the composition of that excellent woman. But the more we are charmed and delighted with her society, the more we feel for what you have lost." The struggle to subdue Mrs Hastings' immoderate spirits, on which, as already mentioned, Mrs Caillaud had entered, was, says the General, "a perfect comedy, and ends as you may imagine by their being better friends than before. Be assured, however, the confidence and powers with which you have invested my good woman in a manner so flattering to her merits will not be abused, and I own the distinction speaks to my heart, and flatters my pride." The friendship thus begun continued until 1808, when Mrs Caillaud died, leaving her aged husband desolate. He died in 1810.

MR PITT'S INDIA BILL received the royal assent on August 13th, 1784. Its effect was to take away from the Company all right of action in regard to civil, military, and financial affairs, transferring it to a board of six members, nominated by the Crown, and known thereafter as the Board of Control. The commercial interests alone of the Company were left in its own power. The Court of Proprietors was restrained from altering any order of the Board, and even the Directors were relegated to a position of helpless ignorance when political matters were in question, being allowed merely to nominate a secret committee of three, which was to serve as the mouthpiece of the Board. The Directors were permitted to choose their own servants, civil and

military, but either the Crown or the Board might remove or recall any of them at pleasure. The Governor-General was still allowed his casting vote in Council, and his authority over the other Presidencies was affirmed, but he and his Council were definitely and severely restricted from making war, entering into treaties, or giving guarantees to native princes, unless hostilities had actually broken out, or were on the verge of doing so. The foregoing provisions appeared sufficiently objectionable to Hastings and the other old servants of the Company, but even worse were the clauses dearest to the authors of the Bill, which provided a new Court for the trial in England of offences committed in India, and obliged returning Anglo-Indians to declare on oath the amount of their fortunes. The Court was never brought into use, and the inquisitorial regulations intended to prevent corruption were formally repealed in less than two years,[1] but they were a sufficient indication of the spirit in which Parliament regarded the Company and its servants.

(Gleig, III. pp. 215-217.)

CALCUTTA, *26th December*, 1784.

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I have received your letter of the 3rd of August, informing me of your safe arrival in England. I received it on my return from the play. I could not go to bed, but sat reading it till past two, and afterwards lay long after counting three without being able to close my eyes. Whether I was happy, or unhappy in reading it, I cannot tell you. I fear, my disappointment on the one subject equalled my joy for your safety, the close of your perils, and the promise that you would soon be as well as you ever

[1] Beveridge, 'Comprehensive History.'

had been at any period of your life. I have since thought only on the good; and I thank God for it. The attentions shown to you on your arrival, though what I expected, make no small part of my rejoicing. Something might at the first have been yielded to you on my account; more, surely, to your character which had preceded you, and your character is marked with virtues, all original, and such as would naturally excite curiosity and respect; but I am certain that they who were your first visitors would have wished to repeat their visits early and stimulate others with the same desire to see you.

I read much in your letter to admire, to be delighted with; but nothing that I can reply to. I am pleased that my sister received you at Portsmouth, and that you like her. I am pleased, too, that you are pleased with Mrs Caillaud.

You say, "you fear they will keep me another year from you." No, my Marian; they shall not; nor do I apprehend it to be the wish of those who have it in their power to detain me. Upon this subject I have written fully to Scott, who will show you what I have written. The sum of it is, that as I have received the most incontestable proofs of the minister's indisposition to me, if I receive no other advices, or no letter from England by the 31st of January, I will wait no longer, but instantly embark. Still one chance may detain me, which will be the refusal of my present colleagues to give me the assurance, which I promised the Nabob Vizier that I would demand, of their punctual adherence to my engagements with him. I have no doubt that they will promise it in the manner that I shall

prescribe; and it will not be safe for them to break it. As to the Fox, I do not expect to see her here, though I should wait for her till the end of February.

I have written so much by the Surprise, that I have nothing left but repetition. She sailed from Culpee the 14th, and carried four letters from me. One, No. 26, a duplicate; the original gone to Bussora. No. 27, contained a copy of my letter to the Court of Directors, dated 22nd of November; a translation of your firmaun, and a list of shawls given in charge to Captain Price. No. 28 contained a letter from Munny Begum, a letter written to you by the Prince, and translations of both. Both letters, indeed all three, are intolerably long. The captain had also charge of two shawls in one package, and your firmaun. The first was a present from the Prince; but of no other value.

I shall enclose in this nothing but a correct copy of the Prince's narrative. If it is good for nothing else, it is at least a beautiful specimen of good penmanship.

But what have I to do with letters or enclosures? If I am in luck, I shall be with you as soon as this; for since I wrote the preceding, I have received and studied Mr Pitt's bill, and receive it as so unequivocal a demonstration that my resignation of the service is expected and desired, that I shall lose no time in preparing for the voyage. It is now determined, not absolutely, because I must first exact from Mr Macpherson his engagement to abide by my settlement with the Nabob Vizier, and I have no doubt of his acquiescence. This point settled, it is determined absolutely, absolutely. I will wait for no advices.

They have given me my freedom, and opened the road to my happiness. Yet, my Marian, forgive me. I do not feel the joy which I ought. I am too much attached to my public character and its relations, and dread the ruin which I see impending over them. But I have acquitted myself of all my obligations, and am not accountable for the crimes or errors of others. I have given Sands and Francis their charge for preparing everything for the embarkation, and am going as soon as this is closed to whisper Mr Barton[1] to hasten the lading of the Barrington. May Heaven prosper my design, bless my Marian, and speedily reunite us with every necessary means of happiness in our possession! If I have enough for a decent subsistence, I want no pensions, and despise titles. At this instant I have but one wish, and a *little one* annexed to it; and, O God grant them! Amen.

LETTER XXX.

Hastings' silence to SCOTT on the subject of Pitt's India Bill did not arise from his having nothing to say. There is among his Correspondence the draft of a letter written on December 27th, with an endorsement to the effect that he has withheld it because it is too unreserved:—

"MY DEAR SCOTT, . . . I have seen Mr Pitt's Bill . . . Its Substance is Mortality, nor can any Amendment extract the Poison which pervades all its Parts, and constitutes its essence.—How could you, my Friend, give your support to it? But I will not find fault with you; I ought not. I would give a Sum of Money to

[1] The supercargo.

recall my Letter to Mr Pitt.[1] My Conscience reproaches me with it as a Tribute of Adulation, and yet God is my Judge that I wrote it under an impression equal to the Faith of Religion, that I was writing to a man of strict Honor and Virtue. I now believe him to be wanting in both. But how you have been deceived by him! Had I, Scott, no other Cause to go, I would not for any Honors that the King could bestow stay to be the Instrument of the Vengeance which hangs over the service here, and has annihilated my constituents. The Company, I mean, the Body of the Proprietors, are my Patrons, my Defenders, and to them my Services have been devoted. With their Interests I have joined the national Honor in the Motives which swayed my Conduct. I can no longer serve the former, for they can no longer receive my Services. Their Existence is past; And I can no longer act without Injury to the latter. Neither could I remain without a sacrifice of every Rupee that I am worth; for I could not take the Oath required of me without Perjury, and I would not take a false Oath to save myself from a Jail. But enough of this, I shall write no more. Yours affectionately."

He seems to have realised, when he had written this, that Scott would fail to understand the indignation roused in him by the treatment meted out to the Proprietors, and in the letter actually sent he dwells only on the speech in which Pitt, in introducing his Bill, declared that it was intended to prevent the "continuation" of a state of things then existing, which was described in the very words of the attack made on Hastings by his enemies. "Why, Scott!" he cries;[2] "what devil has Mr Pitt dressed for his exemplar, and clothed with such damnable attributes of ambition, spirit of conquest,

[1] This was written in Hastings' first joy at finding, as he believed, that he was to be supported and appreciated at last by the new Minister. It has entirely disappeared. See Gleig, III. 222, 228.

[2] Gleig, III. 226.

thirst of blood, propensity to expense and troubles, extravagance and improvidence in creating overcharged establishments, disobedience of orders, rapacity, plunder, extortion!!!" Scott was not quite so much to blame as his patron thought, for he had received so many assurances of favour towards Hastings from Pitt and Thurlow, so many declarations that the offensive portions of the Bill did not relate to him, that he may be pardoned for regarding himself as a diplomatist whose arduous labours had been crowned with success. His letters give us a vivid picture of the man, darting about between Leadenhall Street and the House of Commons, buttonholing Directors, waylaying Members, calling upon peers, waiting upon Ministers, exchanging business compliments and repartees even at court. As Windham showed him to Fanny Burney at the Trial—"'There he is, in green; just now by the Speaker, now moved by the committee; in two minutes more he will be somewhere else, skipping backwards and forwards; what a grasshopper it is!'" so we see him, volatile, enthusiastic, over-zealous, totally devoid of the sense of humour. It suited him exactly to find himself a plenipotentiary, and he lived the strenuous life with great satisfaction to himself, and at vast expense to Hastings. His interminable letters are always sent in quadruplicate, generally in quintuplicate, once—if the term may be coined—in decuplicate, and he is eloquent on the difficulty of getting them copied. Clerks cannot be trusted with documents of so much political importance, and he is not satisfied until he has found a charity boy, who writes an excellent hand, but is too stupid to take any notice of what he is copying. In turning over the many pages of these letters, first in Scott's own villainous hand, then in the fine penmanship, bold or minute, of his various copyists, it is impossible not to imagine the relief with which Hastings must have thrown aside many a bulky packet as "only a quintuplicate of Scott's last!"

CALCUTTA. *29th December*, 1784.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—As I have made it a Rule to write to you by every Opportunity, from a Conviction of what you will feel from the Disappointment if I suffer a Packet to go without a Letter for you, I therefore write this to go by the Southampton, a slow Ship, and not likely to carry any but stale News; and all that I can say I have said already. I fondly hope that I shall myself be with you nearly as soon as this, having resolved to quicken the Dispatch of the Berrington, and if possible, to embark upon her by the End of next Month. Mr Pitt's Bill, and the injurious Reflexions which he has cast upon me, are the Grounds of this Resolution; not as they excite my Resentment, for I have not suffered a Thought of myself to influence me; but as they are certain Indications of his Acquiescence in my Return according to the Terms which I have constantly stated as those which should determine it. One Obstacle yet remains, and that I shall immediately put to the Trial. You know the Promise which I have made to the Nabob Vizier. That I must fulfill, and you will probably know the Result before you receive this.

I have said nothing to Scott about Mr Pitt's Bill, because I should hurt his Feelings, and I know that he was not aware of its Malignity. Yet I must say to you, but to you only, that his Support of it astonishes me, for an Act more injurious to his fellow Servants, to my Character and Authority, to the Company, to the Proprietors especially who alone have a Right to my Services on the Principle of Gratitude, and to the national Honor, could not have been devised, though Fifty Burkes, Foxes and Francises had clubbed to invent One.

I am well; but keep myself so by Attentions which would be Misery to another: But what care I for Society? My Days pass in incessant Writing, reading, hearing and talking, and ever close with Weariness and little Head Aches, which sometimes grow to great Ones. If I am doomed to remain another Year, and survive it, I must carry Witnesses of my Identity, or return like Ulysses an old Man and a Beggar to my Penelope, and with only One Scar, which cannot be seen, to convince you that I am your Husband. Don't practise Mrs Blair's Advice to Mrs Cooke upon me.

Adieu my most beloved. W. H.

LETTER XXXI.

This letter must have been sent by the *Fox* packet, which was despatched on January 10th, 1785. Hastings' reason for keeping the day sacred was its being the anniversary of that on which Mrs Hastings had sailed. His last two months in India were filled with business and social engagements. The King's Birthday was kept on December 7th, and the usual festivities took place then and at Christmas, while on New Year's Day the Governor-General appeared as host for the last time at the Old Court House, giving the regulation dinner to the gentlemen and ball to the ladies of the settlement. An important meeting of Council was held on January 4th, at which he laid before McPherson and Stables a minute recapitulating the arrangements he had made with the Nawab-Vizier, reminding them that the work was undertaken with their authority, and requesting in a "very earnest manner" that they would record their intention of abiding by them. They gave him the personal assurance to which he refers in this letter almost

immediately, and recorded their formal acquiescence in a minute handed in on January 13th.[1]

(Gleig, III. pp. 217, 218.)

CALCUTTA, *10th January*, 1785.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I believe I said in my last that I should sail early in this month. I did write so to Major Scott; but it was from a recent impression, which a slight consideration effaced, and left in its place the resolution which I had before formed of waiting till the 31st; and on the 31st I intend to take my leave, if no great event intervenes, and I can form no conjecture of any that can detain me longer. It is, indeed, very much my desire to be gone before any advices can arrive from England for a reason which I cannot trust to writing, but which you, my Marian, will applaud, and the public ought to applaud if they knew it.

I have declared my intention to Mr Macpherson and to Mr Stables. Both have assured me that they will not break my engagements with the Nabob of Oude; and Mr Macpherson has promised me in the most pointed manner that he will in everything make my example the rule of his conduct.

We shall touch no where in the voyage, and Captain Johnson hopes to complete it in four months. It is therefore probable that I shall be with you before you receive this letter. Why, therefore, should I lengthen it?

I have not been well since my return to Calcutta; but I do not charge my complaints entirely to my

[1] State Papers.

constitution, nor entirely to the climate, nor to both; for my mind has been kept in continual fatigue, and will have little repose till I am out of pilot's water.

May God preserve you in health, and promote and prosper our meeting!

Till then, adieu, my beloved! Look at the date of this. How different are my present prospects from those which I had at this time the last year.

This day I shall keep sacred. I shall give much of it to business, but no part of it to society. Remember me affectionately to Mrs Motte.

LETTER XXXII.

By this time the Europeans in Calcutta had awakened —rather late in the day, it would appear—to the realisation that their Governor-General was leaving them. A meeting at the Harmonic Tavern[1] is announced in the 'India Gazette' for January 31st, "to consider of an address of thanks." Old friends send him parting presents, *protégés* for whom he had been unable to provide write to him in terror. A Lieutenant Thomas, who has forwarded a letter from his aged parents to support his request for help, makes a last entreaty for his patronage, "for the relief of a distressed Father and Mother, bending under their Grey Locks, with a family of unprovided children." The subordinates he is leaving send him mournful farewells, containing dark forebodings as to the future.

One act of justice he was determined himself to per-

[1] The Harmonic Society was an association of gentlemen who engaged to give, each in turn, a concert, ball, and supper "to the ladies." As early as April, 1781, the 'Bengal Gazette' tells us that the Harmonic had become a *bore*, and select parties were taking its place. The Harmonic House was used for subscription assemblies the next winter, but was finally disposed of by lottery, and turned into a tavern.

form before he departed. Colonel Pearse had returned from the Carnatic with his way-worn and war-worn troops, the 5000 men who had left Midnapore at the end of 1780 reduced to less than 2000. His lengthy letters had kept Hastings acquainted with all his misfortunes in the interval, but he writes from Midnapore on January 1st with something like contentment: "My dearly beloved veterans have all their friends and connections here and hereabout, and needed a day or two to see them; and we of the other country too have our friends also, and the same Company met in the same place to end 1780 and 1784—which after such a time and such a scene as we have gone through was wonderful." Hastings reviewed the remnants of the force near Gheretty, where their sun-burnt faces and soiled uniforms impressed the beholders by their contrast with the spick-and-span appearance of the untravelled regiments in camp. Then came the distribution of rewards—standards of honour for the regiments, gold and silver medals for the native officers and non-commissioned officers respectively, badges for the privates, and additional pay for all ranks—no one was forgotten, and the lesson was further enforced by Hastings in his address. Many years afterwards, an old officer, writing in the 'East India United Service Magazine,' ascribes to the words and the scene the influence that has made him what he is.

(Gleig, III. pp. 218, 219.)

CALCUTTA, 31*st January*, 1785.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—To-morrow morning I take my leave of Calcutta. The captain is gone, and will be ready to weigh as soon as he sees my flag. The Hussar, a Danish ship, is also on the point of sailing, with Mr and Mrs Halhed[1] passengers. As she has the

[1] Halhed was returning to England to take up his work as the Nawab-Vizier's agent in London.

reputation of greater speed even than the Barrington, and Captain Johnstone himself (our captain) thinks that she may get home before us, I therefore write this in prevention of such an event, lest you should be alarmed by it, to inform you of the probability that it may happen, that I am on the way, and that I am well, in defiance of all my cares, anxieties, and troubles. More I need not say, as I cannot easily support the thought of its being of use to say even so much as I have said.

May God prosper me in my voyage, and preserve you, my sweet Marian, in health and safety.

The Departure of Hastings.

On February 1st Hastings attended Council for the last time, and handed over to McPherson the keys of the Treasury and of Fort William, which he had refused, nine years before, to yield to Clavering. He received the address prepared by the meeting on the previous day, and went on board his budgerow. It was his wish to slip away quietly, but his friends would not allow it. "I had the honour of dining with him," writes Wilkins to his uncle, "at the Powder Mills, about eight miles below the City, with about fifty more of his select friends. At about four he left us, with benevolent Heart to(o) big for Utterance, and scarce a dry eye upon the Strand. Never in my life had I been a Witness of such Distress as was shewn on this Occasion. The Company ran back to the house in the greatest confusion, where every Chair and Bed exhibited an Object of Grief. For my own particular Part, I was so overcome, that I was glad to retire into a dark corner of a Closet, where I was relieved by a plenteous Flood of Tears, and as soon as my Grief was a little subsided, I stole away from the melancholly

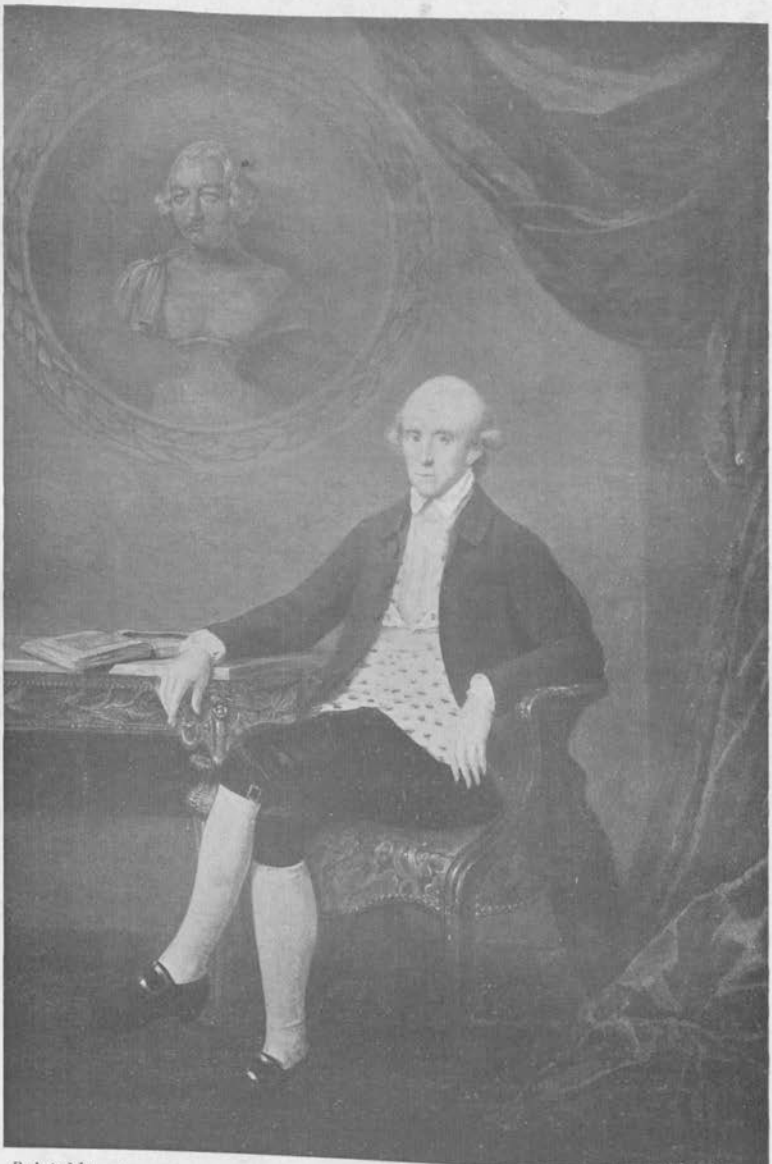
Scene, into my Carriage, and drove to Town with a Companion in Affliction; and so absorb'd were we in the recent Loss we had sustain'd, that we did not exchange a Word till we got to the end of our Journey. My Mind is still so big with the Subject, that I can scarcely think of any other.—There never was a Man in private Life so universally beloved; or who in a great public Character gave such general Content."

Thompson and Turner went down as far as Saugor, where the *Berrington* was lying, and David Anderson, Toone, Sands, Jonathan Scott, Dr Francis and John Shore were among their patron's fellow-passengers. The care Hastings had taken to provide for his dependants is shown by the fact that Colonel Watson writes him a hurried note on February 1st on behalf of the only one of his servants who had not received a present in addition to his wages. All those who had grown old in his employ were pensioned, and Mrs Hastings' ayah Peggy and one other were still in receipt of their pensions as late as 1813. The natives generally were plunged in grief at his departure. "The Maolavy of the Muddrissa (the Mohammedan college Hastings had established), tells me that he visits me as he would your Tomb," writes Thompson. "Little Bissumber Pundit" has commissioned Devis to make a replica of his portrait of the Governor-General for him. Even in 1814, Lady Callcott testifies that the natives still ascribed to Hastings the stability of British rule in India.

The voyage home was swift and comparatively uneventful. Hastings landed at Plymouth on June 13th, without, apparently, any of the public demonstrations which had marked his wife's arrival, and posted to London. Here he met with the first of the many disappointments which his native land had in store for him—Mrs Hastings was at Cheltenham. He despatched an express letter to her, following it two days later himself, and they met at Maidenhead Bridge.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

THE news that Hastings had actually departed spread blank dismay among the English in India and the natives most nearly associated with them. The disbandment of the infantry bodyguard, which was composed of Sepoys belonging to the Nawab-Vizier's forces, and was to have escorted Prince Jiwan Bakht back to Delhi, raised ominous forebodings in the minds of Major Eaton and other officers serving with Oudh regiments. The old Emperor was left to the tender mercies of Sindhia, since Major Browne, who was to have exercised a friendly supervision over the results of the new arrangement, was recalled, and the Prince refused to return unless the Maratha's promises were guaranteed by the British and the Nawab-Vizier. The Nawab of Arcot sank into a state of utter despondency. To Hastings his inability to help those who believed him still powerful was a continual misery. These were not natives only. For years his Correspondence is filled with piteous appeals for pecuniary help, or reinstatement in the offices of which they had been deprived, from soldiers and civilians suffering under the new retrenchment schemes. At first, and even more particularly after his triumphant acquittal, they watched eagerly for his return whenever a new Governor-General was to be appointed, but this hope fades away gradually, and his rule is looked back to as a kind of golden age. His portrait by Devis was handed on from one to another like a charm, though opinions varied as to its merits as



Painted by *A. W. Devis.*

THE HON'BLE WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF BENGAL.

a picture. "After all," says Larkins, for whom it was painted, "I can assure you every other part but the face is a mere daub. Yet such as it is, with the Ring now on my little Finger it shall go with the Estate to be purchased as a lasting Monument of your Kindness to me to my Boy your Namesake and Godson, who regularly salams to it every Morning after he is dressed, for we both sleep in the same Room with your Resemblance. As for myself you are at my Right Hand upwards of 10 out of each 24 Hours, as that is now the Portion of my Life devoted to the Desk." This dearly loved son, who was "very proud of calling himself Hastings Behaudur," and "often points up to your picture saying Jeetee Ro," died in 1788. Matrimonial troubles had destroyed in poor Larkins the hope of founding a family, and when he quitted India in 1793, he left the portrait with Chapman. Chapman, leaving Calcutta in 1794 for the salt agency of Conti, entrusts to Turner "that excellent portrait done by Davis, which many of your Friends agree in thinking by far the best they have seen. It is at present in the Hands of Hudson, a Mezotinto Scraper, who as far as he has advanced in the Work, promises to make from it a most excellent engraving."[1] Turner hung it in the upper hall of the Alipur house, but restored it to Chapman when he was leaving India. At Hay's suggestion, Chapman offered it to the Indian Government, and writes in 1796, "The Picture which I got from Larkins, now fronts that of the Marquis (Cornwallis) in the Government House." Sir John D'Oyly may intend to refer to it when he writes in 1805, "I saw your Picture (an abominable One it is true by *Zophanee*) in a conspicuous Place in the Council chamber," but its subsequent history and its transfer to its present abode, the National Portrait Gallery, are obscure.

[1] Only one copy of this engraving is known, which is at the India Office. There is no copy at the British Museum.

On the series of Governors-General who succeeded Hastings during his lifetime we find various comments in his correspondents' letters. McPherson once disposed of, regretted by no one, the bluff and sturdy Lord Cornwallis plays something like the part of a bull in a china-shop. Economy is his aim. He "commences housekeeper" on his own account as soon as possible, drops the public breakfasts which Hastings had found such a tax on his time and purse, and dispenses with a country-house, in favour of a mere bungalow at Barrackpore.[1] With his military secretary, Colonel Ross (who was known as "the Governor" in virtue of the ascendancy he exercised over his patron), he boasted that he had never lost a meal in India, attributing his good health to regular exercise. A ride of five or six miles at gun-firing, and a drive to Alipur in the evening, was his allowance. When he returned home, to justify Hastings and confound his enemies by his evidence at the Trial, he was succeeded by Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. Shore had begun his official career as a convinced follower of Francis, but personal intercourse with Hastings made them friends for life. Like Cornwallis, he was a strong advocate of economy, and prided himself on being attended by only one-fourth the number of aides-de-camp to which Hastings had been accustomed. As a statesman, he displayed a lack of firmness amounting to feebleness, and a preference for expediency over right which is surprising in a man of his high personal character, but which was probably due to a nervous hatred of war, and a horror of being dragged into increased expense. "We are timid where we ought to be bold, and daring, even to temerity, in occasions that require lenity and conciliation," says Turner. "He has a miserable constitution, and suffers himself to be de-

[1] He took possession of Barrackpore in virtue of his dual position as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, but his civilian successors retained it, causing much heart-burning in military circles.

pressed by constant regrets of his absent Family," writes Palmer of Shore. "A good Man—but as cold as a Grey Hound's Nose," is Toone's verdict.

A very different person was his successor, Lord Mornington, who was before long created Marquis of Wellesley. Anglo-Indians at home looked on with awful joy while he advanced the Company's frontiers and increased its expenditure, planned and executed schemes of conquest, and turned allied powers into vassals—pursued, in short, the policy which had been alleged as a crime against Hastings, to an extent never contemplated by Hastings in his wildest dreams. In India, his "magnificent plans" were doubtfully regarded, and men compared the treatment meted out to Hastings over the Benares affair with the unconcern exhibited when Wellesley, in the most high-handed manner, virtually annexed Oudh. There is a strong under-tone of dissatisfaction and anxiety in Colonel Palmer's letters, and he remarks grimly that Hastings evidently served as a scapegoat for the sins of all future Indian rulers, as well as all those of the past. Lord Wellesley's ruling passion is love of fame, of which he is insatiable, and he carries it too often to ridiculous lengths, while his vanity almost surpasses conception. He keeps even his own "family" at a respectful distance, and alienates the services by bestowing illegal powers on his brother, Colonel Wellesley,[1] allowing him to supersede the authority of the Bombay Government over its own army, and that of the local Residents in their own sphere of operations. Hastings watched his progress with mingled admiration and dismay. "Lord Wellesley has constructed a political system of vast strength and extent, and capable of improvement," he writes; "but of a weight which will require that it should be continually upheld by an arm as strong as his; but that if they nominate a successor to him, of abilities much inferior to his, and of an activity

[1] Afterwards the Duke of Wellington.

of mind not equal to his, the whole structure will fall to pieces, and all that we formerly possessed be lost in the same ruin." The Nemesis which he foresaw was not far off. The Governor-General had committed the heinous crime of "using expressions of Ridicule and Contempt about the Company" at his own table, and the words were carried home. "If I was in his confidence," says Hastings, "I would tell him that civility costs little." But no such wise adviser was at hand, and out came Lord Cornwallis again, entirely unexpected by the magnificent Marquis, and set to work diligently to reduce the "system" to chaos.

Studiously avoiding his predecessor, who postponed his departure in the hope of exchanging ideas with him, Lord Cornwallis, beginning at Government House, made such changes as "never were seen in so short a time." The Governor-General was merely to be addressed as "the Honourable," such terms as "Excellency" and "Most Noble" being forbidden, the Bodyguard was abolished, many of the servants were dismissed, and the remainder ordered "to divest themselves of their appropriate turbands and badges." So sweeping were the reforms that "Government House is quite a desart, and his Lordship himself has been seen to come out of his room to hunt for a hircarrah." More dangerous was his conduct in giving out that the King and Company disapproved highly of Lord Wellesley's measures, and had sent him out to get rid of the fruits of the recent conquests. The news flew like wildfire through India, and Sindhia's degenerate successor, Daulat Rao, broke off promptly the negociations which were on the point of culminating in a treaty. Lord Lake, the Commander-in-Chief, resigned, disgusted with the treatment he received, and Palmer records that "never since the Year 1785 has a Governor been so much regretted" as Lord Wellesley. Hastening up-country, to continue his work, Lord Cornwallis was seized with illness, and after an astonishing

rally, died at Ghazipur. "Our evening's lounge yesterday was interrupted by minute guns from the Fort," writes Sir John D'Oyly when the news reached Calcutta eight days afterwards.

During a brief interregnum, the policy of Lord Cornwallis was continued by Sir George Barlowe, the senior Member of Council, who was successful in concluding treaties which abandoned the Company's allies, and encouraged its defeated foes to demand their surrendered territories back. At home the "Hastingsians" held their breath. "I am all anxiety lest that *spightful* Mr Francis should be sent to India," writes Major Scott Waring's daughter Mrs Reade to Hastings, and almost as much dreaded was Lord Lauderdale, whom Fox was determined to appoint, in spite of his bad character both in public and private life. The appointment of Lord Minto, when it was announced, was scarcely less bitter to Hastings, who considered him even more unfit than Francis or Lauderdale, and for the moment he thought of petitioning the Court of Directors against it, but was dissuaded by Toone. Things turned out better than he expected. Sir John D'Oyly writes that Lord Minto is "establishing a mean between Lord Wellesley's expence and parade, and the parsimony of Lord Cornwallis," and has gone out of his way to express a readiness to serve any friend of Hastings', in return for ancient favours. Palmer says that he spoke of "your kindness and patronage afforded to his brother, which he could never forget, although party considerations had compelled him to appear as your enemy." This puerile and belated apology had no effect in mitigating Hastings' hostility. The long-dead Alexander Elliot he had loved and mourned, for Hugh Elliot (afterwards Governor of Madras), who stood by him faithfully through the years of evil report, he had a hearty liking and respect, but for the ennobled Sir Gilbert he displays only measureless contempt. Palmer's letters show Lord Minto engaging in conquests in Java,

and draining India of "specia" to impress the Directors with his economy, but leaving few admirers of his public conduct in India, though many personal friends, when he found himself unexpectedly superseded by Lord Moira.

The appointment of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, was one that the aged recluse at Daylesford could welcome with all his heart. "I promise you a good and popular chief in the Earl of Moira," he writes to Charles D'Oyly. "He possesses some (? none) of the faults attached to a good character. His predominant quality is a high sense of honor, and his understanding both solid and brilliant. His lady, not beautiful, is most amiable." Lord Moira had taken a continuous interest in Indian affairs (he had begun the study of Persian twenty years before with a Colonel Roberts, Colonel Ironside's brother-in-law), and he was an old friend of Hastings, whose family claimed kinship with his. Before going out he obtained from him all the information he could by intercourse and correspondence, and General Palmer pronounces with delight that he has arrived well prepared for his work. It was, nevertheless, under him that the final stages of the transformation from the old India which Hastings knew to pre-Mutiny India took place. "A Formality and stately Etiquette is introduced at the Government House not at all suited to the Habits and Manners of this Community," writes Palmer, who, as an aide-de-camp of long ago, was an authority on the subject. "Whether Custom will reconcile it is doubtful; at present it rather disgusts. The Society is accustom'd o an intercourse with its Governor of dignified affability on his part, and of respectful freedom on theirs, and will not, I apprehend, readily adopt the relations of Sovereign nd Subjects. A Household Establishment is formed resembling that of Royalty—probably modelled on that of the Castle of Dublin. Be that as it may, the Transition is too abrupt to please." Charles D'Oyly, who knew something of Dublin Castle, writes even more strongly

than General Palmer. "I am sorry both Lord Moira and Lady Loudoun[1] are so envelopped in formality and grandeur, for there is no approach to anything like intimacy, and she in particular seems inclined to give general satisfaction to everybody. We have lately been accustomed to so little state that the present system assumes a character not at all partaking of the usual advantages of novelty in general, but of confinement and restriction wholly foreign from our idea of comfort. I believe they both seek popularity, but the mode of acquiring it varies much in different countries, and that which forms its model on the Rules of a Court in Europe is the least calculated to impress Indian Minds which have always been accustomed to the exercise of a freedom the most unrestrained." Lord Moira's special offence lay in his appointing a chamberlain and other officers about his person, "purely for Show and State," at large salaries, the chamberlain receiving, so it is alleged, £3000 a year. The Governor-General justifies his action in a letter to Hastings, on the ground that "All appearances of Government had been strangely let down: and the consequences had a worse effect upon the minds of our own people than on the conceptions of the natives. Slight toward Government had become much the fashion and entailed many practical embarrassments." The natives, at any rate, felt no distaste for the increased state maintained at Government House, for they believed that the soul of Warren Hastings was reincarnated in his namesake and successor, on the ground that he "loves the Natives of India, and thinks highly of the Company's servants."

[1] The titles of Lord Moira and his wife were many and complicated. She was Lady Flora, Countess of Loudoun in her own right. He was known throughout the American War as the Hon. Francis Rawdon, but in 1783 he was created a British peer as Lord Rawdon, and in 1793 succeeded his father in the earldom of Moira. From his mother he inherited the ancient barony of Hastings, which added the name Hastings to his patronymic. Finally, in 1818, he was created Viscount Loudoun, Earl of Rawdon, and Marquis of Hastings. The marquisate became extinct with the death of the fourth holder, his grandson.

Some such consolation as this was needed, for the old friendly intercourse between Europeans and natives was gone, never to return. As early as 1802 Palmer comments on the new system now prevalent of depressing the natives. The *Wakils* of the country powers were not allowed to pay their respects to the Governor-General more than two or three times a year. Natives were excluded from important posts, and treated in society with a mortifying *hauteur* and reserve, "in fact, they have scarcely any social intercourse with us." In 1809 he writes that the system of forcing English law and law-courts upon the natives is a cause of constant friction in the newly annexed territory and the tributary states. In 1813 John Palmer mentions that Bissumber Pundit's family long to hear more frequently from their old patron. They fear his silence may rise from "difficulty in supporting a Persian correspondence," and entreat him to write in English. They have nothing to solicit, but it is a point of honour and pride with them to receive occasional evidences of Hastings' regard. "Families in their condition have little other gratification left them than the notice of their former Protectors and Friends; for even of the old Indians remaining, a few only preserve those observances towards them, which once was an universal practice of Policy or Compassion."

This growing alienation from the natives was due to two causes, the increasing Europeanisation of life in Calcutta, and the advance of the English from the position of traders admitted on sufferance to that of the ruling race. In social matters, the larger proportion of Englishwomen in the community, and the consequent decrease of intermarriage with natives, tended at once to set up barriers between the two races, while the restrictions imposed on the making of fortunes led to the gradual disappearance of the class of wealthy, unscrupulous natives who had encouraged, emulated, and grown rich upon the vices of the strangers. The lavish profusion of old days was no more. There were only

two great prizes in the Service — the Collectorships of Patna and Benares. No other post brought in more than 19,000 rupees a-year, which merely enabled a man to live moderately and pay off his debts by degrees. The only people to make fortunes, says Sir John D'Oyly, are "Taylors and Shopkeepers, who return home to obtain the hands of the Lady Seraphinas and Louisas." To the "old Bengallers" who came out again, the glory of Calcutta seemed to have departed. If we may believe Sir John D'Oyly, it was now the custom for a family to give one or two great dinners in a month, and dine out on all the other days. Trying to revert to old customs, he confesses that he found it more expensive to "keep a constant family table, where a select number of Friends have Admission at Pleasure," than to give occasional large entertainments. General Palmer also points out the change that has taken place. "Dinner is about 8 o'clock in the evening. A less formal meal and without Guests is taken in most Families between 2 and 3 o'clock. Repasts are in general more frugal than formerly, and considerably greater Economy is practised in the Articles of Servants and Equipage. Few who keep wheel Carriages use Palkees. In the army a still greater degree of Parsimony prevails, especially among the inferior Officers, most of whom have no other carriage than a poney, walk or ride out in the hottest Sun without a Chattah,[1] and in the dark without a Mussal or Lantern. I know several young men who save 70 and 80 rupees monthly out of 150. Almost all of these too are highly Independent in spirit, paying little or no attention to the Superiors except on Duty. They are consequently but little met with in Society. I think this conduct very commendable and the result of manly Sentiment and Integrity. Upon the whole I think the alteration in Manners and Customs is an Improvement. I wish this slight sketch of a Society, of which you was the Head under different modes of Life, may afford you a moment's Amusement." In other

[1] Large sun-umbrella.

words, it will be seen that Calcutta had undergone the change which is witnessed nowadays when a small station, the inhabitants of which have been like one family, having most things in common, grows into a large cantonment or commercial centre.

The advance of the British frontiers, and the consequent withdrawal of those of the native rulers, was another pregnant cause of the diminution of native influence. General Palmer notes in 1809 that all the country powers which were of importance in Hastings' day seem to have sunk into obscurity. Oudh enjoyed only a mockery of independence. The character of Asaf-u-Daula had deteriorated steadily when the personal influence of Hastings was removed, and he was left in the hands of his evil advisers. In 1790 he is stigmatized as "the most sordid and illiberal Prince in Indostan," and is said to have quarrelled with his mother for plucking a rose in his garden. He died in 1798, and Sir John Shore's government took advantage of the dispute which followed over the succession to impose onerous conditions as the price of recognising his brother Sadat Ali as his heir. A further humiliation was forced upon the new Nawab-Vizier a few years later, when he was compelled to sign a treaty which deprived him of half his territory, and reduced his principality almost to the status of a zamindari. Sadat Ali had a passion for hoarding, but on learning in 1802 of Hastings' poverty through the Resident, Gore Ouseley, who had been prompted by John Palmer to bring the subject to his notice, he offered him a pension. 2000 sicca rupees a month for life was the amount intended, but finding that the idea was not viewed favourably by the Court of Directors, Hastings refused the offer.[1]

[1] At this time he was writing to his stepson: "Your dear Mother desires that you will not engage a cook, as we shall be so heavily taxed that we shall probably be reduced to the choice, either to have no cook, or no victuals. We cannot aford both."

The empire of Tipu Sultan, spared by Lord Macartney and his commissioners in 1784, and again by Lord Cornwallis in 1792, had fallen before Lord Wellesley, and his territories were divided between the Nizam, the Paishwa, and a Hindu Rajah of the family from whom they had been originally snatched. The turn of the Marathas came next. They are reported to be "uneasy and suspicious" in 1802, owing to the alliance with the Nizam, and Daulat Rao Sindhia, enraged by the further treaty between the British and the Paishwa, called Raghuji Bhonsla of Berar to his aid for a supreme effort. Their united armies were defeated at Assaye, and the success was followed up with so much vigour that the confederates were compelled to cede a great part of their dominions to obtain peace. Unwarned by their fate, Holkar was the next to try conclusions with Lord Wellesley, and in the war which ensued he succeeded in shaking ominously the growing fabric of British power. The repeated reverses before Bhartpur brought about a situation of greater danger than at any time since 1781, thought Palmer, but the vigorous measures of Lord Lake brought Holkar to his knees at last. The "peace at any price" policy of Lord Cornwallis and Barlowe, who came into power at a most inopportune moment, led them to whittle down the conditions imposed on the rebels to such an extent as practically to leave the whole work to be done over again as soon as the chiefs felt themselves strong enough. Wars of this kind, however, waged at a great distance and in unknown territories, could be ignored in civilian circles, and failed to exert such an influence on the public mind as those in former years, in which the Presidency towns were themselves threatened.

The unhappy representative of the House of Timur, the control of whose person and territories was one of the prizes in these quarrels, had sunk far lower than even in Hastings' day. Prince Jiwan Bakht had remained

at Benares, refusing to trust himself in Sindhia's power, until the end of 1787, when the Maratha chief suffered a reverse of fortune. In trying to extend his power over the whole of the Emperor's nominal dominions, he met with a severe repulse before Jaipur, and found himself at once in a hornet's nest. All the Rajput princes combined against him, entering into a confederacy such as Hastings had vainly tried to form against the Marathas twenty years before,[1] as Palmer recalls. As soon as the news of Sindhia's defeat reached Benares, the Prince determined to repair to Delhi, contrary to the advice of Lord Cornwallis, with whom he had an interview at Allahabad. Lord Cornwallis had previously offended Jiwan Bakht by informing him that if he insisted on paying a visit to Calcutta, he would be treated with all respect, but that the honours always claimed by the house of Timur, and accorded so punctiliously by Hastings, would not be paid him. The continued asylum at Benares, which was all that the Governor-General would offer, had no charms for the Prince in comparison with the prospect of regaining his hereditary dominions, and he returned what he considered the insults of Lord Cornwallis by an intimation that in the event of success he intended to raise afresh the question of the districts of Korah, Karra and Allahabad, thus offending not only the English, but the Nawab-Vizier, who rented them from them. Reaching Delhi, he was "cordially received by his Father and invested with the Offices of Meer Bukshy and Subadar of Agra"[2] and departed to join "Ismael Bey Cawn," who was besieging Agra. Palmer says that this Ismail Bey was the murderer of Mirza Shafi, the Mohamed Beg Hummdannee whom Sindhia had defeated in 1784. Another Mohammedan adventurer, the Rohilla Ghulam Kadir, with an

[1] See *supra*, p. 39.

[2] These details are from Palmer's letters. They do not appear to be generally known.

army of "twenty thousand desperate Rohillas" at his back, was busy reducing Sindhia's forts in the Doab one after the other. To lookers-on it seemed the height of rashness for the Prince to league himself with these two men, who were little likely to fight for any hand but their own, and after making trial of them both, and discovering that they were ready enough to use him as a stalking-horse, but had no intention of allowing him any real power, he withdrew again to Benares, where he died of fever in May, 1788. In the following month Ghulam Kadir obtained possession of Delhi, and having blinded Shah Alam, placed Mirza Akhbar, who was younger than Jiwan Bakht, but had always been his father's favourite son,[1] on the throne. Sindhia, regaining the advantage, restored the unfortunate monarch to the mockery of power, but his sad state is poignantly displayed in a letter from Turner in 1794. "I was conducted to the Presence," he writes. "All the antient Forms of the Court (and nothing else remains) are strictly observed. I was received in the Dewan Khâss. Far from the Impression of Magnificence the Durbar struck me as a dismal and gloomy Spectacle. The emaciated Monarch seated upon the Musnud was surrounded, in the Place of noble Persians, with a group of mean Maraftas. Nothing concealed the Violence with which the King had been deprived of Sight by that Ruffian Gholâm Kader. His Sons to the Number of thirty six and Grand Children were seated on each Side dressed in coarse Maratta Chintz such as a Menial Servant in any decent Family would be ashamed to wear. —Yet his Majesty spoke with Firmness and seemed desirous of conversing a great deal, which Sied Reza Khawn told me afterwards he was only repressed in by Awe of Shah Nizam-u-Dien, a Fackeer of that Title placed in Charge by Sindia. He asked with an interested Attention many Questions respecting you, calling

[1] State Papers.

you his Pherzund.[1]—It is but a few Days since in the Anguish of his Heart he deplored in full Durbar his misguided Distrust of the English and ill placed Confidence in the Nation[2] who has heaped upon him every contemptuous Indignity and torture him with the Pangs of Penury." A brief gleam of brightness visited the imperial family during the rule of Lord Wellesley, who expressed his intention of carrying out the policy Hastings had wished to initiate, and "restoring the House of Timoor to a considerable degree of dignity, authority and power," regarding it as a useful bulwark against the Sikhs and the Marathas. But on his departure the old Emperor, whose hopes had been raised for a brief space, was sacrificed again—a treachery that brought its own punishment in the unchecked rise of the power of Ranjit Singh, which is noted in 1813 as beginning to cause serious apprehension. Mirza Akhbar succeeded his father as a puppet-king, and his brother Bahadar Shah, who followed him, lived to find himself acclaimed as the successor of Timur by the revolted Sepoys in 1857, and to see the sun of his dynasty set in fire and blood.

One by one the old friends who kept Hastings in touch with India drop out of the Correspondence. Colonel Pearse died in 1789, "apparently worn out." He seems to have left a native wife, for there are several letters beautifully written in Persian, with an interlinear English translation, signed "Panna Pearse," and asking Hastings' protection for "Mr Tommy," presumably her son.[3] Turner left India in bad health in 1798, and died in 1801. Larkins returned home in 1793, and died in 1800. Several rather pathetic letters come from Mr

[1] *Farzand*, child.

[2] The moment when the Emperor rejected the advice of the English, and threw himself into the arms of the Marathas to be restored to his throne, was as far back as 1771.

[3] The present writer is informed by Colonel Hugh Pearse that a son of Pearse's, named Mohammed, was educated at Harrow, but disappears after leaving the school.

Motte, whose wife declined to return to him when she had reached England in Mrs Hastings' train. From the frequent mention of her in the home letters she seems to have lived in "endless English comfort, by county folk caressed," regardless of the claims of her husband, who writes of himself as "deprived of the comforts of domestic happiness, and despised by a woman who never behaved with impropriety except to me." He fears that the rent of the house occupied by Mr Justice Hyde, which belongs to her, is not enough to enable her "to live genteely" in England, and he asks Hastings, whom he says he regards as her guardian, to assure him that she is not straitened. The next year he is removed from his office of joint superintendent of police, and obliged to live at Serampore to avoid his creditors. The last mention of him is in a letter from Palmer in 1802, which says that "poor Motte is well and chearful, but breaking, and his faculties a little impaired." General Palmer himself died in 1816. His chivalrous devotion to Mr and Mrs Hastings had remained unabated by time or distance, and Sir John D'Oyly found him on his return to India "the same worthy warm-hearted Friend we ever knew him." His great desire, that of visiting England and meeting his old patron once more, was ungratified. "You will grieve for the loss of our dear friend General Palmer," writes Hastings to David Anderson.[1] "I have some time expected it, and long relinquished the hope of seeing him again."

Of those friends who returned home and settled in England the record is little more cheering. As has already been remarked, Toone and David Anderson stand almost alone in enjoying a moderate level of happiness. Chapman's later history is particularly sad. He returned from India with a fortune of £70,000, and settling in Devonshire, became M.P. for Newton. In 1806 Hastings receives an anxious letter from Mr Wiltshire, a country neighbour, who entreats him to exercise

[1] Gleig, III. 580.

all his influence to save Chapman from ruin. He is plunging into high play, and at Bath is regarded as one of the greatest dupes to be found at the gaming-tables, having no command over his temper. He inherited the propensity from his father, who had dissipated the family property, and "suddenly closed a long life most wretchedly spent." Hastings wrote urgently to Chapman, and received injured letters protesting his innocence of anything but very moderate play, at the very time that he was staking high through a whole winter. In 1808 he went to London to vote in the election of Directors at the India House, and lost something like £5000 in a single night. At the beginning of the next year he died—how, we are not told—having reduced his fortune to £10,000, and even removed some of his remaining capital from India. For the younger members of his large family no provision remained, and Mrs Chapman, "whose mind is too great to regret the change in her situation," was left to do her best for them. There is a letter from her, written under the Wiltshires' roof, thanking Hastings for his kindness.

Markham's fate was scarcely happier. He writes at the end of 1795 to announce his marriage to a Miss Bowles, who, he mentions apologetically, has a fortune of only £1500, as she is her father's fifth daughter, but they are very happy together. He lived a country life at Becca in Yorkshire, whence he sends Hastings specimens of what he calls "the bee and fly orcus's." His father the Archbishop, "one of the happiest old men in the world," died at a good old age in 1807, and his mother was a wonderful old lady who made an autumnal journey to Becca from town in 1809 in an open barouche. But in 1812 Markham had wholly lost the use of his limbs, and in 1814 Baber describes him as paralyzed on one side, helpless and inarticulate. In 1815 his wife writes to thank Mr and Mrs Hastings for their letters of condolence on his death. Her eldest son is

still at the University—he was sent to Westminster at the age of seven—and she cannot decide on her future plans until he is of age.

Thompson's was also a hard case. His frequent letters, filled with family and farming details, have kept the reader of the Correspondence so thoroughly in touch with his affairs, that it is with a shock one realises that he has worse troubles than the ruinous pressure of taxation, or even the loss of two daughters in the bloom of their youth. His monetary difficulties grow worse and worse. He tries to retrieve his position by joining in a scheme for raising coal in Sussex, between Hastings and Bexhill, and this failing, is reduced to living with his family on a series of loans obtained from his old patron. In his efforts at retrenchment, he says, he is "wholly destitute of the approval and cooperation of my wife," to whom the crash was mainly due, since she had insisted on their living on a scale three times too high for their income. At last she left him, taking her two daughters with her, and Hastings and other friends were called in to arrange a separation, which was necessary lest Thompson should be imprisoned for her debts. "Few People, so happy in themselves as you are, have ever been more tormented by the wicked dissensions of other people than you have," writes the unhappy husband. In order to remove Charlotte, the elder surviving daughter, from the influence of her mother, who obliged her to write insulting letters to her father at her dictation, it was arranged that she should go out to India—though only fourteen—with her brother Anstey, under the care of Mr Fendall, a civilian, and his wife. Her affectionate letters are sent on by Thompson for Mr and Mrs Hastings to read, and all his anxiety for her future was at an end when, in 1819, she was married to John D'Oyly.[1] Mrs Thompson had left her sons, to

[1] John D'Oyly's second wife was Charlotte Thompson's adopted sister, Mary Fendall.

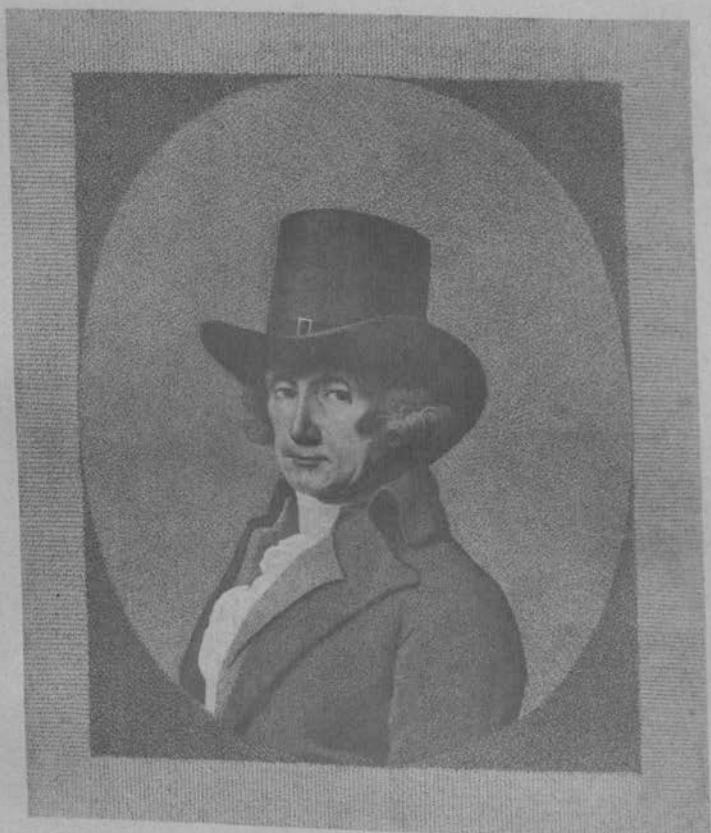
whom she had taken an extraordinary dislike, to their father's care, but on her death in 1817, though her husband was admitted to her presence, she deprived him by will of the guardianship of their youngest daughter in favour of her son Henry Vansittart and his wife. This last effort of malice failed of its full effect, for Thompson was allowed by his stepson to see the little girl when he wished, and the last letter from him, in 1818, leaves him in harbour at last, established, apparently, as secretary to Lord Rivers, who treats him with the greatest consideration, and has allowed him to invite his little boys to spend the holidays.[1]

Major Scott's stormy career was also to close in unexpected quietness. The bustling activity which made him unhappy when he was not attracting attention, and his consequent propensity to keep himself before the public by making speeches in and out of season, was considered, as Fanny Burney tells us, to be the chief cause which precipitated Burke's grand attack on Hastings and brought about the Impeachment.[2] Whether Hastings himself felt this or not, his friendship with Scott did not suffer. Losing his seat in Parliament in 1793, on an accusation of bribery,[3] Scott continued to act for him in various ways. In 1794 Hastings writes to entreat him, for the sake of their friendship, to raise him some money with which to pay his solicitor, and this Scott effected through their Indian acquaintances the Sumners. When the Trial was over, he sent in a bill of £16,390 for expenses incurred on Hastings' behalf, which could only be

[1] The engraving of Hastings by G. T. Stubbs, here reproduced, is supposed to be taken from the equestrian portrait painted for Thompson, who refers to the "enamelled picture of the Arabian horse, with you riding it," which is in his possession, and says that it is a poor likeness. It was being painted in 1793, during the Trial, for Thompson begs his patron to give the artist one more sitting "as soon as you return to London, and before your Countenance has fallen with the Abominations of that vile Place."

[2] An undated letter of this period shows, however, that in challenging Burke, Scott was acting under Thurlow's advice.

[3] A prosecution was ordered, but does not seem to have taken place.



Warren Hastings, Esqr.

Painted by George Stubbs — Engraved by George Townley Stubbs

met by the mortgage on Daylesford already mentioned.[1] The biographers of Charles Reade, Scott's grandson, in endeavouring to justify his memory from the charge of injuring Hastings by his ill-timed energy, have put forward a wholly illusory theory of monetary losses inflicted on Scott by Hastings, and imply that during the latter part of their lives they were no longer friends. A study of the Correspondence would have shown them affectionate letters from Mrs Reade and her sister Mrs Faber covering the last twenty years of Hastings' life, and from Scott himself, breathing as much devotion, and almost as voluminous, as those written between 1781 and 1785. It is true that his letters become comparatively rare during a period of some twelve years before 1813,[2] but the cause was very different from that suggested. On the question of Scott's unhappy second marriage, Hastings seems to have taken the part of the wife, who had appealed to him for help. She appears to have been addicted to drink, but it would also seem that her husband's treatment had driven her to desperation. It was his habit to entertain, at Peterborough House, Fulham, a society more distinguished for brilliance than respectability. His married daughters remained at a distance, but on their stepmother's tragic death they did their best to improve matters. "It is most natural," says Mrs Reade, "we should desire our dear Parent to retrace his Steps, and live in all the endearing charities of life." . . . "My sister Augusta seems a very sweet Girl, and I offered to take the charge of her.—Patience must be my Motto, in time I hope to regain my Father's

[1] See *supra*, p. 91. The undated letters show a momentary feeling of soreness in Scott's mind at this time. A sum of £12,000, which Mrs Hastings had saved without her husband's knowledge, had been entrusted to him for investment. He used it for the expenses of the Trial, and felt much injured when she asked for it back. How the dispute was arranged does not appear, but it is evident that no grudge remained.

[2] In 1810 he assures Hastings that he has no hand in his children's demand for the repayment of the bond already mentioned (p. 91).

affection, and see him with his old friends." Her sister Mrs Faber, she mentions, is more sanguine, and hopes to drive away, as with a magic wand, "the unworthy herd that infest Peterborough House." Their father is reducing his establishment, and talking of selling the house, and they hope he will be able to live comfortably on the remains of his once handsome fortune, though they resent deeply his having charged his Cheshire estate with a provision of £40,000 for the children of his second marriage, while he is demanding from his elder sons the repayment of the sum advanced for their Indian outfits. He completed his reformation characteristically enough, by marrying an actress with a past, but his daughters still try to make the best of it. "My father and Mrs Waring have been here," writes Mrs Reade, "and met Mr Hervey and Lady Arabella. My friend was very kind in her Manner to Mrs Waring, and hers, as it ought to be, diffident and proper. For the good of society I am aware she ought not to be received, but there is nothing in her Conversation and manner that would lead one to" remember her earlier career.[1] "My father's party," says Mrs Faber, who is expecting a visit from him, "will consist of himself, his bride, my half-sister Augusta, and Miss Hamilton, Mrs Scott Waring's daughter. The many anecdotes which we have heard in favor of Mrs Scott Waring from our different friends on the borders, who have connections and intercourse with Scotland, have very much reconciled me to my father's marriage. His home too, with such uncontrollable spirits as John and Augusta, bid fair to be as wretched as it had been for the last seventeen years. His present helpmate is sedulously striving to ingratiate herself with her husband's family; this clearly proves she had no sinister views in marrying my father. Indeed she was well aware

[1] Mrs Waring's stormy youth must have been long past at the time of her marriage, since Kelly the actor mentions in his Reminiscences that she had already quitted the stage in 1803, when she entertained him at Musselburgh.

that even the wreck of his once large fortune was no longer at his own disposal. She brought him an annual increase of £2,000 during her daughter's minority, 1500 afterwards." Having thus rehabilitated himself, Scott resumes his frequent correspondence, punctiliously sending "Mrs Waring's best compliments" in every letter. He has once more found an object for his energies, in defending the Church of England against the wicked encroachments of the Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society! A little personal feeling may have mingled with his polemics, since he explains that under the head of the Evangelical Clergy and Laity, "I include my neighbour Mr Owen (the Rev. John Owen), my Daughters, and their Husbands." Presently he makes a disagreeable discovery. "My Daughter Anne, who is a little tinctured with Enthusiasm, and a decided and good Evangelical, boasts that she has made a convert of you, and Mrs Hastings, to the Bible Society. . . . I have had many arguments with her, and Mr Owen on this Subject, and am still maintaining my Opinion, that this is the most mischievous Society ever formed, and must in the End, destroy the Church, and probably the Constitution." What the threatened Church and Constitution thought of their defender does not appear, but Mr and Mrs Hastings continued to subscribe to the Bible Society. Scott died in 1819, and in his case, as in Sir John D'Oyly's, his friendship with Hastings is recalled in his obituary notice.

If Hastings was made an unwilling party to the matrimonial disputes of some of his friends, he had a more agreeable part to play in furthering the love-affairs of their children. Curiously enough, the marriages of Charles Imhoff and Charles D'Oyly were those that threatened most difficulty. Mrs Hastings had her own views for her son's future, and the daughter of the bankrupt Sir Charles Blunt found no place in them, but she was at length induced to allow him to choose

for himself. "I saw Imhoff and his wife," writes Thompson in 1797, "as happy apparently as mutual Affection could make them.—Imhoff did not mistake his own Disposition.—He has often said, 'Thompson! if I am permitted to marry the Woman of my Choice I shall be the most domestic Man living.'—Mrs Hastings was wise and good enough to indulge him.—Her Vertue has thus secured his, and ensured I hope the Happiness of both." Hastings mentions "the composed content of Charles—the animated content of his wife," and in writing to the young man himself, congratulates him that his "Charlotte has a contented and well formed heart, that could extract pleasure from the trifles and even the cares of life." Lady Imhoff proved herself the tenderest of daughters-in-law. She nursed Hastings in his last illness, and a letter of hers, "blistered with tears," says Gleig, conveyed to David Anderson the details of his friend's last hours.

Charles D'Oyly's marriage to his cousin Marian Greer was very distasteful to his parents, not only on account of the youth of the bridegroom, but also because there were differences between the two families. Mr and Mrs Hastings, knowing both the young people, welcomed their union with a delight which wounded Sir John and Lady D'Oyly. An early marriage could do nothing but good to a young man in India, provided he were content to live in a moderate style, wrote Hastings, and he proceeded to give Charles much good advice on the subject of moderation in entertaining and going into society, which the young man disregarded until it was recalled to his mind by the pressure of debt. Not content with giving good advice, Hastings succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the parents on both sides, and the marriage proved a very happy one. Marian D'Oyly died at the beginning of 1814, "after a brief union and long attachment," writes Mrs Fenton in 1827.[1] "She was, I am

[1] The Journal of Mrs Fenton. Edward Arnold, 1901.

informed, a most lovely woman, with talents of the first order; they were united as fondly by love as by community of feeling and taste, and lived in so much happiness, that to his domestic and sedentary habits, a state of widowhood and destitution of social comfort was insupportable. *I have heard* that when dying, she pointed out the present Lady D'Oyly as the person most likely to make him happy, and after a short time he married the beautiful Miss Ross. I believe her relation and guardian, the Marquis of Hastings, did not approve of her choice, as some more wealthy suitors sought her hand, and Sir Charles was much encumbered by the debts of his father. She had fixed her choice and they were married; few things have interested me so much as to hear her with eloquent affection speak of his first wife and dwell upon her beauty, talent and goodness of heart, and speak of the affliction Sir Charles had suffered, and the tenderness he still regarded her memory with." Sir Charles seems to have been peculiarly fortunate in both his marriages, but in the only letter in the Correspondence which refers to the second (written about 1817), all he says is, "After the affliction I experienced in the loss of one of the brightest ornaments of human Nature who is now reaping that happiness which this world could never under any circumstances have afforded, I ought and do I hope sufficiently bless Heaven in having given me a Companion who devotes herself to render me happy. Her disposition is warm and affectionate, and her care and attention to my beloved Father claim my gratitude." Bishop Heber, who stayed with the D'Oylys at Bankipur, calls Sir Charles "the best gentleman-artist I ever met with." He had the advantage, in 1808, of continuous instruction from "a very able artist of the name of Chinnery," and he sends Hastings various specimens of his skill, notably a picture of "the large Bannian Tree at Allipoor, an old acquaintance of yours."

Many were the young people who gathered round

Hastings at Daylesford, and in later life handed down to their descendants a heart-felt veneration for his name. Even nowadays one comes across the name itself transmitted in the families of a Markham, a Wheler, a D'Oyly, a Middleton, but in the generation immediately succeeding his there can scarcely have been an Anglo-Indian household which did not number a Hastings or a Marian, or both, among its members.[1] Young men and girls seem to have taken to him instinctively, and in letters from distant parts of the world recall his kindness and the happiness they had enjoyed when visiting him. "The days I passed at Daylesford," writes the son of his old friend Randolph Marriott, "will be ever counted among those of the happiest of my Life—and the Lessons of Virtue and resignation to the divine Will, which I hourly saw carried into Practise, not only afforded me the highest mental Enjoyment at the Moment, but will, I trust and hope make me a better Man through the Remainder of my Life." The home life at Daylesford seems, indeed, from the many descriptions of it, to have been almost ideal. "My imagination is enraptured," writes Thompson, "whilst it beholds you seated with your dear Mrs Hastings in her beautiful Flower Garden, and enjoying in its maturity the paradise of your own creation." The visitors received under its hospitable roof were of all classes, from the Duke of Gloucester and the Orleans Princes—"the best informed, and as well tempered and easy-mannered men as any that I ever met with"—to the old Indian acquaintance with whom the world had dealt hardly, but all were united in David Anderson's opinion "that plain *Mr Hastings* in circumstances rather straitened is the noblest and most illustrious Sequel to the Character of the late Governor General of India." Writing to Sir John D'Oyly in 1813 of "the triumph

[1] Mr and Mrs Hastings were both sponsors to Thompson's eldest son Anstey, Mrs Hastings to his eldest daughter Marian, Hastings to the second, Louisa, and both again to the third son, Warren Hastings.

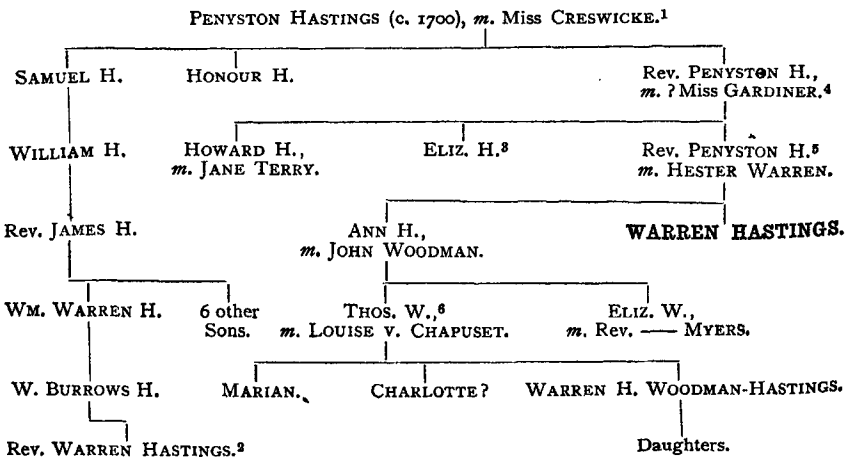
which our great friend has obtained over all his enemies," Thompson says, "He has not I believe one remaining. Those whom death hath spared, remorse has converted into friends, and I am most perfectly convinced there is not at this moment a Man in England the worth of whose private and public character is more universally and indisputably admitted than his is." The host's own feelings are reflected in "a sentiment borrowed from a favourite German (poet) of Mrs Hastings's":—

"Why should I mourn my lot, who daily see,
That all who love their God are friends to me?
Or why repine to know, as well I know,
That every thorough scoundrel is my foe?"

APPENDIX I.

THE RELATIVES OF WARREN HASTINGS.

TABLE A.—RELATIVES ON THE FATHER'S SIDE.



1. Gleig mentions, with his usual vagueness, that the connection of Hastings' family with that of his guardian, Mr Creswicke, sprang from the marriage of his great-grandfather with a lady of that name (I. 12). He spells it persistently Chiswick, in which he has been followed by all subsequent biographers, though there is no ambiguity whatever in the MSS. Colonel Malleson notes that a letter written by Hastings from Murshidabad is addressed "Creswick," but thinks this was done by mistake!

2. The Rev. Warren Hastings, Rector of Maidwell, Northants, the descendant of the elder brother of Hastings' grandfather, is the present male representative of the family.

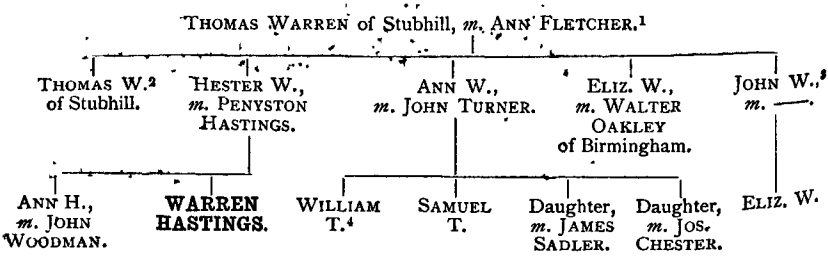
3. Mrs Elizabeth Hastings died in 1798. She is frequently mentioned in the Woodmans' letters as "Aunt Hastings," and Hastings sends her presents of snuff. He allowed her an annuity of £200 a year.

4. If Penyston Hastings the second married a Miss Gardiner, it would be her brother, described as "his uncle, Harry Gardner," with whom (and others) Penyston the third conspired to assign his children's money for the payment of his own debts. See Note 1 on Table B. The William Gardiner killed at Lahar would probably be a grandson of this Harry, and so also would be the Christopher Gardiner who writes as a kinsman to congratulate Hastings on his acquittal.

5. Penyston Hastings the third appears to have been a *mauvais sujet*. Sir C. Lawson has cleared him from the charge of having married at fifteen, but shows that after his wife's death he left his children to starve. Gleig says (I. 6) that within a short time he is found married again to a Gloucester butcher's daughter, and there is a letter to Hastings in 1813 from a woman named Julia Ancwright, of Chester, who says that her mother, Ellen Hastings, who married "a person of the name of Dennis of Sproxton," was his sister, and asks help to establish herself in business. If the story was genuine, Ellen Hastings must have been a daughter of Penyston by his second marriage.

6. For Thomas Woodman and his marriage, see Appendix III.

TABLE B.—RELATIVES ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE.


THOMAS WARREN of Stubhill, m. ANN FLETCHER.[1]
THOMAS W.[2] of Stubhill.
HESTER W., m. PENYSTON HASTINGS.
ANN W., m. JOHN TURNER.
ELIZ. W., m. WALTER OAKLEY of Birmingham.
JOHN W.,[3] m. —
ANN H., m. JOHN WOODMAN.
WARREN HASTINGS.
WILLIAM T.[4]
SAMUEL T.
Daughter, m. JAMES SADLER.
Daughter, m. JOS. CHESTER.
ELIZ. W.

1. The names of the Warren family and descendants have been ascertained chiefly from the wills of Mrs Warren and her son Thomas, and from the petition presented to the Lord Chancellor in 1734 by John Warren, on behalf of his niece and nephew, Ann and Warren Hastings, in order to recover for them the money fraudulently alienated by their father. Mrs Warren appears to have been something of an heiress, since she possessed a farm called Hill End, which she leaves in trust for her son John, then for her surviving daughters, and finally for her grandchildren. She possessed also a considerable sum of money capable of being lent at interest to members of her family. Her brother, Robert Fletcher of Change Alley, left to his niece Hester the money which was the subject of John Warren's petition, and which Mrs Warren, her husband and elder son, appear to have conspired with Penyston Hastings, his father and his uncle Harry Gardner, to steal from the orphans. Hester's legacy, which was settled on herself and her children, was invested in house property at Cheltenham, on the security of which her mother made her a loan. This was duly repaid, so the petition sets forth, but the conspirators asserted the contrary, intending to seize the property and divide the proceeds. The fate of the petition does not appear, but it seems to have been successful, since Hastings mentions in 1799 that he received on the death of his uncle Howard Hastings (who had presumably been made his trustee) two houses at Cheltenham, which at the time of writing had been turned into the Plough Inn, and which he made over to his sister before starting for India.

2. Thomas Warren was the uncle mentioned in the Introduction (*supra*, p. 18), whose small estate passed at his death to

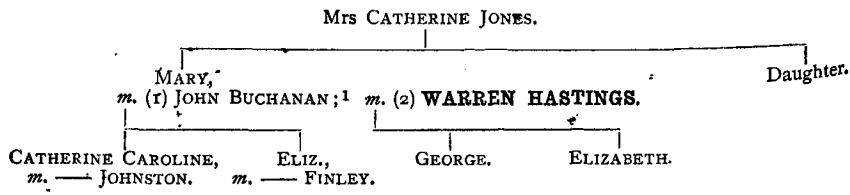
Thomas Woodman, though willed to Hastings. In the preamble to his will he writes himself "Gentleman." He sends word to Hastings in one of his letters that his mother, Ann Warren, had always desired to see him, and had left him a share of her estate equal to that of her other grandchildren.

3. By Mrs Warren's will, John Warren's daughter Elizabeth was to be provided for out of her grandmother's estate until she came of age.

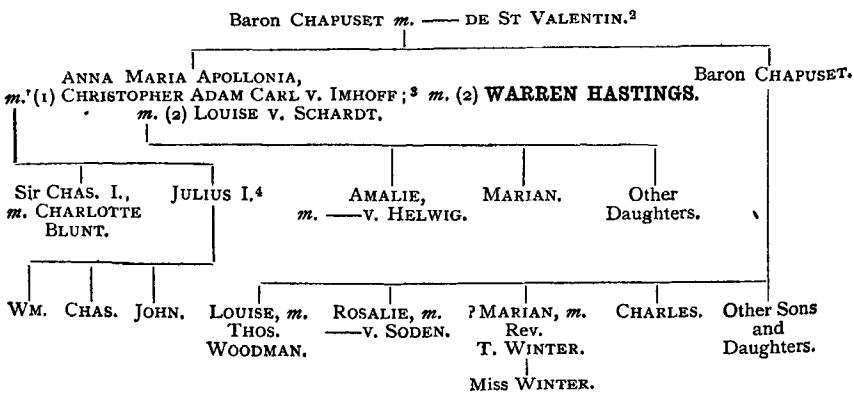
4. William Turner, who was a tallow-chandler at Gloucester, was the executor of his uncle Thomas Warren's will. The Christian names of the Turner sisters do not appear, but their husbands send letters of congratulation on Hastings' acquittal.

TABLE C.—RELATIVES BY MARRIAGE.

(1)



(2)



1. For Hastings' first marriage, see Appendix II.
2. For the relatives of Mrs Hastings, see Appendix III.
3. So in the Madras Records.
4. Julius Imhoff, who was educated, like his brother, at Westminster, went out to India in 1788, travelling with Peter Touchet and his sister. On November 8th of that year, Thompson writes that he has arrived, and is living with him. Hay, the Secretary, has offered to take him into his office and keep him under his own eye, but Thompson thinks it better that he should spend some months quietly at Alipur, grounding himself in Persian and being introduced into proper society. When Thompson goes home, Colonel Pearse will take charge of him. Hastings had

given Julius his nomination as a writer, but it was not confirmed by the Court of Directors for over a year, the ratification arriving in Bengal by the ships of August 1st, 1790. In January, 1792, he was appointed second assistant to the Collector at Murshidabad, and in August of the next year returned to Calcutta as registrar to the Court of Appeal. "He has as good an appointment as his Standing will permit," writes Turner in 1794, "and Brooke his principal in Office is very kind and friendly to him." It must have been at this time that he built on his portion of the Belvidere estate the house afterwards occupied by Charles D'Oyly (see *supra*, p. 199). In 1797 he was made Collector of Midnapore, and in 1799 his death is announced by Chapman, who "loved him as a brother." He had remained at his post, quelling insurrections and quieting a long-neglected district, when in bad health. From his will, and from the letters of Chapman and John Palmer, it is clear that he left three natural children, William, Charles, and John, the eldest about seven years old in 1801. Charles died in 1802, at the age of five. John, who is described by John Palmer as very dark in complexion, was to be educated in Calcutta, but Mr and Mrs Hastings express their willingness to receive William, who "has a fine countenance, mild, open, intelligent, and bears a strong resemblance to his poor Father," at Daylesford in the holidays, and to choose a school for him. He became a great favourite among their friends, but developed unsatisfactory traits of character as he grew older. When the clergyman to whose care he was entrusted had given him up in something like despair, it was determined to send him back to India, but his descent excluded him from the Company's Service, even at St Helena or Bencoolen, his nomination to which had been actually passed by the Directors. John Palmer was therefore asked to settle him in business, but he proved idle and fickle, and was frequently out of employment. His letters (signed at first William Fitz-Julius, and afterwards William Fitz-Julius Imhoff) become more rare, until all mention of him disappears. Just as this book goes to press, the present writer has received from a Calcutta correspondent some further information as to the family. The will left by Julius Imhoff was contested in 1817 by the Registrar of the Supreme Court on account of its glaring informalities, and William Fitz-Julius and his brother John petitioned the Prince Regent that their rights might be recognised. The Crown thereupon relinquished its claim, and the petitioners were legitimated by Royal Letter in 1824 or 1825. William died before the arrival of the Letter, but John lived for many years, marrying

Maria Chambers, but dying childless. He was murdered in his father's house at Alipur, in the grounds of which his brother Charles had been drowned in a well with his nurse in 1802. In these grounds also, between Hastings House and the Judges' Court, is to be found the vault in which Julius Imhoff and his three sons are buried.

APPENDIX II.[1]

THE FIRST MARRIAGE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

So much misconception has hitherto prevailed with respect to this union, and its details are still enveloped in such uncertainty, that it seems worth while to give all the known facts, in the hope that complete light may yet be thrown on them. Gleig, and following him, all the subsequent biographers, assert that in the winter of 1756, Hastings married Mrs Campbell, whom they usually identify as the widow of Captain Dougald Campbell, killed at the capture of Baj-baj.[2] In a novel called 'Like Another Helen,' published in 1899, in which Hastings appears as one of the subsidiary characters, the present writer pointed out that either the identification or the date must be wrong, since Baj-baj was not captured until December 30th or 31st, 1756. The inference was that the marriage took place in the spring of 1757, but a kind correspondent, writing from Calcutta, pointed out that the error lay in another direction altogether. He forwarded a copy of the 'Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' for July, 1899, containing a paper read at the Society's monthly meeting by the Rev. H. B. Hyde, M.A., who mentioned his accidental discovery, in a miscellaneous bundle of old Calcutta Mayor's Court records, of a "Petition of Warren Hastings of Cossimbazar, Gentleman, in behalf of his wife Mary Hastings, relict to John Buchanan, late of Calcutta," asking for letters of administration to the estate of the said "Captain John Buchanan, late of Calcutta, Gentleman," who had died intestate. We know from Holwell that Buchanan was the only one of the senior military officers who showed any capacity, or even per-

[1] Some of the facts here adduced have appeared in 'Notes and Queries' over the writer's signature.

[2] Captain Trotter (Rulers of India Series), confusing Campbell with another Captain Campbell who came with Kilpatrick from Madras, says that he died "of the prevalent disease."

sonal courage, in the disasters of June, 1756, and that he was one of the victims of the Black Hole. The date of his death is at once seen to accord much better with that of the marriage than the death of Captain Campbell.

The next step was obviously to seek evidence to support the new identification, and here it may be remarked that there are few things more curious than the almost complete absence of any mention of the first marriage in the vast mass of Hastings Papers at the British Museum. It can only be conjectured that the second Mrs Hastings discouraged so studiously any reference to her predecessor that even her name was lost, and that she removed all papers relating to her before entrusting her husband's MSS. to Gleig for the purposes of his biography. Thus thrown on his own resources, Gleig would appear to have followed some incorrect tradition, supported by the fact of Captain Campbell's death near the time of the marriage. But in a volume of copies of letters written from Murshidabad, and not included in the Miscellaneous Correspondence—probably because the majority are on questions of public business—a number of valuable facts appeared. Several of the notes concern the Letter of Administration, the petition for the grant of which Mr Hyde has found. In November, 1758, Hastings begs his friend Richard Becher to lose no time in getting the Letter, and complains of the delay, since he thought the documents he had already signed would have been sufficient. In the same month he says, "I will return an answer to Mr Smith concerning his Demand on Captain Buchanan's Estate as soon (as) the Letter of Administration which I expect daily is granted me. I have desired Mr Scrafton to act for me in the Administration of Captain Buchanan's Estate, which trust he has accepted of." For some reason or other, Scrafton, who had been Hastings' predecessor at Murshidabad, refused the request, and Hastings writes to Holwell to ask him to administer the estate, promising to send him a power of attorney. There are 1550 rupees due to Captain Grant, (Archibald Grant, who fought on the losing side at Culloden, and coming to Bengal, disgraced himself by escaping from the siege of Fort William with the Governor, Drake), and there is a claim for £200 on behalf of a Mr Macaully or Macouly in London, which Hastings believes has been already paid. On this subject he writes also to a Mr Macreddee or Macredie, who Mrs Hastings tells him transmitted money to London for Buchanan, asking him for information about Buchanan's concerns in Europe, since all papers and accounts were destroyed in the troubles, and the only hope lies in appealing to his former acquaintance.

Further evidence as to Hastings' having married Buchanan's widow is supplied by a group of letters dealing with another subject, the will of Colonel Caroline Frederick Scot or Scott, whom the Company appointed in 1752 Engineer-General of all their settlements in the East Indies, Major of Fort William and third member of the Bengal Council.[1] The will, which is dated March 20th, 1754, appoints Captain John Buchanan and Ensign William Scott as executors, and leaves the whole of the estate to the testator's "dearly beloved friend Mrs Martha Bowdler, of the parish of St George's, Hanover Square," and in the event of her predeceasing him, to "these four children," Caroline, Francis, Martha, and Frederick Scott. Scott died on May 12th of the same year, and Hastings says that Buchanan handed in the accounts of his executorship to the Mayor's Court shortly before the Siege, depositing in Fort William, when the Nabob came against Calcutta, all the moneys he had received. These were, of course, lost, and Colonel Scott's legatees seem to have uttered some aspersion against Buchanan's memory, which Hastings resents warmly. "He was known to have no concerns in trade, had a handsome Income coming in, and bore besides too fair a Character in the World to suffer it to be suspected that he would have made away with any part of the money entrusted to his Charge as Administrator to the late Colonel Scott's estate." Mary Hastings adds "in writing all the particulars that she can charge her memory with relating to Colonel Scott's deposit." She saw Buchanan put Colonel Scott's money, with about 4000 rupees of his own, into a deal chest—bearing Scott's name on a lead or tin plate—which was so full that the lid would hardly shut. The servants can bear witness that this chest was carried into the Fort. After the capture, it was seen lying empty, as can be testified by several of the survivors, notably Messrs Rider and Cartier.

A further proof, if any be wanting, that Hastings' first wife was Mrs Buchanan, is found in the responsibility he acknowleged for Buchanan's daughters. The baptism of one of these, Catherine Caroline, is entered in the Calcutta registers for May 1st, 1754; of the other, Elizabeth, there is no trace in the records. One of them—the Christian name is not mentioned—was being brought up by her grandmother at Arklow in February, 1759. When Hastings returned to India in 1769, he seems to have left both girls under the guardianship of Mrs Forde, whose husband,

[1] For the details of Colonel Scott's appointment, his will, and other subjects relating to the Bengal records, the present writer is indebted to Mr William Foster, of the India Office, whose keenness of research and great patience are limited only by the limitations of his material.

Colonel Forde, was one of the Supervisors appointed with Vansittart, and was lost with him in the *Aurora*, placing in the hands of this lady funds for their education, and allowing them £20 a year each. In 1773 Mrs Forde sends him a bad account of "Miss Buchannan." She had been apprenticed, but ran away from her place three months before her time was up. Mrs Forde took her home and engaged dancing-masters for her, intending to qualify her for India, as the best and genteelest provision possible, but the girl was soon tired of gentility, and at her own wish was sent back to her grandmother and aunt at Arklow, where she crowned her misdeeds by running off with a corporal. In 1784 Mrs Forde writes again about Catherine Buchanan, who is now Mrs Johnston. She is married a second time, but her husband is as bad as the former one. No one would marry her but for her assured income, and she is very thoughtless, and acts as if she had a great fortune at command. Her education, says Mrs Forde, was "among the very lowest sort of people." In spite of Hastings' care for their welfare, the two unhappy girls seem to have been much neglected by their mother's relatives, for Elizabeth Finley, "who was Miss Buckhannan," writes in 1797, in asking for help, "I must own that it is all my own fault. But Dear sir if you will But Consider that I had neither father Nor Mother to take Care of me in my Youthful Days Left me as I am." Apparently he gave her some additional assistance on this occasion, since for years afterwards she worries him and Woodman, through whom her allowance was paid, with perpetual importunity. An advance to enable her to open a shop—"half a year's money together"—is the burden of her song, and she always demands an answer "by the return of the post." She is turned out of her lodgings, her husband has been "ballited for to go in the Militia," she is in danger of being sold up. "She is a sturdy beggar," writes Woodman in disgust, and Hastings at last hardens his heart to refuse her any further advances.

If it may now be considered proved that the first husband of Mary Hastings was Captain Buchanan, the uncertainty as to her origin is as marked as ever. The only fact which remains to testify to her family is a letter to Holwell in the volume already mentioned. In it Hastings expresses his strong wish to send to Mr Creswicke two bills for £200 each. One is to be divided between his aunt and sister, the other is to be sent to Mrs Catherine Jones of Arklow:—"This Lady is the Mother of my Wife, who has sent this sum for her use, and a daughter of my Wife's by her former Husband." The discovery of this suggested, naturally, a search in the Arklow registers, but an application to the Rector elicited the fact that they had been

removed to Dublin. From Dublin came the disappointing intelligence that the earliest date was 1799, and it became clear that the older records had been destroyed in the Irish Rebellion!

From the affection displayed by Hastings for his friend Dr Hancock and his wife, *née* Philadelphia Austen, and the liberality with which, before his second marriage, he provided for Mrs Hancock and her daughter Elizabeth, the present writer was induced to think that Mary Hastings might have been a sister or cousin of that lady[1]—and the idea seemed to be corroborated by the fact that little George Hastings was entrusted to the care of Mrs Hancock's brother, the Rev. George Austen, and his wife. But diligent enquiry from many of the present-day representatives of the Austen family has failed to show any Mary who might have married Captain Buchanan, and it seems that the close friendship between Hastings and the Hancock and Austen families must be accounted for by the fact that "Mr Walter of Hampshire," a half-brother of George and Philadelphia Austen, was one of his school-fellows. "Distance of Time, or Place," says William Oliver, another of them, "never erases from the Mind of an old Westminster, that early Friendship, which always participates of the Success we meet with in Life," but the bond would be drawn closer by the close association of Hastings and the Hancocks in the simple life of Calcutta in the period from 1761 to 1765, when he was member of Council there, to which his Correspondence testifies.

The indefatigable researches of Mr Foster in the Records at the India Office have brought to light some facts which may eventually help towards a solution of the mystery. In November 1751, Philadelphia Austen and *Mary Elliott* petitioned the Court of Directors for leave to go out by the *Bombay Castle* to friends at Fort St David, and the petition was granted in December. The ship reached Madras in August 1752, and in February 1753 Philadelphia Austen was married at Cuddalore to "Tyso Saul Hancock, Surgeon," but there is no trace of Mary Elliott either in the "Lists of European Inhabitants at Fort St David," or in the Madras or Bengal registers. There is thus no proof that she ever took advantage of the permission she had received to embark for India. Her sureties were the same as Philadelphia's, so that they were probably friends.

In the meantime, the Company had decided to strengthen their military establishment in India; and a few weeks after the appointment of Colonel Scot or Scott to Bengal, a number of

[1] See "A Friend of Warren Hastings," in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for April, 1904. For Elizabeth Hancock, see 'Temple Bar' for May, 1905, "A God-Daughter of Warren Hastings."

officers were engaged from the royal service. Among them was Lieutenant John Buchanan of Craigievern, who was to succeed to the first company that fell vacant in Bengal.[1] On March 14, 1753, he obtained leave to take his wife with him. It was late in the season, and the voyage to Bengal was to be made *viâ* Bombay. Mr Foster suggests that they sailed on April 10th in the *Prince Edward*, which reached Bombay at the end of September. Her log shows that she carried officers and recruits, but no list of her passengers is extant. The dates suggest that instead of sailing with Philadelphia Austen in 1752, Mary Elliott married Buchanan, and went out with him the next year. This theory requires that her mother must have been left a widow and have married (secondly) a Mr Jones, but there is here no obvious improbability. The child Catherine Caroline would be named after Mrs Jones and Colonel (Caroline Frederick) Scott. Mr Hyde and the Director of the Calcutta Records, Mr Hill, think that this shows Mrs Buchanan to have been in all probability a daughter or niece of Colonel Scott. The Colonel's will appears to tell strongly against this, but the present writer would suggest that it is very probable Buchanan was his nephew. Ensign William Scott, the other executor, was undoubtedly a nephew, and his name is not mentioned in the will otherwise than as executor, so that it would seem most likely that the two nephews were not only passed over in favour of nearer, though unacknowledged, relatives, but also charged with watching over their interests. In view of the loss of the Arklow registers, it can only be hoped that from some repository of Scottish family papers a record of the marriage of John Buchanan of Craigievern may leap to light, and set the matter beyond discussion.

Mr Hyde suggests that the wedding of Hastings and Mrs Buchanan took place in the isle of refuge, Fulta, and that it was performed by Admiral Watson's chaplain, Richard Cobbe. It is known that marriages were so solemnized, but the Calcutta registers show a blank between February 1756 and January 1758. If the log of Admiral Watson's flagship, the *Kent*, is extant, it is extremely probable that these marriages would be found recorded in it. Hastings' letters from Murshidabad contain a few touches which throw light on his first brief period of wedded happiness. Writing to Becher, whose wife is ill, he sends her a cordial invitation to visit Kasimbazar. "The great Benefit which Mrs Hastings received from her coming up to Cossimbazar is my principal Inducement for recommending the same Remedy to Mrs Becher: I will candidly own that another

[1] When Scott died, the general promotion which followed gave Buchanan his company.

not inconsiderable Motive is the procuring Mrs Hastings an agreeable Companion, and hope I need not assure you that nothing will be wanting on her Part to render the Place agreeable to her, and to contribute as far as lies in her Power to Mrs Becher's Recovery." When writing to Mr Creswicke, who has just lost his wife, he thanks him for the kind way in which he received the news of his marriage, which he feared must appear to him very imprudent. "I told you when I first acquainted you with the News of my marriage (as every man would upon the same occasion), that I thought myself happy. I can now with much greater confidence repeat it, having besides a great similitude in our dispositions (which I think must principally contribute to the Happiness of the Marriage State), experienced every good Quality in my Wife which I always most wished for in a Woman. I acquainted you last year with the Birth of my Son, who is grown a very fine child." He then mentions the birth of his daughter, "whom I intended to have called by the name of my Benefactress Mrs Creswicke" ("You know how good and kind a Friend she has always been to me," he says elsewhere), "but she was carried off by sudden Fits of Sickness on the 23rd Day after her Birth." In other letters he reports on the health of his wife and son, asks Becher to buy for him the chaise and horses of a Captain Brohier, who had died, and send them to Kasimbazar, and requests that any letters from Mrs Jones to himself or his wife may be forwarded by the Company's packet. Then comes a gap of some months, and by July 15th the blow has fallen. His wife seems to have died when he was away from her, for he speaks of "that damned trip to Rajemall (which I shall curse whilst I live)." He apologises to Scrafton, who worries him perpetually with requests to sell jewels and other property for him, for not answering his letters, and Scrafton returns a somewhat perfunctory expression of sympathy: "I am extreamly concerned for your Domestick Misfortunes, and hope you have Philosophy enough to bear them with tranquility. I do not suppose you have been in a Condition to attend the Durbar, however I hope you have not totally neglected Diaram." To Clive also the young widower feels it necessary to apologize for his seclusion: "The Stroke I have received has proved too severe for me to recollect myself in an Instant, or to allow me such a Command of myself, as I would chuse to possess me in every Negociation that I undertake either on the Company's or your behalf." From Holwell he received more compassion, for he writes on August 2nd: "I am obliged to you for the kind Concern you express for my Misfortunes: Severe as they are, I

have, I thank God, strength of Mind sufficient to bear them, and to submit myself to the will of Providence, tho' it has fallen to the Lot of very few Men so early in Life to be forced to so cruel a Trial as this."

The uncertainty as to Mary Hastings' history extends also to her age. Mr Hyde says: "In the old Residency Burying-ground at Cossimbazar is an epitaph to the memory of Mrs Mary Hastings and her infant daughter Elizabeth. The date of the former's decease is given as July 11th, 1759, but her age was either not accurately known to her husband, Mr Warren Hastings, who, according to the epitaph, erected the monument, or else was half obliterated from the stone when the Bengal Government restored the whole some years ago; for it now reads merely '2 .' Anyhow she was under thirty." Malleson, who places the grave erroneously at Barhampur, endeavours to prove that Hastings was also mistaken as to the date of her death, on the ground that he mentions his loss in a letter to Clive dated July 4th. Had he consulted the British Museum copy in the letter-book, he would have seen that it is plainly dated July *14th.*

Two correspondents of 'Notes and Queries' record, one that he visited Kasimbazar in 1855 and 1856, and saw the tomb, with the memorial stone upright and the inscription clear and legible, the other that in 1881 a brick tomb, without any inscription or other means of identification, was shown him as that of the first Mrs Hastings by "an old sepoy officer who acted as my guide, who said that he was over ninety years of age, and that his father had fought at Plassey and had known 'Hasteen Sahib.'" It must have been after this visit that the tomb was restored.

APPENDIX III.

MRS HASTINGS AND HER GERMAN RELATIVES.

When Mrs Hastings returned to England, she resumed intercourse with her own family, which was settled at Stuttgart. The Chapusets had come originally from France, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Mrs Hastings' father married a lady named St Valentin, who was apparently of similar descent. The venerable Baroness Chapusetin (the termination is the German feminine particle) was still living, making her

home with her son, Baron Chapuset, and his wife and family. She had a great desire to see her daughter again, but the prevalence of war throughout the Continent rendered this impossible until after the Peace of Amiens, when Charles Imhoff and his wife made an extended tour in Germany, with the special object of paying their respects to the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, in one of whose regiments Charles had served. It was soon suggested that they should bring Mme. Chapusetin back with them for a visit, and so anxious were mother and daughter to meet, that when the renewal of the war threatened to make it unsafe for the Imhoffs to return to Stuttgart, Hastings proposes going himself to fetch her. The old lady seems to have had the courage to travel alone to one of the ports to meet them, for news reached Daylesford suddenly that the party had arrived safely at Harwich. "Your dear and happy mother is now on her way to London. She was in her chariot in little more than half an hour," writes Hastings to Charles, in thanking him for his kindness to "the dear Lady that you have brought to us." Mme. Chapusetin's indomitable spirit appealed strongly to her son-in-law. "Her mother being asked, if she thought herself equal to the completion of the journey in one day, answered: 'Yes, undoubtedly.' What a woman!" he writes. This journey, from London to Daylesford, was actually accomplished by the two ladies in seventeen hours, the first stage, of twenty-three miles, occupying two hours and a half. They reached Daylesford at eleven o'clock at night, and Hastings writes, "Mrs Chapusettin is seventy-seven years of age, and does not look younger; but her strength and activity are astonishing, and her cheerfulness beyond all example, though it is put to a severe trial, not a soul but her daughter being able to exchange a word with her." As Hastings was a fair French scholar, this shows that the Baroness spoke no language but German. Returning to Stuttgart, she died in 1807, "preserving her senses to the last, and sending her blessing to her daughter."

Her son, Baron Chapuset, appears to have grudged Mrs Hastings a share in their mother's small possessions, and a mysterious emissary, who asserted himself to come from him, worried Charles Imhoff for some time, but was successfully warded off from Daylesford. The English relations were, however, much too profitable for the Baron and his wife to allow an estrangement to continue. Hastings had already provided for one of the sons, Charles Chapuset, by obtaining for him an Indian cadetship. The young man went out under the best auspices, welcomed by the Palmers and D'Oylys for his aunt's

sake, but John Palmer soon writes that he needs a vigilant guardian, since he has no idea of the value of money. He is already tired of military life, but it is now too late to exchange it for the writership which Hastings had advised him to choose at first. He goes on borrowing money and drawing bills on his aunt, loses the adjutancy of his regiment because he is 16,000 rupees in debt to Colonel Ochterlony, and finally absconds from his duty at Muttra for fear of his creditors. He is arrested by the Bhartpur Rajah in his territory, and ignominiously handed over to his Colonel, who sends him down to Calcutta under a guard. Already suspended, he is now cashiered and sent home. Charles Imhoff sees him in London, and succeeds in keeping him away from the neighbourhood of Daylesford. Mrs Hastings sends him fifty pounds, but warns him that she can only do so by reducing the allowance she makes to his married sister, and that she can do no more for him. Thereafter he disappears.

Charles Chapuset's sisters were more satisfactory recipients of their aunt's kindness, though her first acquaintance with them was unpromising. Baron Chapuset tormented his sister with reiterated letters to the effect that he had arranged an excellent marriage for his eldest daughter with a Baron Obernitz, which could not, however, take place unless she had a dowry of 10,000 gulden. Mrs Hastings failed to rise to the occasion, and her brother promptly despatched the poor girl to England, uninvited, to pay her relatives a visit. Mrs Hastings writes to her son in considerable irritation, asking him to escort to Daylesford the niece so unwarrantably thrown upon her hands. Her husband does not like permanent visitors, so she cannot keep her, but she will send her to finish her education in a seminary at "Strasburg" without troubling him in the matter. Happily, the forlorn Louise won her way into her aunt's heart, and Mrs Hastings writes apologetically that she cannot send her away so abruptly and with such an uncertain prospect. Her foreign servant, who is of no use either to her or himself, may go back to France, but Louise will remain at Daylesford as a visitor. "I am glad," writes Hastings. " . . . The girl is so accommodating, and of a temper so evenly good, that she will be of no manner of inconvenience or incumbrance, except to me, who cannot understand her German, nor hear her French." Presently David Anderson notes that his son Hastings is "much captivated with a German young Lady who is living with you at present," and Hastings says, "Louise . . . has somehow or other become a great favourite, in doors and out of doors, and talks English indefatigably, and almost intelligibly." A little later, "Louisa

. . . gains upon our affections, and is a great favourite with all our neighbors, and no wonder. She is courteous, discreet, possesses immutable good humor, and is already capable of conversing fluently in the English language; and she says good things, like Charles and the rest of her family." A grateful letter from her to "My excellent kind Unkel" during his temporary absence, shows that she was also learning to write English. Not long afterwards Hastings remarks that she has grown so dear to himself and his wife that only the fact that she is going to be married could have reconciled them to a separation from her. The bridegroom was his nephew, Thomas Woodman, whose long hesitation as to the choice of a profession had ended in his entering the Church. "I hear confirmation of our old friend Mr T. Woodman's having taken orders," writes the lively Comtesse de Feuillide,[1] who had been his playfellow, in 1797; "which surprises everyone, as his father can give him a very handsome fortune, and it is rather late in life to enter upon a profession. It is reported that he means to make a still further change in his situation by marrying a widow with six children." In this case rumour was wrong, however, and the tenor of Thomas Woodman's life continued undisturbed save by his efforts to secure advancement in the Church, in which he was indefatigably seconded by his father. The thoughts of Mr Woodman, Senior, ran largely on what he calls "connonneries." "If I might presume to request the favour of Mrs Hastings," he writes, in the very year of his son's ordination, "there is a great Channel of Interest through Madam Swiellingburg with the Bishop of London,[2] who has many great things in his Gift, I believe you know. He is called the Queens Bishop, certain it is that he was by Her Majesty exalted to that station. . . . If Mrs Hastings feels no Impropriety in this business with her friend, there is not a doubt but it would in some degree succeed." That Mrs Hastings had resumed her old acquaintance with "Mrs Schwellenberg" is clear not only from Fanny Burney's mention of their going together to Weymouth, but from a letter in which Hastings writes to his stepson, "The Chariot is waiting to convey us to Mrs Schw.'s, where we dine, and your dear Mother is calling impatiently for me." The death of the Keeper of the Robes in the same year deprived Thomas Woodman of the benefit of her influence, however, and it was not until some years later that he obtained the livimg of Brackley, with which

[1] *Née* Elizabeth Hancock, afterwards Mrs Henry Austen. From a letter in the possession of J. G. Nicholson, Esq.

[2] Beilby Porteus, appointed 1787.

he was eventually allowed to hold that of Daylesford. Hastings appears to have waived his right of succession to Mr Warren's little estate of Stubhill in his favour, but declined to accede to the wish of Mr Woodman, Senior, that Thomas should adopt the name and arms of Hastings. The intercourse between Daylesford and Brackley was frequent and very affectionate, when the marriage of Thomas and Louise had doubly united the Hastings and Chapuset families, and Mrs Hastings exercised a benevolent despotism over the affairs of the young couple. Their first child was named Marian Charlotte, after herself and Lady Imhoff, and two sons of theirs (the elder lived only a few hours), were named Warren Hastings. The second of these was the late Warren Hastings Woodman-Hastings, Esq., of Twining, Glouc.

The vacant place left by Louise at Daylesford was filled by Rosalie von Chapuset, "our sister Rosalia," as Thomas Woodman calls her. Hastings speaks of her as "our good and gentle inmate Rosalie," but she returned to Stuttgart before long on her marriage with a German named Soden, "Councillor to the Catholic Consistory of Würtemberg"—doubtless a relative of the Count Julius von Soden who was Prior of the Order of St Joachim when Charles Imhoff was elected a member. She and her husband write to thank her "most beloved Uncle" for all his kindness. There were still two Miss Chapusets unmarried, and one of them became her aunt's companion after Hastings' death, and finally married the Rev. Thomas Winter, Rector of Daylesford, who has already been mentioned as the custodian of the family papers on the death of Sir Charles Imhoff.

Apologists for Baron Imhoff—one distinguished writer pictures him as casting off a guilty wife and retiring in noble rage to his German estate, there at last to find consolation in a second marriage—will be interested to know that not only did he buy back that estate, with money which he can hardly have amassed by portrait-painting,[1] and marry again two years before his first wife became Mrs Hastings (as the present writer has pointed out

[1] Mr Foster has discovered a curious note in the Fort St George Military Consultations for September 10th, 1770:—"Received a letter from Mr Imhoff dated 4th instant representing that he arrived here as a Cadet last season but finding his salary insufficient to support himself and family, he had with the approbation of the late Governor (Mr Dupré) and General Smith practised a liberal art for a livelyhood, requesting permission to resign the service and to proceed to Bengal." The request was granted, and it is worth noticing, therefore, that Imhoff and his wife left Madras for Bengal more than a year before there was any prospect of Hastings being transferred thither. He was not appointed Governor until the very end of 1771.

in the appendix to 'The Great Proconsul'), but that he made her godmother to one of the children of his second marriage. Mrs Hastings sends £500 in 1810 to "Marian de Imhoff," because she is continually applying to her half-brother Charles for money. Of Imhoff's other daughters, the best known is Amalie, the poetess and friend of Schiller, who married a Colonel Helwig.

APPENDIX IV.

THE CHARGES AT THE TRIAL.

There is so much uncertainty in the popular mind as to these, and their definite nature, with the equal definiteness of their refutation, is so little understood, that it appears desirable to exhibit briefly the scope of each charge, and the majority by which the innocence of Hastings was affirmed in each case. The charges as originally brought were comprised in twenty-two articles, upon the eleven first and gravest of which the public interest concentrated itself. On the meeting of the new Parliament after the Dissolution of 1790, the managers agreed to withdraw the articles relating to the Rohillas, Shah Alam, Farrukhabad, the condition of Oudh, Hastings' own resignation and his treatment of Musafir Jang, which they considered most easily dispensed with. The sixteen charges enumerated below, on which the Lords were actually asked to vote, comprise the first article of the revised series (the Benares charge), the second (that relating to the Begums of Oudh), six charges founded on the sixth article of the same (relating to presents), seven on the fourth (contracts and allowances), and one covering the remainder of the articles. The summary is taken from the very full report in the "Debates of the House of Lords, on the Evidence delivered in the Trial of Warren Hastings, Esq.," as reprinted from the official record, by permission, for Hastings himself.

A dramatic touch was added to the scene of the acquittal by the fact that the Lord Chancellor, to whom it fell to announce the result to the accused, was no longer the friendly Thurlow, but his successor Loughborough, who was an old enemy of Hastings', and had displayed a strong bias against him throughout the course of the proceedings. With his usual preference for the picturesque over the actual, Macaulay says that Thurlow "sat

scowling among the junior barons."[1] As a matter of fact, he was probably, next to Hastings himself, the man most gratified by the acquittal, since it had fallen to him to conduct his friend's case in its final stages, and his masterly handling of the House of Lords, apparent in every page of the Debates, fills the mind of the reader with astonished admiration.

CHARGE I. That to satisfy the preconceived malice of Mr Hastings, and in pursuance of a regular plan laid down to effect the ruin of Cheyt Sing, a war subsidy was demanded from that ruler by the Bengal Government in the years 1778, 1779, and 1780. That with a further view to harass, oppress and ruin Cheyt Sing, Mr Hastings moved a resolution in November, 1780, that he should furnish cavalry in aid of the military operations of the Bengal Government, and under colour of it demanded the aid of such cavalry. That in further prosecution of his malicious intentions, Mr Hastings accused Cheyt Sing falsely of being in arrears in the payment of his *kist* (tribute), and that the accusation was made in peremptory and insulting language, calculated to drive the Rajah to some act of desperation. That Mr Hastings delegated to himself illegally the powers of the Governor and Council when he went to Benares. That he preferred false and malicious charges against Cheyt Sing in order to justify his arrest. That he caused the castle of Bidjygur to be besieged, though the Rannee Pauna, whose residence it was, had no concern in the supposed rebellion, and that he stimulated the army to rapine and outrage by the wicked orders he issued.[2] There were ten other heads.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 6.

CHARGE II. That Mr Hastings' conduct was highly criminal, first in assenting to the Nabob-Vizier's proposition for resuming the jaghires he had granted, and afterwards in using a degree of compulsion to induce him to carry it out. That he consented to the resumption by the Nabob-Vizier of the treasures of his mother and grandmother, valuable moveables of which the Begums were possessed in order to enable them to maintain

[1] Macaulay's bias is strongly shown in his censure of the Lords for deciding "to be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm," *i.e.*, to demand proof and reject hearsay. The man who had held the greatest position open to a British subject was to be denied the fair play extended to the meanest pickpocket!

[2] The patent absurdity of this portion of the charge, and the self-contradiction of the accusers, brought upon them general contempt.

their own rank and dignity, as well as for the support of their numerous family and dependants. That he caused hardships and distresses to be inflicted on the women in the palace called the Khord Mohul, and horrid and cruel methods to be practised to compel the two confidential eunuchs to discover the treasures of the Begums. That he disobeyed the orders of the Court of Directors, in not making a full enquiry into the fact of the Begums' rebellion. (As in the first charge, a number of less important counts were added.) That all these criminal acts were highly aggravated by the avowed corruption in which they originated.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 6.

CHARGE III. That in the years 1772, 1773, and 1774, Mr Hastings received the following sums of money, viz.:—three lacks and fifty-four thousand rupees from Nundcomar and Muny Begum, for appointing the son of the former to be Duan, and the latter to be guardian to the Nabob of Bengal; four lacks and forty-four thousand rupees from the Ranee Bowannee, the female zemindar of Radshaee (Rajshahi); forty thousand rupees a year from the salary of the Phousdar of Houghly; and that he took all this money most corruptly, as bribes or brokage (? brokerage) for appointments to offices.

Not Guilty, unanimously.

CHARGE IV. That on or before June 26th, 1780, Mr Hastings corruptly received and took from Sadanund, the Buxey of the Rajah Cheyt Sing, the sum of two lacks of rupees as a present or gift.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 4.

CHARGE V. That in October 1780 he received from Kelleram, on behalf of himself and Cullian Sing, four lacks of rupees, in consideration of letting to them certain lands in the province of Bahar in perpetuity, contrary to his duty, and to the injury of the Company.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE VI. That in 1781 he received as a present from Nundoolol the sum of fifty-eight thousand rupees.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE VII. That on or about September 1781, at Chunar, in the province of Oude, he received, contrary to his duty, the sum of ten lacks of rupees as a present from the Nabob-Vizier.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE VIII. That he first fraudulently solicited as a loan, and then corruptly retained as a gift, a sum amounting to £34,000 from Rajah Nobkissen, and that without any allowance from the Directors he applied the same to his own use, under pretence of discharging certain expenses incurred in his public capacity.

Not Guilty, 20. Guilty, 5.

(Lord Mansfield—not Hastings' old friend, but his son, who at the beginning of the Trial had given evidence as Lord Stormont—found him guilty on the charges relating to presents from Sadanund, Kelleram, the Nabob-Vizier, Nundoolol and Nobkissen, on the ground that these presents, though received with the purest intention, and applied immediately to the public service, were received in breach of a positive law.)

CHARGE IX. That in 1781 he granted a contract for the provision of opium for four years to Stephen Sulivan, Esq., without advertising for the same, and upon terms glaringly extravagant and wantonly profuse, for the purpose of creating an instant fortune to the said Stephen Sulivan.

Not Guilty, 19. Guilty, 5.

CHARGE X. That he borrowed money at a large interest for the purpose of advancing the same to the contractor for opium, and engaging the Company in a smuggling adventure to China.

Not Guilty, unanimously.

(By an extraordinary mistake, Malleson says that the voting on this charge was unanimously *against* Hastings.)

CHARGE XI. That in 1779 he annulled the existing contract for the provision of bullocks, and concluded another with his friend Charles Croftes, Esq., upon wantonly extravagant terms.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE XII. That he granted the provision of bullocks to Sir Charles Blunt, by the mode of agency, though the Directors condemned agencies.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE XIII. That in 1779, with a view to increase his own influence, and in disobedience of positive orders, he granted to Sir Eyre Coote extra allowances amounting to £18,000 a-year, and that in direct violation of the treaty subsisting between the Company and the Nabob-Vizier, he directed that when Sir Eyre Coote was in Oude, these extra allowances should be carried to the debit of the Nabob-Vizier's account. That when these allowances were struck off by a letter from the Directors, Mr Hastings of his own private authority continued to Sir Eyre Coote certain large sums, which were paid by the Nabob-Vizier.[1]

Not Guilty, 22. Guilty, 4.

CHARGE XIV. That in pursuance of the same prodigal and corrupt system of government, he appointed James Peter Auriol, Esq., to be agent for the purchase of supplies for the relief of the presidency of Madras, and all the other presidencies in India, with a commission of 15 per cent.

Not Guilty, 22. Guilty, 4.

CHARGE XV. That he appointed his private secretary, John Belli, Esq., to be agent for the supply of stores and provisions for the garrison of Fort William in Bengal, with a commission of 30 per cent.

Not Guilty, 23. Guilty, 3.

CHARGE XVI. That he was guilty of other high crimes and misdemeanours.

Not Guilty, 25. Guilty, 2.

[1] See *supra*, p. 167.

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[*The figures in bold type indicate a note or other special reference, those in ordinary type a mere mention. No attempt has been made to index words appearing on almost every page, such as the names of Mr and Mrs Hastings, Bengal, Calcutta, Court of Directors, East India Company, Madras, &c.—S. C. G.*]

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